THE LIFE OF BISHOP MAPLES

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Chauncy Maples

CHAUNCY MAPLES

D.D., F.R.G.S.

PIONEER MISSIONARY IN EAST CENTRAL AFRICA FOR NINETEEN YEARS

AND

BISHOP OF LIKOMA, LAKE NYASA

A.D. 1895

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE
WITH SELECTIONS FROM HIS LETTERS

BY HIS SISTER

With Portraits and a Map.

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
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In Memoriam: Chauncy Maples, Bishop of Likoma.

September 12, 1895.

I JOURNEYED to the bounds of time and space,
  And whatsoe'er the wise in books have writ
Of stars and suns that run their mystic race,
  I read and pondered it.

But at my heart I bore a secret pain;
  For you, my more than brother, were no more;
Sunk in a deeper than the Southern main,
  A sea without a shore.

So cold and dull my heart, that His great cry
  Which once availed to pierce death's gloomy veil—
"The Resurrection and the Life am I"—
  Seemed but an empty tale.

"And who," I said, "shall vouch the story true?
  The dim, unyielding curtain who shall rend?
Who shall give back to me my part in you,
  My dear, my dearest friend?"

I spoke in bitterness: then unashamed,
  Intent to range the stellar spaces vast
With that great glass by Galileo framed,
  Into the night I passed.

I saw Orion draw his misty sword
  Through worlds aflame, rejoicing as he ran;
Sirius, a burning sun, kept watch and ward,
  And fierce Aldeboran.

What fancy has not dreamed, nor heart conceived
  Of starry worlds, was pictured firm and clear;
That which in books I read and scarce believed,
  It all was mirrored here.

"And art thou of such cold and faithless clay
  That cannot trust unless it see God's Hand?"
The voice of that great Silence seemed to say—
  "Then see and understand!

"Thy friend a lovely constellation* soars
  High in God's sky, a pure celestial gem;
Around him all the heavenly host adores;
  He lives and loves with them.

"He hath outsoared the shadow of our night,†
  Its dark and gloomy, all-embracing shade
Attains not him, for in God's holy light
  He circles, unafraid.

"Then purge thy vision. Love is not love that burns
  With selfish flame, for self is ever dross:
The glass that God and all His saints discerns
  Is Love refined by loss."

Day dawned, and those tremendous fires grew dim,
  Yet held their unseen courses, steadfast all;
And that dear friend-revealing waits for him,
  When the long night shall fall.

E. F. BROWN.

* Daniel xii. 3.

† Shelley.

PREFACE

In this sketch of my brother's life and collection of his letters, I have striven to be brief, for the breathless end of the nineteenth century seems more than ever to call for brevity, not only as the soul of wit, but of all things. Therefore, though with regret, I have omitted all extracts from my brother's earlier letters, and have confined them strictly to the African period, which, however, comprised nearly all his manhood.

It is possible that this volume may be followed later on by one consisting entirely of his own writings. The diary of his journey to Meto, for instance, a journey merely mentioned in this book, is full of interest for the student of African travel.

I wish to thank warmly several friends who have helped me in the preparation of this book for the press. The Rev. John Moore Lester has most kindly gone over the whole manuscript and given valuable advice, more especially in that most thankless of tasks—cutting down. Miss Woodward, of the Universities'

Mission to Central Africa, has corrected the spelling where necessary of the African names, whilst she and several other members of the Mission have kindly contributed pages of reminiscences.

I would draw special attention to the letters of the two African teachers, Eustace Malisawa and Augustine Ambali.

Miss Palmer, of the Universities' Mission, has allowed her photograph of Archdeacon Maples and the Rev. W. P. Johnson to be reproduced for this book. My thanks are due to her for this courtesy, as also to Messrs. Elliott and Fry for allowing their photograph of the Bishop to be reproduced. And lastly, to my brother-in-law, Mr. Charles Medd, who has kindly prepared the Index.

Ellen Maples.

August, 1897.

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MAP OF EAST CENTRAL AFRICA . . . . . *At end*

LIST OF DATES

1852, *Feb. 17th* .	Born.
1875 . . .	Chauncy Maples ordained Deacon at Cuddesdon.
1876, *March 18th*	Sailed for Africa to join the Universities' Mission to Central Africa at Zanzibar.
September .	Ordained Priest by Bishop Steere.
1877, *July* . .	Went up to Masasi to take charge of the station.
November .	Journey of 250 miles in Rovuma Valley and Makonde country.
1879 . . .	First visit to England.
1880 . . .	Back at Masasi.
1881 . . .	Journey of 900 miles to the Meto country.
1882,* *Sept.* .	Magwangwara raid on Masasi.
1883–1886 . .	Rev. Chauncy Maples chief of the station of Newala, having moved from Masasi.
1884 . . .	Second visit to England.
1886 . . .	Went to Lake Nyasa to take charge of the station on Likoma Island.—Appointed Archdeacon by Bishop Smythies.
1890 . . .	Third visit to England.
1893, *September* .	Started a new station at Unangu, Yao country, in Portuguese territory.—Dr. Hine in charge.
1894 . . .	Started work at Kota-Kota, on west shore of Lake Nyasa, in British Protectorate.—Sent Mr. Sim there.
1895 . . .	Fourth visit to England.
June 29th .	Consecrated Bishop of Likoma at St. Paul's Cathedral, London.
July 11th .	Returned to Africa.
Sept. 2nd .	Drowned in Lake Nyasa.

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* Bishop Steere died in August of this year. From 1883 to 1894 Bishop Smythies was Bishop of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa. In 1892 the diocese was divided, and Dr. Hornby was appointed Bishop of Nyasaland. He resigned in 1894.

LIFE OF CHAUNCY MAPLES,

BISHOP OF LIKOMA, LAKE NYASA.

INTRODUCTION.

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, '*This was a man.*'"

SHAKSPERE.

YES, and "a man of the world in the best sense of the term," as one of his fellow-workers remarked; whilst the officials and traders in British Central Africa and the chance travellers he met with on his many journeys by land and water, were wont to say that Chauncy Maples was "not like a missionary"—an expression on their part meant to convey high praise! For perhaps the missionary in his profession, as so many other men in theirs, is apt to get narrow and exclusive. Certainly one of the strongest points in Maples' character was his sympathy, true and wide, with "all sorts and conditions of men."

A scientific traveller—Mr. G. F. Scott-Elliot, a man accustomed to weigh facts and the words by which facts are to be expressed—writes of Chauncy Maples as "an ideal missionary. . . . I feel I shall never see again a missionary so near to the spirit of the first Evangelists;" and he further described him as "*one whose sympathies extend even to Europeans.*"

I.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Chauncy Maples was born at Bound's Green, Middlesex, on the 17th February, 1852. He was the third son and sixth child of Frederick Maples, and of Charlotte Elizabeth, his wife, his father coming of a Yorkshire family, formerly settled at Thorne and elsewhere in the West Riding. But Mr. Frederick Maples' father settled in London in 1805, and practised there as a solicitor.* Yorkshiremen are generally credited with certain qualities, to wit, shrewdness, firmness of character, and considerable powers of argument. Therefore, to those who still believe in heredity I think one may say that Chauncy Maples inherited all these qualifications from his north country forefathers. And while talking of the north of England I may just go over the border to remark that his grandmother on his mother's side was of Scottish descent. Scots' blood is good blood to have in one's veins, and perhaps the Scot, even more than the Englishman, is a born pioneer and colonist.

His mother was a daughter of Nathaniel Snell Chauncy, of Little Munden, Herts. The Chauncys are a Norman family, who settled first in Yorkshire, where they were Barons of Scirpenbeck. They afterwards migrated to Hertfordshire; and in 1637 a Chauncy of that period, being vicar of Ware and a Puritan, came into unpleasant collision with Archbishop Laud, and finally emigrated

* At 6, Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, City, of which firm the Bishop's father, Mr. Frederick Maples, is now the head.

to America, where he became the second President of Harvard College, and was the ancestor of the numerous Chauncys to be found in America at the present day. History repeats itself, though not always on the same lines, for in the reign of Henry VIII. Maurice Chauncy, of the order of Carthusians, settled in a monastery in London, resisted, with seventeen more of the brethren, the king's command for the dissolution of their community, and was imprisoned for many years, though at last he managed to escape, and became prior of a Carthusian monastery at Bruges. Later on he returned to England, and was confessor to Queen Mary. It was this Carthusian monastery in London which afterwards became the Charterhouse School, and in the quiet cloisters of the monks the boys of a later generation played football. Of these boys Chauncy Maples was one, and he was always proud to call himself an old Carthusian.

In writing of Maples' childhood and boyhood the central figure of the story must always be his mother. She would not have put herself there, but without a doubt her strong, consistent Christian life and teaching were an immense influence for good with her children, even when, as in the case of her boys, so much of their life was necessarily passed away from her immediate presence. Only a few months before he started on his last journey, Chauncy said how strongly he felt that he owed all that was best in him to his mother. There is little that need be said of his early childhood. An old friend writes: "As a small child he was particularly interesting and of a remarkably happy disposition, never fretful or cross; lively and very sensitive where his feelings were concerned. He had an intense love of music, and would sit quietly engrossed with it. From the few things from which I can judge it seems to me that his early training left a deep impression on his character."

Another very old lady and dear friend says: "From his earliest boyhood I remember him as gentle and well-mannered; rather retiring and thoughtful, yet not indifferent to the interests of young life. In after years, when visiting his old friend (the husband of the writer of these memories, who, like himself, has passed away), they went to take a last leave of the old church where they had both worshipped many years. They knelt together, no others being present, and the old friend who loved the youth gave him his blessing, repeating the beautiful verse from the 2nd Epistle of St. Paul to the Thessalonians—'I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.' This was in March, 1876, just before his departure for Africa on his missionary labours. In proof that it was impressed on his memory he recalled the incident in after years. His kindness of heart was dearly appreciated when, on his last important visit to England (1895), he made time to come some distance and pay a visit to this aged friend; and again, before he finally left home, he came to take a last farewell, and he said, 'We shall not meet again in this world, but hereafter we shall meet,' and he tenderly and devoutly placed his hands on her head and gave her his episcopal blessing, which has been ever since felt to unite still closer the bonds of a long and very sincere affection and admiration for this faithful and holy man of God."

School days soon came; first he was sent to a private school at Wimbledon, and then, when he was about fourteen, to the Charterhouse. One of his school friends at Wimbledon speaks of him as "the sort of boy one instinctively knew would go straight." Maples' school friendships were many and firm; they lasted, in spite of the separation of half a sphere, through all his life.

And then the holidays! what happy holidays they used

to have, those brothers and sisters, together! Several summer holidays were spent in the Isle of Wight, at Freshwater and Sea View, and Chauncy was always the life and soul of the party, suggesting and then organizing expeditions to places of interest. One of his chief pleasures consisted in taking long walks, sometimes alone, sometimes with his companion sister. He was then about fifteen, and she two or three years younger. He loved to walk across country, map in hand, scorning any other guide. Happy days of healthy exercise and confidential talk were those. "Come on," he would say to his companion cheerily if she showed signs of flagging. One famous walk he took alone, from Chester to Lichfield, *viâ* Nantwich. This walk was about 50 miles at a stretch, but he had set out with the intention of walking to London! Thus he was unconsciously preparing himself for his long, forced tramps in Africa.

Another favourite pursuit in those youthful days was sailing—sometimes in a small yacht, sometimes in a centreboard boat. They generally kept in the Solent, or just off the Isle of Wight. But he went for one or two cruises to Dartmouth, and once had a narrow escape of his life in Portland Race.

When Maples was nearly fourteen years old a break occurred in his school life on account of an affection of the ear from which he suffered, which necessitated a long and painful course of treatment from an aurist, the late Mr. James Hinton, who perhaps now is almost better known as a philosopher than a medical man. Thanks to Mr. Hinton's skill, Chauncy was practically cured, for the deafness which remained in one ear was but slight. Even when suffering great pain at the aurist's hands his patient would take the liveliest interest in Mr. Hinton's talk, and the latter, recognizing in him a kindred spirit, would initiate philosophical discussions, till his mother

said she used to feel quite ashamed when she thought of the many patients waiting in the room near by while these two were discussing lofty subjects barely akin to the matter in hand. One of Chauncy's strongest characteristics was his faculty for making friends—friends amongst all classes of men. He possessed that indefinable quality—personal charm, fascination—call it what you will. And this power of attraction grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength.

As an athlete he was fairly good at running, not very great nor very enthusiastic in cricket, rather more fond of football, a good swimmer, and, as before mentioned, a very good walker. During the last years of his school life he studied English literature, and began to take an interest in science; also he gained the Thackeray prize at the Charterhouse for an essay on "English Sonnets and Sonneteers."

And here I give a short "impression" from the pen of one of Maples' fellow-Carthusians, the Rev. E. F. Brown, of the Oxford Mission, Calcutta, who was soon admitted to the inner circle of his friends :—

"I went to Charterhouse in the year when Scott, now Bishop of North China, was captain of the cricket eleven, and Gibson, who has just been appointed to be vicar of Leeds, captained a never-vanquished eleven at football. I found there, my senior by a few months and in the same house, one of those delightful boys who take a whole school by storm. Playful, sweet-tempered, and with an endless capacity for amusement, Chauncy Maples was popular both with boys and masters. It was not long before I became his willing captive, and we made our way up the school together."

At Christmas, 1869, Chauncy Maples left the Charterhouse, and for some months went to a private tutor, Mr. J. B. Mozley, of King's College, London, to prepare

for Oxford. Failing to matriculate in October, 1870, he worked hard for a month or two with Mr. Ward at Oxford, and entered University College in January, 1871. Dr. Bradley, now Dean of Westminster, was then Master of the College. And here again, for an epitome of his Oxford career, we quote the words of this same school friend* and of another college friend.

"Afterwards," he continues, "I followed him to the University. He was the same there; no brighter, happier, or—it must be added—more careless undergraduate could be found at Oxford. Perhaps it was his very versatility which prevented him from achieving any great distinction. He would settle down to what he called a good morning's steady reading, but presently he would dash from his seat and execute a brilliant fantasia—as often as not improvised—upon the piano, or he would rush out, with a hunch of bread in his pocket, and spend a long day in the woods. Then there would be talks far into the night, or till the day was breaking, leaving him too much exhausted to do any serious work the next day. In after days, when I read Jeaffreson Hogg's description of his own and Shelley's undergraduate life, it seemed to me that I had had just such another 'incomparable friend.' But in Maples' case, amidst all his vagaries—and they were always wholly innocent—there was the sure anchorage of a home whose tender sanctities had never been violated. What was to become of this radiant, irresponsible creature?—for such at times he seemed. And an older, wiser friend than myself might have asked in some anxiety what fruitage there could be of a life which seemed only to put forth ever fresh flowers. Such anxious questionings would have been in vain, for the net was already thrown which was to land this glittering

*Both these friends have told me that it was Maples' example which decided them to take holy orders.—E. M.

prey at the feet of the Eternal Fisherman—to make him in turn one of His own 'fishers of men.' It came through a college friend, one who survives him in Africa, where he still wields his Herculean powers of body and soul in his Master's service, and who some day will be known, if he is not known already, as one of the great missionaries of the world's history. I shall never forget the quick step on the stairs one morning long before the hour at which Maples was usually up, the sudden opening of the door, and the silence which seemed an hour while I waited for the interpretation of the alternate cloud and sunshine chasing each other over his face; and then the short, sharp sentence, 'Johnson is going out to Africa with Bishop Steere, and, of course—I am going too.' The words struck a chill to my heart—they seemed a death knell to our friendship; but I was just able to refrain from telling him so. . . . He had indeed chosen well! From that day he was a new man. All the old charm was there—the delightfulness of companionship, the brilliancy of temper, the keen, quick play of sympathy—but now all was directed to a noble object, and the sense of fruitlessness and waste was gone. 'Blessed is the man who has found his life's work,' says Carlyle. In his case the blessing was apparent, and an almost visible consecration descended upon all his powers."

His other friend, the Rev. J. M. Lester, says: "At Oxford he seemed to cling more to his Carthusian friends than to the members of his own college, though it would be a mistake to think that he was not a popular man in college, or that he did not join in the ordinary pursuits and pleasures of his contemporaries there. The college was then head of the river, and he was as keen as the rest of us about boating matters. And so with other things in which the college then excelled; the public school boy had

not forgotten the lesson of *esprit de corps*. But there were things that interested him more than athletics. Music was his great delight: he was an excellent pianist. Indeed, Church music took up a little too much of his time in view of the inevitable 'Schools.' He was constantly to be found at Magdalen enjoying the splendid organ playing and the perfect singing of the choir. Of reading, especially after he had passed moderations, he did a good deal, perhaps not very systematically. But in theology, in which school he took honours, he was certainly very much interested. And generally it was noticed that he was a man of wide reading, and especially well grounded in the English classics."

A correspondent to the *Times of India* in November, 1895, probably also a school friend, in writing of him, says: "Young Maples was one of the most popular Carthusians that have ever been at Charterhouse."

In January, 1874, Maples, instead of returning to Oxford, went down to Liphook in Hampshire to read with the Rev. W. W. Capes, staying down there over two terms. He took this step on account of his health, for he suffered from continual headaches when in Oxford. And it was during his residence at Liphook that he made the acquaintance of the venerable judge Sir William Erle, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. Sir William, then about eighty years of age, was fond of young people, and the old man and the youth quickly became firm friends. Sir William was a great lover of Wordsworth, and Chauncy shared his admiration of that poet in his finer moods. "I found he was a true Wordsworthian," Maples writes, "and so we talked on, and he pulled down his copy of the poems and made me mark a number of passages for him." Indeed, they had many tastes in common, and Sir William up to the day of his death followed Maples' career with great interest, sending him books to his far-off home in

Africa, and occasionally writing him letters in that charming old world style which has now died out.

Chauncy learnt a great deal during his quiet retreat at Liphook; and when the summer came he moved into still greater isolation, lodging in a cottage in Woolmer Forest, from which, however, Sir William used to rout out the would-be hermit, riding down to visit him on his quiet pony.

When Maples made up his mind to read for honours in the theological school it is clear he had almost decided to take holy orders. But the idea of being a clergyman—nay, more, of being a missionary—must have been simmering in his mind for many years, for in the year 1891, when he was talking to the children of the school at Freshwater, Isle of Wight, as they sat in rows on the grass at his feet, he said, pointing to a little boy of about twelve years, who was listening with open-mouthed interest to his stories of life in Africa, "Ah! my boy, I must have been about your age when I first began to think of being a missionary, and I was staying down here in Freshwater then too."

In the letter to his mother in which Maples announces his intention of going out to Africa to work under Bishop Steere he says that this is no "sudden idea" on his part. "I have often hinted to Ellen and Alice (two of his sisters) that I might at some future time become a missionary. This time has now come." In this same letter, which we print elsewhere, will be found a detailed account of the circumstances under which he offered himself, and was accepted, for work in Africa.

It was in the Michaelmas term of 1874 that the famous missionary, Bishop Steere, came to Oxford, where he addressed a crowded meeting. Maples did not attend this meeting. But in the Oxford Union, Bishop Steere put up a simple notice on a scrap of blue paper. This

was an appeal for men. "This paper," Maples said, "attracted first Johnson's attention, and then my own." And it was in response to this appeal that Chauncy Maples offered himself—body, soul, and spirit—for missionary work in Central Africa.

Before this time he had accepted a curacy at St. Leonards-on-Sea with the understanding that he should in due course succeed the vicar, an old personal friend of his father's, who had the next presentation to the living in his gift. This plan was now given up. He took his degree in June, 1875, after obtaining, owing to ill health, only a third class in the honour school of theology. For some months he worked as a layman under the Rev. John Eyre in Liverpool, and in the following Michaelmas was ordained deacon at Cuddesdon, and began work as curate in St. Mary Magdalene's parish in Oxford under the Rev. Cecil Deedes. He did not, however, remain long in Oxford, for in the following spring, on March 18th, 1876, he sailed for Africa. His passage money was paid by the mission, and a sum of £20 a year given him for clothes, &c.; "board and lodging" was also provided by the mission. These are the terms on which the members of the staff of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa work—priests and laymen alike.

II.

EARLY MANHOOD AND MIDDLE LIFE.

Perhaps one of the greatest trials of Maples' life came to him at this time. For his parents were not only very averse to his becoming a missionary, but also actively strove to prevent the accomplishment of his purpose. His mother did not and would not recognize his vocation, and many years passed before she was fully reconciled to his choice of work. "There is so much to be done in England," she would say; "why could he not have taken up mission work in our own 'Black Country?'"

In his letters it will be seen how cheerfully and sensibly he bore this—an added trial to the already great one of leaving home and kindred for the Master's sake. Also, like many mothers, his mother could not forget the illnesses of her children. Chauncy nearly died as a baby, and then he suffered long and greatly from the ear affection already mentioned; therefore she considered that he was physically unfit to cope with the unhealthy climate of East Africa.

His father sought an interview with Bishop Steere, and for the above and other reasons begged him not to accept his son's offer of himself for the work of the mission. But Bishop Steere remained firm; the doctors had passed his new recruit, who himself was eager, nay, anxious, to go, and unshaken in his resolve, even by his parents' opposition. However, a promise was extracted from the Bishop that Chauncy should not be sent into the interior of Africa until a year after his arrival in

Zanzibar, his mother fondly hoping, that to keep him within the bounds of civilization would be a preservative of life—that at Zanzibar he would better become accustomed to the unhealthy climate of East Africa, and knowing also that he would be within reach of doctors there. It must be remembered, however, that we are speaking of the Africa of 20 years ago. Exploration and civilization have advanced with rapid strides since then.

Afterwards it seemed as if this promise, asked for and obtained, was a doubtful privilege, for Chauncy's health was worse during that first year in Zanzibar, when he had more attacks of fever than any other member of the mission, than probably during the whole of the rest of his life in Africa.

He did good work, however, in Zanzibar, holding a theological class for some of the young laymen in the mission who were hoping to take holy orders, and superintending the boys' school, besides the usual work in church services, &c.

During the course of that year at Zanzibar he accompanied the Bishop on a visit to Magila, the first inland station of the mission, situated between 30 and 40 miles from the coast at Pangani, and now in German territory. This was Chauncy's first experience of travelling in Africa.

In September, 1876, he was ordained priest by Bishop Steere at Zanzibar, while at the same time and place W. P. Johnson entered the diaconate.

But, as Chauncy writes to his mother, his eyes were turned longingly across the sea to the blue mountains of the mainland, and it was with real joy that at last, in July, 1877, he found himself starting for Masasi, near the Rovuma river, and about 120 miles inland south-west from Lindi, to take charge of the station which

Bishop Steere had planted nine months previously. It was in fact a colony of released slaves whom the Bishop had taken back to the mainland from Zanzibar, where they had been under the care of the mission since their rescue by the British bluejackets from the Arab slave traders. Mr. W. P. Johnson was already there, having travelled with the Bishop in the pioneer party of the previous year.

Chauncy threw himself heart and soul into the work of establishing on a firm basis the first Christian village in Yao and Makua-land, and in starting direct missionary work in the neighbourhood. He was a born pioneer and organizer, and here truly was pioneer work before him. The Bishop had accomplished wonders in the short period—a few weeks only—of his stay at Masasi. He had planned out the village. A broad road was made, with the native houses, built of bamboo and thatch, on each side; while ten feet of stone wall were already rising as a beginning of the church. This church was soon completed after Maples' arrival. It cost five pounds, that is to say for the material of fabric and cost of labour, and, of course, exclusive of the fittings, &c. But when Maples, at his missionary lectures in England, said that he could build and had built a church in Central Africa for five pounds the statement brought him several other five pound notes for possible churches at new stations.

In November, 1877, he took a short missionary journey in the Rovuma valley and the Makonde country. It was on this occasion that he first met Matola, chief of Newala, whom he always looked upon as the greatest of his African friends. I give some extracts from an account of this journey which he read at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society in the spring of 1880 First, with regard to Matola, he says:—"From the spot

where the valley first opened out before us signs of cultivation again began to show themselves, and in another two hours we had arrived at the town of the Yao chief we had come to visit. He came out at once to salute us, and gave us a most hearty welcome. We were told by every one that this man is beloved as no other chief could be loved, and certainly we ourselves were fain to acknowledge that he had quite come up to our expectations. He is without exception the most intelligent and the most pleasing African I know. He has many excellent qualities, and withal an amount of energy that is rare in that part of the world. He has a fund of information about the country, the people, and the languages, of which he can speak six. He is decidedly handsome, has a fine figure, and is considerably taller than any of his people. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about him is the fact that he is a total abstainer. He became an abstainer on principle, and has for many years never touched the native beer or any other intoxicating liquor. Those who know the habits of African chiefs, and their universal beer-drinking propensities, will at once allow that great praise is due to our excellent friend Matola for his temperance. The result of our visit to him, which we prolonged to four days, was that he promised to welcome and help any English clergyman whom I should send to Newala to teach him and his people. . . .

"While staying with Matola I was told there was a man who specially wanted to see his English visitors, because he had known something of a white man in old days, and if we were at all like him he should like to make our acquaintance. I desired that he might be presented to us. Forthwith he came—a pompous old man, who spoke in a dignified manner, and who had evidently some information to communicate. Over his right shoulder there hung an old coat, mouldy, partially eaten away,

but still to be recognized as of decidedly English make and material. 'Whose was it?' I thought, as he began with much mystery to tell of a white man who ten years ago had travelled with him to Mataka's town—a white man, he said, whom to have once seen and talked with was to remember for ever—a white man who treated black men as his brothers, and whose memory would be cherished all along that Rovuma valley after we were all dead and gone. Then he described him—a short man with a bushy moustache and a keen, piercing eye, whose words were always gentle and whose manners were always kind, whom as a leader it was a privilege to follow, and who knew the way to the hearts of all men. This was the description this African savage (as men speak) gave of Dr. Livingstone. Then he showed me the coat; it was ragged now, he knew, but he had kept it those ten years in memory of the giver, from whom it had been a legacy when they parted at Mataka's. To no one but an Englishman would he part with it; but he let me have it as one of Livingstone's brothers (he said), and it now lies in the museum at Charterhouse School—a precious relic of one whose heart bled for Africa, and whose life was laid down in efforts for her redemption."

In a Makonde village they "met with a very strange reception. The simple villagers would have it we were ghosts. . . . 'Who ever heard,' they said, 'of human beings with white skins?' Fortunately, however, to a pretty urgent appeal for food they responded, and I have always hoped that the way in which we caused to disappear the supply of dried fish they put before us on that hungry evening may have persuaded them that there was bulk and substance about us after all."

His account of his visit to Machemba, a powerful and cruel Yao chief, is interesting as an illustration of the ready tact required by an African traveller. Only a short

extract can be given here. " The guns had attracted the attention of Machemba's people, and they came swarming down the hill to see us. It was a critical moment, for it was doubtful what reception we should get; and as I looked into the countenances of the men who surrounded us I could not help feeling a little anxious. We were at a disadvantage, knowing nothing at that time of the Yao language, but I felt there was no time to be lost in showing them that we had come on a peaceful errand; and so, happily bethinking myself of a famous Yao word for expressing surprise and admiration, I came out with it all on a sudden with as loud a voice and as much emphasis as possible, imitating as closely as I could the peculiar intonation with which a Yao would sound it. The word was '*u-u-ugwe*.' It had the desired effect. They stared for a second in utter amazement, and then, as I began to smile, they positively roared with delight. They clapped their hands, they cheered, they repeated the word over and over again, they declared I was a Yao born and bred, and it was clear we had won a great victory. The crowd swelled round us, and by the time we had reached the middle of the town it was almost impossible to estimate the numbers of the multitude that thronged us. We found that our names were well known, though they had undergone considerable corruption in the process of becoming naturalized in the Yao language. I was not a little surprised, for instance, at hearing myself greeted as 'Sita Pepo.' As we knew it to be Machemba's custom to keep any visitor four whole days in his town before going near him we were agreeably surprised at being told that he would be glad to wait on us whenever we were ready to see him. Accordingly, by our desire, he came at once. He shuffled towards us rather shyly, and it was evident that his first interview with his European guests had deprived

him of his usual *savoir faire*. However, he came up to us and sat down by our side, and after an exchange of smiles he gave me a nudge which nearly upset me, and raised a laugh at our expense. I waited my opportunity, and then returned the nudge with interest. This, of course, turned the laugh against him, and soon we were all laughing together!"

In this journey Maples with his companion completed a circuit of 250 miles, being absent from Masasi just three weeks.

In June, 1879, he returned to England on leave. But the life of a missionary "on a holiday" in England is hard work. So long as he has a voice to speak with or legs to carry him about he is sent north, south, east, and west to lecture or preach "for the mission." A missionary must be as ready to lecture to an audience of half-a-dozen people in a poky room as to a crowded assemblage of six or eight hundred people in a town hall. Chauncy Maples was a first-rate lecturer; whether speaking to adults or to children he arrested and kept the close attention of his audience. "I want him to begin again at the beginning and say it all over again," said a little girl at the close of one of his speeches. And another simple listener remarked, "When I look at his beautiful face I believe every word that he says." He was not exactly eloquent, though never at a loss for a word, but his single-minded earnestness penetrated into the hearts and minds of his hearers, carried them with him to far-off Africa, and aroused a temporary if not permanent interest in missions to the heathen. Then there was the charm of a bright smile and a clear musical voice. He always seemed to talk to his hearers rather than lecture to them—to talk to them confidentially—confidently appealing to their higher nature. And his discourses were seasoned with the

salt of humour—needless to say, a great point in their favour.

And so with his sermons; they were no studied orations, but they were thoughtfully written, and they were real. In the winter of this year in England he had a sharp attack of bronchitis, which cut short by two months "deputation work," though as soon as he had sufficient voice again he spoke and preached at Torquay, where he had gone to recruit his health. It was during this first return visit to England that he read a paper on the Makua language before the Philological Society. His was no mere empiric knowledge of African languages; he strove to learn them, and put them, for the benefit of succeeding students, on a scientific basis. His excellent ear for music was an immense help in his study of African languages, as they have to be learnt, to a great extent, by sound.

Maples reached his African home at Masasi again in September, 1880. As may readily be imagined, the conduct of affairs at Masasi was no easy task. Here was a colony of released slaves planted out in the heart of Africa, of which the missionaries had not only the spiritual, but, of necessity, also the temporal headship. The chiefs of the surrounding villages ruled their own people, and in questions arising between their people and the villagers of Masasi were called on by the missionaries to give judgment. But in questions of law and discipline, in the colony of released slaves itself, the missionaries alone were the judges. A serious accusation was brought against a man in the village, and Maples, with his fellow-workers, Janson and Porter, decided to hold an inquiry or trial on the matter. He describes this trial in one of his letters, and says that it was in their eyes successful, as the evidence, or rather want of it, proved the innocence of the man against whom the accusation was

brought. But this trial had far-reaching consequences, for Bishop Steere took exception to some of the proceedings, and wrote strong letters to Masasi on the subject; thus a difference arose between him and Maples, which was further accentuated by the Bishop's action with regard to some articles which Maples had written for a periodical called "Mission Life" on the subject of released slave communities in Africa, including questions of discipline, and so on. These articles were, as Chauncy himself said, intended to invite criticism and discussion, for there are usually two sides to a question, and is it an Irishism to say sometimes *two right sides?* Probably if the Bishop and his workers at Masasi could have met and talked the matter over they would have come to an agreement. "Do not think I can differ from you without pain," he wrote. But they never did meet again, for the Bishop died in the following year. In the summer of 1881 Maples took the longest journey of an exploring nature he ever made in Africa. The journey was, for the most part, through land unknown to Europeans, lying between Masasi and the coast at Mozambique. It was undertaken for missionary purposes, but from that point of view the results were negative, the people through whose country he passed for the most part refusing to receive teachers. This journey, however, was an important one from a geographical point of view. The diary he kept during this journey, and which has not yet been printed, will probably now be published. But Maples also wrote a short account for the Royal Geographical Society, which is printed in their magazine of February, 1882. He was a Fellow not only of this Society, but also of the Geographical Societies of Manchester, and of Edinburgh. During this journey, which occupied two and a half months, he walked 900 miles.

In the next year, 1882, a great disaster fell on Masasi,

when the warrior tribe of Gwangwara swooped down on the village, burnt it, and carried away many of the people into captivity. Maples wrote a graphic account of this raid, which we reprint amongst his letters. It will be seen from this recital that it was the difficult and humiliating policy of non-resistance which probably saved the lives of the little colony of Masasi. But the Gwangwara raid gave the death blow to the plan, not too well considered, of planting a colony of released slaves in the heart of Central Africa. You cannot in justice lead out a people into a savage and warlike country and then deny them the power of self-defence. And yet missionaries must not shed blood.

Necessity solved the problem, for the released slaves were for the most part sent back to Zanzibar, while the few couples who remained removed with the missionaries to the safer retreat of Newala, higher up in the hills, where the Gwangwara are afraid to go, and where the missionaries also had the advantage of living close to the friendly chief Matola. In the summer of 1884 Maples returned to England for the second time. His return had become imperative, on account of a large and persistent ulcer on the shin of his leg, which had refused to be healed during the space of seventeen months. There is one redeeming point about these bad African ulcers—they ward off fever, or, in other words, if you have ulcers *as a rule* you do not have fever at the same time. He took a little rest in the country with his family during the months of August and September, and then plunged into "deputation" work. Writing from Cambridge, he says, "I have three meetings to-day, and then my work at Cambridge will be over. Altogether I shall have spoken and preached twelve times."

Once he was preaching to children in a country church, and from the pulpit, moreover, when, in the

course of his address—afraid of being led off into a side issue—he said, "But I will tell you about that presently." However, the sermon was evidently drawing to a close, and the story—I suppose it was a story—had not been told. One of his small listeners could stand the suspense no longer. "Please, sir," said a little boy, addressing the preacher in the pulpit, "you said you would tell us——" "And so I will, my boy," responded Maples instantly, and forthwith related the story. On each of his visits to England he never failed to go down to Charterhouse to "talk to the boys" at his old school. Modern schoolboys become *blasé* with regard to entertainments, lectures, &c., but Maples was much pleased when he was told that there were two entertainers at Charterhouse who never failed to draw a "crowded house," namely, the late Corney Grain and—himself. For, as one of his friends says, "Chauncy Maples was never so happy as when he was among children. Whether here, 'at home,' as we count it, or there 'at home,' as he counted it, in Africa, young people were his great delight. He understood them, and they felt it. It was one of his greatest charms that 'the child-heart held him yet.'"

On March 18th, 1885, Chauncy sailed again for Africa, reaching Newala in June. In the August of that same year he took down four boys from Newala to Zanzibar for education in the school at Kiungani.

In June of the next year he started with Bishop Smythies for the shores of Lake Nyasa, where it was decided that he was to join his friend W. P. Johnson, and take the headship of the station on Likoma island. Before leaving his workers on Nyasa, in order to return to Zanzibar, Bishop Smythies appointed Maples Archdeacon of Nyasaland.

As Chauncy Maples had built up materially and

spiritually the station of Masasi, so he proceeded to develop the new station of Likoma. He could not do anything in a half-hearted way, but threw his whole self into the work of the moment, whether it were the holding a class for catechumens, the building of a church, or the making of a pudding!

In 1890 he came to England specially to see his mother, whose health was failing fast. Mother and son both knew that they were together thus for the last time on earth. But they were happy. He was very happy with his family, and his mother, ill as she was, and little as she cared for or appreciated humour as a rule, would smile, nay, even laugh, at his stories and bright conversation, for he was truly witty and humorous, though with never a trace of cynicism.

In August, 1891, Chauncy Maples returned to Africa for the fourth time, and in the autumn of the following year the station at Likoma was burnt down by two successive fires—within a fortnight of each other. The first fire took place on Sunday, when eleven houses were reduced to smouldering heaps of ashes. But the Archdeacon writes cheerfully, as was his wont. "Well, let us reckon up our losses. First, what we didn't lose—no human lives and no tempers." Then he goes on to say that the library and the dispensary with their valuable contents were destroyed. "As to the origin of this fire. Briefly it was a 'crow'—a miserable carrion crow—set fire to our village, a kind of set off in these last days to that other bird of better omen that in Rome's palmy days, we are told, saved the Capitol. 'Tis a pity that birds meddle in the fortunes of cities or villages, though it is a great satisfaction to reflect that no human incendiary of malice prepense deposited the tiny bits of live charcoal that wrought all this mischief." And of the second fire he writes:—"Another great fire, and eight

more of our houses burnt to the ground! However, we have lost only the lives of two or three of our swine and a duck or two. Our old sow frizzled away, poor creature! We could not save it, but, like Charles Lamb's famous roast pig that Bo-Bo licked his chops over, it proved excellent eating, and, to be honest with you, I do think our exertions of Saturday earned us this dainty and toothsome Sunday dinner! Ah! but let us not joke. This fire No. 2 is very serious. We are left now with nine houses out of thirty that formed our station three weeks ago. How did this fire originate? Ah! who knows? Is it possible, we are asking, that the fire may have originated spontaneously in the roof? The sun's heat just now is intense, and our grass is as tinder." With characteristic energy Archdeacon Maples soon roused himself to re-build the station. "Anyhow," he determines, "we mean, having been made uncomfortable by circumstances over which we have had no control, to take good care not to *make ourselves* uncomfortable, but to put a bold face on our disasters, and raise a palace for the new Bishop, if he wishes one, out of the charcoal by which we are now surrounded on all sides."

The division of the diocese of Nyasaland from Zanzibar having been effected, Dr. Hornby started early in 1893 for British Central Africa, having been consecrated in the previous winter at St. Paul's Cathedral as the first Bishop of Nyasaland. But his health failed even before he arrived at Likoma, and after struggling on for six months he was obliged to return to England, nor would the doctors sanction his return to Central Africa. In the month of May, 1894, Chauncy Maples' mother died after a long illness; the news reached him in August. This sorrow had long been hovering over him. In a letter written to his sister in the November of the

previous year, when from the accounts he had recently received from home he thought that his mother must have already passed away, he says—"A vision haunts me of about thirty-five years ago: a garden small but massed with flowers, bees humming in the peach blossoms, the sound of the scythe on the fresh mown lawn and the scent of the dewy grass, and a pervading sense of some one near whom one loved more than all others; and then a voice calling one to those early lessons. And I shut my eyes and am there again, and I see her and hear her, and it was my world—so we were, I and some of you in the old garden! So may we be again some day. 'Except ye become as little children ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven.'"

In the summer of 1894 Bishop Hornby resigned, and then it was unanimously felt, both by the Committee and the other friends of the Mission, that Chauncy Maples was *the* man for the difficult and arduous post. Bishop Hornby had come to the same conclusion while at Likoma. As Canon Scott Holland put it, "The one message he (Bishop Hornby) had to give us when he came back was, 'There is only one thing you can do. There is only one thing that is absolutely right. This one thing I learned in the six months in which I was there, and it is something if I bring that back to you. There is only one man who can be Bishop of Likoma, and that is Chauncy Maples.'" And so in August the Archbishop of Canterbury's offer of the bishopric was telegraphed to Archdeacon Maples. His first impulse was to refuse; indeed he would have done so but for the advice of his true and trusted friend William Johnson, who persuaded him not to be hasty in the matter, but to wait and take counsel of others. And so the Archdeacon wrote to the Committee, neither accepting nor absolutely refusing the offer, and saying that he proposed to return to England

to ask the advice of a friend; but he also begged them not to wait many months, as it must be, on the very great uncertainty of his final answer being "Yes," if they thought it advisable to name another successor to Dr. Hornby meanwhile. One reason for Chauncy Maples' wish to refuse the bishopric is a coincidence with Bishop Steere's similar hesitation, namely, that he, like Dr. Steere, had advised his predecessor to resign.

However, all scruples were finally overcome, and in April, 1895, it was announced that Archdeacon Maples had accepted the bishopric. But a cloud hung over his usual brightness; he was full of misgiving. A little incident, which he related himself, illustrates this feeling. In the early morning of June 29th, the day of the consecration, he had prayed that even at the last moment, if it were not God's will that he should be consecrated Bishop, it might be shown to him. And as he was driving in a hansom to St. Paul's Cathedral the horse stumbled and fell. In a flash came the thought "here is the sign." But he was not thrown out, the horse recovered itself, and the Archdeacon arrived at the Cathedral without further mishap.

It was a beautiful and solemn service in the Cathedral of our great metropolis on that lovely summer day when five Bishops were consecrated, of whom only one was to work in the home country, namely, Bishop Awdry, and he has since accepted a bishopric in Japan, for the English Church goes forth with, nay, often in advance of, her Empire.

Not long after Chauncy's arrival in England he received disquieting news from Likoma. He had intended to remain in England till October, but on receipt of the letters containing these discouraging reports he decided to return to Africa as soon as possible; in fact, he was in a fever of impatience to get back. His people

wanted him; that was quite enough. And so on July 11th he left England for the last time. On the journey out he seemed to recover his spirits, and was full of plans and hopes for future work. His letters home were bright, and brimming over with life. At Port Herald, on the Shiré river, he was asked to consecrate the cemetery—strange, in view of what was so soon to happen, that this was almost the only occasion on which he exercised his episcopal office! On the steamer going up the Shiré river, having heard of the death of a valued friend in British Central Africa, the Bishop remarked to his companion, Joseph Williams, "Well, Williams, you and I have lived nearly twenty years in Africa. We cannot expect to be allowed to work here much longer."

The travellers stayed two or three days at Blantyre, where the Bishop preached in the church on Sunday. He also went over to the Residency at Zomba in order to pay the Commissioner a little visit, and they had a long talk together. At Matopé, on the Upper Shiré, the Bishop was detained two days waiting for a boat to take him on to the Lake. An officer of the Administration, Mr. Edward Alston, who has since died of fever at Blantyre, speaks of meeting him here, and says—"The Bishop, Phillips, and I dined together, and I may say that I conceived a great liking for him at once; and during the next two or three days, while at Mpimbi, he and I were constantly together. . . . He was so simple, kind-hearted, and so unlike what one generally expects a Bishop to be; and yet in another sense he was a Bishop all over. As I say, we became very intimate, and I used to find myself wondering at the things we talked about. He always wore a long white cassock, but when I suggested going to see if we could shoot anything for dinner in the woods he said he must come with me, though he admitted he was no sportsman; and he took off his coat

and appeared with his shirt sleeves rolled up; however, it was too late and too dark to shoot. . . . I was very sorry indeed to have to say good-bye to Maples, as I really, if I may say so, had conceived quite an affection for him, and I do not think it is one of my characteristics to conceive an affection for any man—at least in so short a space of time. . . . On reaching Fort Johnston I again met Bishop Maples, who had arrived the night before. . . . I asked him when he was going on; he said at once almost—in about an hour's time. I told him that I thought it rather breezy; but he had great faith in his boat, and went so far as to ask me to come too, he could make for Fort Maguire and drop me. . . . Fort Johnston is some little way from the Lake, and about four miles from where the steamers always lie, so that, though it was blowing very hard when Maples and I were talking, we couldn't see the Lake itself. However, Maples seemed very intent on not being dissuaded from his purpose of proceeding, and I was not the only one to try to do so. . . . I saw them off (this was on the 2nd September). The boat was a steel one with two masts. Besides the Bishop and Williams there were eleven black boys, ten of whom formed the crew, . . . and in addition there was a fair amount of boxes and baggage. . . . Well, we all said good-bye. . . . I went out afterwards to have luncheon on board H.M.S. *Adventure*, and could just see the little boat scudding along in a terrific sea; and we all made the remark that we hoped they would get to Monkey Bay all right that afternoon, and if they were wise they wouldn't go on until the sea calmed down."

Thus Chauncy Maples sailed away on the Lake for Kota Kota in the boat he was least accustomed to use. He generally cruised about in the *Charlotte*, a centre-board delta metal boat, and very seaworthy. The

Sherriff in this last voyage was not properly ballasted; she had too light a cargo. Moreover, the native crew were utterly unaccustomed to sailing her in bad weather, for when the wind begins to blow at all stiffly they always run in for shelter. "There were such heaps of things waiting for his decision and advice," Dr. Hine (the present Bishop of Likoma) wrote; "why, oh! why did he persist in pushing on on that fatal night in the storm? I can fancy it all. 'Let's push on'—that familiar expression. I can think of nothing else, night and day, than the one thought, 'Maples is dead; what shall we do?'" It was a strange coincidence that Joseph Williams should have been travelling with Chauncy Maples on this his last journey in Africa as when he started first for missionary work nineteen years before. Williams joined the Bishop at Zanzibar.

But the story of that fatal voyage comes from the lips of the native crew, and chiefly from Ibrahimu, the captain. The following are principally extracts from Mr. W. P. Johnson's recital of the story:—"We were all looking for our Bishop," he wrote, "not without some fears, some doubts, but any such only the birth of knowledge of the difficulties before him; no one doubted we were beginning an era! No one so thoroughly sympathised with the natives, no one so social a power amongst Europeans! So much life, so much independence, such ready, too ready, sympathy—one had fear in the very width and beauty of hope! We were all looking for his coming to the hills the route by Unangu." The Bishop had intended to travel overland from Lindi, but was not able to get porters owing to the disturbed state of the country. "I had arranged for the A. L. Company's steamer to meet him at Mluluka, the Unangu port, on the 20th." The *Charles Janson* was laid up for repairs. "Our Bishop had come from England and caught each steamer,

avoided each invitation to delay; Likoma seemed nearer and nearer to him—those he loved and who loved him. So he took our boat and started north from Fort Johnston. . . . The captain was our best, the boat had just been done up, the sails were in good condition. Alas! that boat had been made without water-tight compartments! They landed, had food and prayers at one village (Nkope), but Likoma, perhaps Atlay's face in particular, drew him on." Only two days before this storm on the Lake the Rev. George Atlay, the priest in charge at Likoma, who had gone to the mainland on a few days' shooting expedition, fell beneath the spears of the Gwangwara, a small party of whom were on the war-path near Chitesi's village. Bishop Maples had not, however, heard of this sad event. "In spite of the wind they went on soon after six p.m., passed Monkey Bay—would God they had been driven in there!—on past the long line of rock and hills to Cape Maclear; but still Likoma and Nkotankota acted like a spell. The south wind became so boisterous that Captain Cullen, of the *Adventure*, had his fires in, though under a lee shore. The Bishop sat up; Williams lay down asleep; the Bishop called for a rug or some wraps and a book—the boy says a New Testament. The crew wanted to go into Monkey Bay, and, failing that, straight before the wind, but the Bishop held on the course towards Leopard Bay. Then the mainsail was lowered—how strange it seems and how sad! How could they have gone at all with mizen and jib, and that, as the men assure me, boomed out? Then, as the boat shipped water, the Bishop bade them reef the mizen. The captain gave another the tiller to do this, and the boat almost at once broached to. What can we say to all this, and knowing as I do that the Bishop had had some little experience in sailing? We can only lay our hand on our mouth!" Yes, we who

write this story so far from the scene of action must also only echo these words of Mr. Johnson's; we cannot understand; therefore, we will not try to explain. "Joseph Williams was asleep in the house of boughs made over the stern; he sank with the boat." The Bishop, though a good swimmer, was hampered by his cassock, but the crew—the natives swim like fish—bore him up, using an empty box to support him, but the box soon sank. "They wished to tear off his heavy clothing. Why did he refuse? I believe he kept wonderfully calm, and thought it was hopeless, as the land was doubtfully visible. The waves broke over them." Then the Bishop told them to leave him. "Do not let me cause your death," he said in Chinyanja. "It was my fault—save yourselves. Go to the Europeans—to Mr. Johnson—and tell them I have died." And so he sent them from him and sank in the deep waters.

"Please do not doubt these main facts," says the Rev. W. P. Johnson; "Ibrahimu and another I believe as simply as I should Chauncy's own account."

The only thing saved from the wreck was the Bishop's bag of Communion vessels; one of the crew saw it floating in the water, and brought it safe to land.

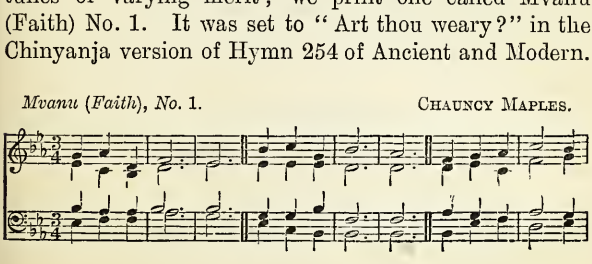
The crew were in the water over two hours, but at last reached a small island, where they remained till the daylight. It must have been soon after midnight that the boat sank. Next day, when the crew reached the mainland, Ibrahimu and another man were arrested and "tied up" by a European at a village near Rifu, for it was thought strange that the Europeans should have been drowned while all the crew were saved. But after some days' imprisonment they were allowed to go free, and proceeded to Kota Kota, where they told their story to Mr. Sim, of the Universities' Mission. Rumours of

the disaster had already reached him; these were now sadly confirmed. A fortnight afterwards the body of the Bishop was found in a small creek not far from the scene of the accident, by William Kanyopolea, a native teacher, who carried it to Kota Kota wrapped in a flag marked with a red cross. Mr. Sim buried the body in a spot where he hoped to place the altar of a church he intended to build. But not two months had passed before he too was called to leave his work on earth, and his body laid in a grave by the side of his Bishop.

When the sad news of the fatal accident reached Likoma "it was nothing but a great mourning," they say; for above all else Chauncy Maples was *loved* by Europeans and Africans alike.

Mention has been made of the Bishop's love and knowledge of music. He composed a great many hymn tunes of varying merit; we print one called Mvanu (Faith) No. 1. It was set to "Art thou weary?" in the Chinyanja version of Hymn 254 of Ancient and Modern.

Mvanu (Faith), No. 1. CHAUNCY MAPLES.



He also composed several gavottes, minuets, marches,

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and so on. He was of a distinctly literary turn of mind, and wrote some tuneful hymns and several sonnets. Two on Lake Nyasa seem to be among his most happy efforts. He considered the second of these his best sonnet.

SONNETS.

"Lake Nyasa," No. 1.

Thy lonely waters, as they gently swing
And murmur 'neath the cloudless azure sky,
Full many a lofty message, through the eye
That rests upon th' impressive scene, do bring
To minds attuned to high imagining,
And spirits yearning for eternity.
Such messages, I ween, can never die:
From Heaven they come, despatched by Heaven's King.

Cerulean lake, let this thy mission be,
To speak to us of Him who in His hand
Thy waters broad uplifts; and so may we,
While lingering on our pilgrimage, a land
Not bounded by earth's limits ever see,
But far above her mists—the Heavenly strand!

"Lake Nyasa," No. 2.

A gloom is on the lake, and overhead
Dark sullen clouds, obscuring every trace
Of sunshine in the storm-disturbèd space
Above the billows, surging high, are spread.
Discord prevails! Though peace awhile hath fled,
Yet such a hurly of the elements
For aye endureth not: e'en now are rents
In night-black clouds through which a ray is sped.

Thus thou dost image forth, O changeful lake!
By different aspect, both the gleam and gloom
That, each in turn, do occupy that room
In hearts of men which God will one day make
His own for ever with the radiance bright
Of His High Presence—Earth's Eternal Light!

In copying this last sonnet, now necessarily fraught with the memory of that other Storm on the Lake on the 2nd of September, 1895, a characteristic little incident comes into my mind which was told me by a Manchester friend of Bishop Maples. They were talking together of his work, and in the course of conversation something must have been said on the subject of marriage, for the friend remarked, "A bishop must be the husband of one wife." "Yes," replied Maples, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "I have married Lake Nyasa." "And now," writes the friend, "Lake Nyasa is widowed."

Outside his *direct* missionary work the most important "venture," as he calls it, which Chauncy Maples started in these last years of his life was a magazine for British Central Africa. Though edited, published, printed by himself, a missionary, it was intended to appeal to the colonists and officials in British Central Africa outside the missionary interest, and thus, in his own words, to form "a uniting bond between the heterogeneous medley of people in British Central Africa." The two Scotch Missions each had their magazine, but Archdeacon Maples was the first to publish a newspaper or magazine —for it partook of both characters—in Central Africa for the European residents generally. The "Nyasa News," as after the first two numbers it was called, appeared once a quarter, and contained, besides local news and notes on local subjects, articles of a high standard on geographical and scientific topics connected with Africa. As to the missionary element, we must confess that it was rather like King Charles's head in Mr. Dick's memorial —it *would* come in. Still, the paper was popular in British Central Africa, and maintained its existence until the death of its originator. With the exception of the last three numbers, Maples was the sole editor of this magazine.

He superintended the details of the printing also. In fact it was so entirely the work of his own amazing energy that when he died no one else thought of continuing it. Certainly the "Nyasa News" reflected great credit on all who had to do with it, whether as contributors to the literary department or actual printers of the paper. These last were native boys trained by an English printer.

THE PLAINT OF AN AFRICAN FOWL.

(Written by Chauncy Maples.—Reprinted from the "Nyasa News.")

Britisher in B.C.A. *loquitur*: "I had nothing whatever to eat but a beastly tough skinny old African fowl."

Come, hearken, ye gallants of British C. A.,
To "The Plaint of an African fowl;"
Be generous for once as ye list to a lay
That should make you ashamed of your howl.

It is true I'm despised, and a much abused bird,
That you roast and you boil and you fry,
And in other ways cook me (the best is the third),
Such as *vol au vent*, curry, and pie.

You say I'm all bones, that I'm stringy and tough,
So different from some of my kin,
And yet you can never quite gobble enough
Of my flesh when once you begin.

I am bartered for, haggled for, everywhere;
Beads, calico go in exchange;
To buy me you'll send many miles here and there:
It is not quite consistent—it's strange!

'Tis true that the climate's not suited to me;
"Chicken cholera" oft it will bring,
And the verdicts of doctors and gourmets agree
That my liver's a delicate thing.

Yet you who abuse me as sickly and spare
Don't scruple my body to truss;
There's that on my bones for which you must care
Or you wouldn't be treating me thus.

Oh, 'tis cruel to think how my limbs all are fixed
When for table my flesh you prepare ;
Legs, wings, back, and breast—these get horribly mixed
Which is which I scarce know, I declare !

For you split me right open—most shocking of sights !
And flatten my legs and my wings ;
Run a spit through my liver, my heart, and my lights :
Choice morsels you deem them—these things !

Then you baste me, and broil me, till I'm done brown,
While you turn me both this side and that,
And afterwards eat me to the bone down,
Leaving this to be gnawed by the cat.

Thus treated, I'm "spatchcock"—'tis flippant to jest
At the shape my poor carcase assumes
When for dinner you've ordered that I'm to be dressed
In this fashion, when stripped of my plumes.

You've devices full many, confess, when you like,
To render me toothsome and nice ;
If fricassee palls, when I'm stewed if you strike,
Then you serve me as *pilau*—with rice.

Ah ! it's all very well to grumble and growl,
And say you have nothing to eat ;
Though I'm skinny, perhaps, and only a fowl,
There are times when you find me a treat.

What with mustard, and pepper, and salt, too, and sage,
Though "devilled," I'm monstrously good ;
If no chicken—('tis rude to allude to my age)—
Yet I'm never too ancient for food.

Then with raisins, you bet, and with sauces and lard
I'm a savoury mess in a bowl ;
Oh ! 'tis mean, all this talk about "stringy and hard,"
And "beastly old African fowl."

Come, bid all your calumny to the winds fly,
And cease at me sourly to gird ;
Just allow that in spite of the popular cry
I'm not such a very bad bird.

—Y. Z.

In this monograph I have refrained from giving details of the Bishop's missionary work, nor do I make the attempt to give an estimate of his character. My chief aim has been to relate facts briefly—do not facts speak for themselves?—and thus to stand as short a time as possible between the reader and "those old leaves which keep their green—the noble letters of the dead," for the letters of Chauncy Maples are his true biography.

III.

THE LETTERS.

SELECTIONS from the letters and journals of Chauncy Maples written in the years 1874 to 1895. The following letters were written to his mother, father, and one of his sisters, but there are also included some to other members of the family, and to several friends.

(*To his Father.*)

16, MERTON STREET, OXFORD,
Dec. 5th, 1874.

I suppose I shall be returning home this day week, but I may have to write on a very important subject to you on Monday next. Circumstances have arisen which may change all my future plans very materially, though I cannot make up my mind till this evening (*i.e.*, till I have seen Mr. Burgon) whether finally to decide on a course of action on which my mind is already half made up. However, do not mention this to any one except my mother till I have written again. . . .

(*To his Mother.*)

16, MERTON STREET, OXFORD,
Monday night.

As my letter to my father probably rather mystified both you and him, I am writing now to explain as fully as I can what I hinted at in my note. But first I must ask you to keep the contents of this strictly secret from my brothers and sisters and the rest of the family. The letter is addressed, of course, as much to my father as to

you, but I write to you in case Mr. Young's illness is still causing him anxiety, in which case he will not care to be receiving a long letter from me just now. I cannot disguise from myself the fact that what I am writing will cause you a great deal of *surprise;* but to the surprise it is my earnest prayer that you will not add sorrow and disappointment. To come to the point at once, I have resolved to become a missionary, and to join Bishop Steere's Mission to Central Africa. It is, you know, the "Universities' Mission," and I find myself unable to resist the urgent appeal that is made to Oxford men to go and work where truly "the harvest is plenteous but the labourers few." I almost hear you exclaim, "Why, this is quite a sudden idea!" Indeed I cannot be surprised if you think thus, for, as far as I am aware, I have never in the least bit hinted to my father or to yourself that I had any desire or inclination towards missionary work. I may say, though, that it is by no means a sudden idea, for I have often hinted both to Ellen and Alice that I might at some future time think very seriously as to whether or no I should become a missionary. This time has now come, and the result of my self-questioning is that I am firmly resolved to join Bishop Steere and try my fortunes with him and his party in the work of preaching Christ to the African tribes on the shores of Lake Nyasa. I have written to the Bishop to ask for an interview, and I hope to have seen him before I return home on Saturday. I am in my letter confining myself as far as I can to the mere facts: all that I tell you will invite discussion when we meet. I do not ask you for direct *advice* on the subject, because, did you advise me to abandon my determination, I should certainly say I could not do so. I trust that you will think with me that a matter of so serious a nature is only to be settled by a questioning of God through my own conscience. At

least I for my part cannot look upon it in any other light. Of course an undertaking of this kind must not be entered upon without in some way counting the cost beforehand, and feeling this very strongly I shall make all the necessary inquiries as to the healthiness of the climate, &c., &c. The desired information Bishop Steere will probably be able to give me, and so I hope to be prepared to answer questions on the subject when we meet. I have already anticipated and answered one exclamation. I will now anticipate and answer another question which will doubtless arise in your minds. It is this:—"Why should he, just when he has been well provided for in a curacy in England, be so anxious to throw it up and go where his prospects are, to say the least of it, very doubtful, and the work discouraging in the extreme?" There can be, as you will have already guessed, but one answer to this question, and this is the answer. I do feel distinctly that God is calling upon me to devote myself to missionary work, and that, too, in so unmistakable a manner that I cannot refuse to obey the call. Hence it is clear everything else must be given up. The intense feeling that one has that God is speaking to one cannot be expressed properly in language. If one attempts to express it one loses one's self in inadequate anthropomorphisms, which are next door to being meaningless. All I can say is that I have this intense feeling, and therefore I dare not put obstacles in the way, and thereby disobey what I most solemnly believe to be God's command. When I accepted Mr. Robinson's kind offer of a curacy I remember feeling that after all I was not at all sure whether I ought not to say at once that I believed I should be pleasing God more by becoming a missionary. Cowardly feelings, I suppose, took possession of my heart then, and I tried to reconcile, and indeed for a time succeeded in reconciling, to my conscience the

acceptation of the curacy. But now, you see, those misgivings, which came upon me then, have come upon me again with redoubled force, and have induced me to throw up the curacy. I look forward with bright hopes and very cheerfully to the new course of action, which, my dear parents, I feel myself compelled by so resistless a force to follow, and I shall look out anxiously for a letter from you in which you will tell me that your hearts go with me in the work. I am trying day by day to feel more deeply and love more earnestly the great truths of Christianity—truths which (I say it in sorrow and repentance) were but a few months ago fast becoming lost to me altogether. In proportion as I dwell on these truths, in proportion as I try to meditate and fully appreciate the infinite condescension of our Blessed Lord when He took upon Him our nature and became Incarnate in our flesh, so do I feel more eager, by a cheerful and lively devotion to His service, to make amends for a hitherto wasted life. There may be years before me, and I say again I believe myself called upon to devote them to mission work. But I am transgressing my self-imposed duty of confining myself in this letter strictly to facts. My father will be anxious to know how I mean to live and what I mean to do between the present time and the time I start for Zanzibar (two years hence). First, then, I mean to read with renewed energy for my examination in the summer; possibly at Hastings—certainly not here. The remaining one and a half years I shall very probably spend at St. Augustine's, Canterbury, where I shall study a little of a good many things, such as medicine, carpentering, the native languages spoken by the tribes inhabiting the particular part of Africa to which we are going. . . . My friends Brown and Wauton were both glad when they heard of my resolve, and they both said that they thought I was

far more fitted in many ways for a missionary than for home work—referring, of course, to my general nature and temperament, which they know pretty well. As for Will Johnson, he is going with me, and to tell you the truth, he was the first to say definitely that he was going. He went down to see his mother on Thursday last, and when he came back he told me, to my utter amazement, that he had thrown up the Indian Civil Service appointment which he held, and was going to become a missionary. In throwing up this he threw up a thousand a year, with infinite chances of promotion—altogether one of the finest openings (from a worldly point of view) a young man can have. Admiration for this act of his forbade me from being a coward—for to my own conscience, as I explained above, I *was* a coward—any longer, and I quickly followed his example. Now I think you know the whole matter, and I say again I shall eagerly look out for a letter from you telling me what you and my father think of this, my firm resolve. Will you please let Mr. Robinson see this letter, for otherwise he will not be able to understand my conduct in thus playing fast and loose with the curacy. I know him well enough to be sure that he will continue to think of me in the kind way he has done hitherto. If I have been more careful about religious observances and more earnest about spiritual advancement lately, it has, humanly speaking, been owing entirely to Will Johnson, and it is no little source of happiness to me to think that I shall at least set out for Africa with him for whose character I have so much admiration, and for whose self I have so much love. Here I will end, and believe me, my dear father and mother, to remain,

Your very affectionate son,

Chauncy Maples

P.S.—I think Mr. Robinson should know at once of my change of plans, and I beg you to send this on to him soon. On reading this letter through, I see you may misunderstand what I have said on the subject of asking your *advice*. All that I meant was that I do not ask your advice as to whether or no I should become a missionary; of course I intend asking my father and yourself for advice on many points connected with my determination.—Since writing the above I have heard from Bishop Steere, to whom I am going at Wells on Friday next.

(*To his Mother, just before his Ordination.*)

Cuddesdon Palace, Oxford.

It makes one happy to think what a number of friends one has praying for one just now, and more than all to think that I am constantly in your prayers. I suppose if we could get thoroughly to realize the text "Here we have no continuing city" the parting that there must be between me and my parents next year would scarcely bear heavily either on you or me. . . . Perhaps it may not be; yet I could wish it, and sometimes think that even now it may so happen that I shall go out to Zanzibar with many joyous hopes, such as are and will be—I know well—expressed by most intimate friends—expressed also by my parents. Trials enough and to spare will be, I know, my lot as soon as I set foot on the island, and it is sad to think that I may carry a trial with me. I write all this because I know that if I feel it now I shall feel it ten times more when England is fairly left behind me. Now, however, one's thoughts are mainly occupied by the awfulness and risk of the life one is just entering upon. It will be time enough to think of *future* events when one is in the midst of them. . . .

OXFORD, *Autumn*, 1875.

I preached my first sermon at St. George's in the morning. . . . I did not feel at all nervous about it.

OXFORD, *February*, 1876.

Very sad parting with the Vicar and the dear Oxford friends, but it must come. . . . I hope you are trying to live nearer to Christ. It is hard, perhaps, but you must exert your will, and pray for the grace of the Holy Spirit. Do remember that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord." . . . Haven't you found out yet what a hollow thing this world is if we trust to it? I hope you will be advancing while we are carrying forward the work in Africa. We can't say "Thy kingdom come" in earnest if we are not working for our own souls. It is a growth *from day to day* that is wanted, and we can do all things through Christ, who strengthens us. . . .

On the 18th March, 1876, Chauncy Maples sailed for Africa to begin his missionary work.

THE CHANNEL, *Sunday*.

We are just experiencing the "chops" of the Channel. . . . Poor Yorke is rather sick to-day. We have given him a gentle dose of chlorodyne and sent him to bed. The doctors (Williams and self) went into consultation on the subject, and were agreed as to the remedy to be applied. He has been *dosed*, and now is *dozing*. Really it is very rough, and snowing. . . . We are all very happy and in good spirits. . . . Best love to all, and I have thanked God for giving us a really happy parting. . . .

(*To his Mother.*)

THE "JAVA," BAY OF BISCAY, *March*, 1876.

After a deal of rolling all day we are now steadier, and writing is no longer a thing impossible. . . . I thought

of you much on Sunday, and I thought also of the 500 boys gathered together in Charterhouse Chapel as they had been the Sunday before, when I was there with them. . . .

Wednesday.—There was a good reason for my not continuing this letter yesterday—the Bay was too much for me. . . . I am quite well again to-day. . . . I am very anxious to hear how you are. I hope in good spirits, and happy in the thought that, although in a way quite unexpected by yourself, your prayers for me, which, as I well know, have been unceasing ever since I was quite a child, are now being answered. For my own part, I feel quite happy, and I only hope God will grant me a safe return to you all when three years shall have passed away. I was so glad we were able to go down to Tottenham together before I left England. Seeing the old garden after such a long interval revived a thousand memories of sixteen years ago. I so well remembered how I used to sit and think for hours together under that old copper beech tree when the sound of the summer wind, high up in the topmost branches, used to awake in my mind so many curious imaginings and fancies. . . . You can't think how we sighed for a little eau-de-Cologne or lavender water when we were so sick, and our cabin so close and oppressive, yesterday. . . . By-the-bye, we found arrow-root a good thing. It kept down at least half an hour longer than anything else. I should not write so much about our sea-sickness, but as yet, you know, our voyage has been monotonous enough, and there is little to tell of. . . .

THE "JAVA," THE MEDITERRANEAN,
March, 1876.

No sooner had we come through the Straits of Gibraltar than we found the sea calm as a lake and the air delicious. We passed Gibraltar just after dusk last

evening, and now we are sailing nine knots an hour towards Algiers. . . . As yet it is not too sultry, but the day is just one of those perfect days one gets in England about the middle of May. . . . Only had a few hours on shore (at Lisbon), and those after sunset; yet we were very glad to set foot on firm ground after all the rolling we had had. I noticed, though, that at the hotel others besides myself "held on" to the walls of the room—it was so difficult to disabuse oneself of the idea that we were still on board and in the Bay of Biscay! . . . The only thing I noticed particularly at Lisbon was the superabundance of Judas trees, all in full bloom. . . . It seemed very curious looking at Africa last night—our first peep of a new quarter of the globe; and to-day, by-the-bye, we are taking our last look at Europe. . . .

He speaks of the two young laymen travelling with him as not very industrious in learning the language, Swahili, and then proceeds:—

Of course the early elementary work at a language is drudgery, and I do not deny that I myself find Swahili very irksome at times, but in a few days it will be both easier and more interesting. I am at work at the Second Book of Kings. I have also on board, in the language, a short catechism, a short liturgy (with the Litany), the Gospel of St. Luke, the First Book of Kings, and Æsop's Fables; so you see we shall not lack Swahili "literature." . . . To-night we shall, I suppose, begin sleeping on deck, which will be pleasanter than on the table in the saloon, which has been my bed for the last two nights. The rat traps are set each night, and each morning have their full complement of inmates. We are quite accustomed to them now, and it is a question with us—Shall we as soon get accustomed to the centipedes? . . . Tell every one who is interested in me that so far I feel

perfectly well and happy, and with no longing thoughts turned back on England. I hope God will give me strength and health that I and those who work with me may prove our manhood in our Master's cause before we return to the land which gave us birth. . . .

THE "JAVA," THE MEDITERRANEAN,
March 30th, 1876.

We are now on our long spell between Algiers and Port Said. . . . We were all very much interested in Algiers. We had about four hours ashore, and saw the town well. I thought it almost the most curious sight I had ever seen to observe the wild and fantastically dressed Arabs swarming in the streets of the gay French town and conversing in friendly terms with fashionably dressed Frenchmen. They looked very grand fellows, some of these old Arabs, most with very majestic mien and fine figures. They moved about like statues, and every now and then took up positions and stood still perhaps for five minutes together, without moving a single muscle. . . . Algiers is an exceedingly picturesque town. The little bits of Moorish architecture that crop up here and there, the steep streets, or rather alleys—for in Algiers there are but two or three streets—the flat-roofed houses, the fine quay and harbour, and, above all, the magnificent bay, combine to make the place very attractive and interesting. . . . Fancy, it costs £600 to go through the Canal (Suez) once! Rather an expensive business, is it not? . . .

March 30th.

Soon we must look out for heat and mosquitoes; but we have another five days before us ere we reach Port Said and its sand hills and the desert. . . .

April 3rd.

We have been out of sight of land ever since we left Malta. . . . Yesterday we were all feeling rather upset

by the heavy swell there was on the sea, which made us roll about a good deal; but it somewhat subsided towards the evening, and we were able to hold a short service. I preached . . . on the shipwreck of St. Paul. As I was preaching we were sailing within twenty or thirty miles of the place where the Alexandrian vessel was when she was caught by the euroclydon. . . . Blue skies and blue seas are the order of the day now, with very little to vary the pleasant monotony. . . .

(*To his Mother.*)

THE RED SEA, *April 8th*, 1876.

It was very cheering indeed to get your most kind letter at Suez. All that you said in it makes me feel very happy, and I see now how thankful one ought to be for the help God has given you in your trial.

[In allusion to his mother's disappointment at his determination to be a missionary.]

I ought never to have doubted that the issue of the distress would have been a happy one. . . . There is very little to relieve the monotony of the Canal (Suez) during its whole course, including the Lakes, of 86 miles. . . . I noticed one thing, though—the almost oppressive stillness and silence of the desert. In old days, if I remember rightly what I have read, the Delta of the Nile extended to exactly where the Suez Canal is now cut on the east. Fancy if those old Pharaohs, who actually achieved the work of a canal between the Nile and the Red Sea, could have seen the dimensions and grandeur of the silvery strip of water which now connects the same sea with—not the Nile, but the Mediterranean itself! . . .

The captain says he never remembers the Red Sea so cool as it is now. . . .

JEDDAH, *Tuesday*, 11*th April*, 1876.

It is so clear to me now that it was only natural for you and my mother to have talked as you did about the mission that I have long since ceased to trouble about it. You may be sure that I felt myself that as soon as I was fairly started on my new mission you and my mother would be the two people most interested in hearing of its progress. I shall therefore always tell you all that is of interest in connection with the Central African Mission. . . . For many months past I have been looking forward very eagerly to seeing Jeddah, having heard it spoken of—by some people competent to give an opinion—as one of the strangest and most interesting cities in the whole world. We had such fair breezes on Saturday and Sunday that we were wafted along too fast, and had to slacken the speed of our engines lest we should get to Jeddah in the night time. The pilot who generally conducts the British India Company's steamers through the Red Sea was not at Suez, and so we had to take in there an Arab who did not understand a word of English. The consequence was that when we were nearing Jeddah the captain was in a dreadful state of mind, for there we were, all in amongst the coral reefs, and the pilot perfectly unable to make us understand his directions. The coral reefs for ten miles out to sea are really terrible! It is a wonder that every vessel that goes to Jeddah is not wrecked before she gets there! After a great deal of excitement we dropped anchor at our station three miles from the town, and in half an hour's time the fast-sailing Arab cargo boats were swarming round us to take off the quantity of freight we had for the town. Here we had our first sight of slavery. These boats were each manned by two or three Africans, each of whom belongs to some rich Arab in the town. They are nearly all brought over in dhows from Nubia. One could admire God's handiwork in the

creation of these fine muscular natives of Africa! I will not say their faces were handsome, but their strength seemed enormous. I asked the English Consul about these slaves, their number, &c. He said he felt pretty nearly sure that at Jeddah and Hodeidah and the few little places between these two Arabian ports 30,000 slaves are imported from Nubia alone every year. . . . After we had breakfasted the Consul came off to the vessel, and when he had transacted his business with the captain he asked me if I would go on shore and baptize a child, whose parents were a goldsmith and his wife (Austrians, who had lived long in Alexandria). He said he had 10,000 subjects in the town, all Indians. The population of the whole town is 40,000, of whom two people are English—the Consul himself and a merchant friend! There are no French nor Germans; a fair number of Greeks, these Indians, and all the rest Arabs and the African slaves. . . . Well, in the afternoon of Monday I went on shore with only two of our party; the others were all too much overcome with the heat. . . . Jeddah, perhaps you know, is, if not the largest, at least the second town in all Arabia. It is situate only fifty miles from Mecca, and through it every year pass thousands and thousands of pilgrims on their way to the great city and centre of Mohammedanism. The journey from Jeddah is taken in the night. Pilgrims leave Jeddah and pass through the great Mecca gate at sunset on camels, and by sunrise next morning they arrive in Mecca. As for Mecca, it is said that there are only five Christians now living who have been within its walls, and of those five, Burton the traveller is one. It is certain death to enter Mecca unless he who enters feigns to be a Mohammedan. This Burton did, as well as the other four of whom I speak. It is very difficult to describe Jeddah, because it is so thoroughly different from any place you

have seen that I have nothing with which to compare it. Most of the houses are extremely handsome, built of a white glaring stone, the windows and doors being highly ornamented with light but very handsome wood carving in the style which, when speaking of English architecture, we call "Arabesque." The streets themselves are not wide, but still not dirty, and the whole town is surrounded by a wall. Immediately outside the wall begins the arid and unfruitful desert, and a few miles further on the bare and rugged mountains of Arabia. Over them winds the famous road from Jeddah to Mecca.

We walked—and wondered as we walked—through most of the principal streets of the strange and yet fascinating city. We also walked right through the bazaar—the Regent Street of Jeddah. Everywhere we met camels and Arabs—men, women (all with veiled faces as the hated Christian passed), boys, and girls; everywhere we saw these fine, handsome descendants of Ishmael, and everywhere we met the poor downtrodden sons of Ham. Everything I saw enchanted me quite. At one time it reminded one of the "Arabian Nights" as on all sides we heard these fellows accosting each other by the familiar names Abdallah, Suliman, Ali, Mohammed, &c. But as one dwelt in thought on the past history of Arabia, of the vast intellects of the Arabs, who, in philosophy in the Middle Ages, were not only to other nations but to our own selves benefactors (as we learnt through Francis Bacon, who in his turn learnt from Roger Bacon, whose philosophy was based on that of Averroes and Avicenna)—as I say, as one thought of all this, and again of the mighty power of the Saracens in times gone by, as well as of the tremendous power that Mohammedanism still wields over the minds of so many millions, one was led back to the thought of God's promise to Abraham that he would make of Ishmael a *great nation*. I could not express to

you how interesting it is to me to think now of that covenant with Abraham in its wonderful working out, which our forefathers have witnessed, and which we ourselves still witness. And then, too, there are the 8th, 11th, 12th chapters of Daniel, the sequel in the Book of Revelation, and St. Paul's remarks in the Epistle to the Galatians, all of which one is so strongly and forcibly reminded of in connection with the great Mohammedan question. On these things I mused and pondered as I stood under the great Mecca gate of the city of Jeddah and looked eastward towards the city whence sprang the great Eastern Antichrist, whose religion has held so permanently for 1,200 years so vast a proportion of the whole human race. Dr. Johnson's remark, too, comes home so forcibly to one : "There are only two objects of curiosity—the Christian world and the Mohammedan world. Everything else is barbarous." It is so clear, to my mind, that the rise and fall of Mohammedanism is quite plainly set forth in the Bible; it is also quite clear that if we are the true *Israel* of God, so at last even *Ishmael*, the spurious offspring, is to become legitimate, for "in Isaac shall ALL (mark that this *all* must include even the descendants of his bastard brother) nations of the earth be blessed." How can a Christian, who sees things in the light the Bible puts them, be surprised because the rise, progress, and permanence of the creed of Mohammed seem to be little short of one vast miracle? God planned it all. He was the great cause of it. It is a mystery why He should have planned it, but He *did* plan it, and rather than waste our time in a sinful calling in question the wisdom of this wonderful phenomenon in the world's history we ought rather to work on hopefully and joyfully amongst the Mohammedans themselves, knowing that the great promise can never fail of accomplishment—"In *Isaac* shall all nations of the earth be blessed." It

is now winter time in Jeddah, yet the thermometer is 88 degrees in the shade, and we are all melting away. . . . All to-day we have been taking on board a great quantity of cargo, chiefly huge bags of salt and gum arabic, for Hodeidah, our next port, and also a great deal of cargo for Liverpool, which we shall leave at Aden. I left the *Jara* this morning about ten o'clock to go to the Consulate to baptize the little child, Williams, and one of the officers of the vessel went with me to be present at the holy rite. Really it is almost an historical event, for the Consul told me that this child was the first Christian baptized in Jeddah. There in the drawing-room of the Consulate, surrounded by Mohammedans, I read our solemn office for the *publick* baptism of infants. The nurse who carried the child was a heathen; so, of course, I did not suffer her to be present at the baptism. Poor little thing, it looked very weakly, the little infant; but it did make one happy to feel that it is now a partaker of the fruits of Christ's life, death, and resurrection, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven. You will probably remember that when Mahomet (of course it is Mohammed really) first set up his religion in his own country he found a branch of the Eastern Church at most of the important towns of Arabia, which he in a few years entirely uprooted and destroyed. I suppose, therefore, that there would have been in ante-Mohammedan times a Christian community in Jeddah, so that it is not right to say that I baptized the first Christian in Jeddah. It would be more correct to say the first for 1,200 years. . . . The pilgrim season is just over, yet there are a few stragglers not yet gone back to their homes. We are taking 150 of them as deck passengers. They came off from the shore in boats to-night just as the sun was setting: it was intensely interesting to watch them. They clambered up the sides of the vessel, and

then hauled in their packages after them. They sleep on board and bring their own food, and lie about all over the deck. There are one or two dear little children among them. Some of these Arabs brought guns on board whose barrels were nearly five feet long, and of such curious workmanship. It was a curious thing, I learnt four days ago the Arabic numerals up to 100. I found this very useful to-day, and was able to help these Arabs a little in explaining how their passage tickets were made out—one, one and a half, three, &c. We did not get on beyond that, as, it is needless to tell you, I don't understand a word of their language. . . .

KIUNGANI, ZANZIBAR, *May 3rd*, 1876.

We have at last arrived at our journey's end, and are able to thank God for bringing us all three in safety and perfect health to our destination. What little remained to be told about our journey I have spoken of to the aunts. . . . We arrived off the town of Zanzibar at about 3.30 in the afternoon of May 2nd. The Bishop (Dr. Steere) boarded us as soon as we dropped anchor, and we were rowed out to Kiungani at once in our small boat. The Mission party gave us a hearty welcome, and we found all quite well and in good spirits. At the eight o'clock evensong in place of the general thanksgiving the *Te Deum* was sung, as is always the case when the Mission welcomes fresh comers. Kiungani is really a lovely spot; it stands at the top of a gentle slope, and the whole shamba (*i.e.*, estate) is planted with all kinds of fruit-bearing trees, conspicuous among which are mangoes, bananas, and cocoanuts.

[Here follows a description of the house and its inmates.]

. . . These are all dry details, but I want you first to have a clear idea of our situation and party, that in my future letters you may understand all references. . . . As

far as I can tell you at present my special work will be general superintendence of the boys' school and instructions in theology to our English lay helpers. Of course I shall be able to be of use in all the English services, and the Swahili, too, in course of time. . . . It is so nice being out of the town for various reasons; among others the thermometer points to a considerably lower number than in the town. We average here night and day about 82 degrees, but now it is the cool season after the rains. . . . Dr. Kirk [now Sir John Kirk, then English Consul at Zanzibar.—Ed.] I have not yet seen, but it is amusing to find how completely Seyid Barghash is in his hands. We have just been printing the new proclamation about the slaves from Kilwa and Pemba which that potentate has been forced to issue upon compulsion by Dr. Kirk. . . . It is said that the Sultan hates us all, Dr. Kirk included, cordially. It must be so. We take away all his trade, his wealth, and power when we force him to aid us in stopping slave traffic, and he looks upon Englishmen just as one nation looks upon another which has conquered and crushed it, and yet allows it to have a sort of existence. Then, again, he belongs to the very strict sect of Mohammedans, who look upon all Englishmen as in league with the devil, and fated to meet with the nethermost hell. . . . One thinks of Africa in connection with our Lord's words, "When a strong man armed keepeth his house," &c. Verily the devil is a *strong man* in Africa, and it seems he has known how "to keep his house" with this accursed slave trade; bit by bit the "stronger than he" is advancing upon his stronghold and breaking it down. "Thy kingdom come" in Africa, O Lord.

KIUNGANI, *May 16th*, 1876.

I have had one attack of fever; it only lasted two days. Livingstone's pills, and afterwards quinine, I found

just the thing. . . . Everything here is perfectly delightful; the only thing is that we really seem to live too well and easily. I have fallen into a place that the Bishop has for some time been wanting some one to fill, viz., head of the educational department. My chief work has been forming our four or five laymen here into a lecture class [for theology.—Ed.]. . . . I have also the superintendence of the school. . . . I usually play the harmonium at the morning service, and read prayers at the English evening service. . . . I am not able to get over my astonishment at the general forwardness and proficiency of our boys, as well as at their general behaviour and moral character. . . . We have one or two rare young scamps amongst them, but this also in every English school. Again, many who give good promise turn out badly, but here again it is the same in England. . . . It seems to me so perfectly natural somehow to be working amongst them that I do not and cannot see any difference between them and English boys. . . . They all seem thoroughly happy, work heartily, and play heartily. I played at rounders with them the other day on their general holiday. . . . This is the unhealthy season for the boys; so many of them suffer from sore legs. If the skin is just scratched it turns to a running sore, which it takes months to heal. I find a cold water compress the *only* thing that does any good. It is rather depressing so many of the boys being ill, especially as their cure is such a tedious process. I told a boy the other day in Swahili that if he would insist on playing about while his leg was bad he would never get well, to which he replied "Muungu ataniponya" ("God will make me well"). My Swahili would not carry me further, so I could not explain to him that he had a part to play in the cure, namely, to keep himself quiet. Our first class write English and Swahili very fairly well, and are pretty

good at arithmetic. They all know the Church Catechism, and are tolerably well up in the Old and New Testaments. They are very fond of writing letters. . . . They are decidedly musical, sing most of the hymns (Ancient and Modern), and pick up new chants very quickly. The work of the printing press goes on very busily, and so do the other branches of the industrial department.

KIUNGANI, *May 16th.*

I have just been planning out a boat for quick sailing on the raft principle, with a large centreboard applied. It will carry a huge lateen sail, and we think it will go well on a wind. We have been trying experiments already, and so far they have been eminently satisfactory. The Bishop takes an interest in it, so it will be a sort of joint production. If we can get it built it will help us much in our communication between this place and Mbweni. . . . If I were to pick out one quality as that which the boys as a set most lack, I should say it was force and strength of character. They are, as a rule, easily led and weak. We have one or two grand exceptions. . . . With regard to your question about the expulsion of the heathen attendant at Jeddah before baptizing the child, I was acting in accordance with the precedent of the early Church. It was not allowed to administer either of the sacraments in the presence of the heathen. A canon was lately passed in the diocese of Bloemfontein expressly forbidding that the sacraments should be administered in the presence of heathen.

KIUNGANI, *May 24th*, 1876.

Every one says this is the best place in the world for shells. I want, therefore, by degrees to form two collections—one for the mother and the other for the Charterhouse museum. One of the officers of the *London*

showed me a beautiful collection which he had found here round about Pemba and the coral reefs. . . . To-morrow—Ascension Day—there is going to be a grand marriage. Our head printing boy, Owen, is to be married to the head girl, Barbara, and the preparations are going on now. We fear Barbara, who has a dreadful temper, will henpeck poor Owen frightfully. Mr. Capel is building them a little house to live in on the shamba. . . . Our lady helper here, Miss Bartlett, is such a nice motherly person. I don't know how one would get on without her when one is ill. All the boys like her; she makes an excellent nurse for them. . . . Several of the officers on board the *London* study Swahili pretty hard. The Bishop is their master and examiner. If they know the language they get a good deal of extra pay. . . . The infants at Mbweni are my great delight. . . . The effects of the climate are certainly enervating. One cannot do nearly so much in the day here as in England. A very little tires one, and if one does too much it is most likely a case of fever the next morning. . . . Always see that I have plenty of letters by each mail. We do look forward to the mails with an eagerness which no one in England can possibly understand. Keep me well posted up in all family news. . . . We are disappointed to hear of no one coming out to head the Nyasa expedition.

KIUNGANI, *June 28th*, 1876.

I don't think I have mentioned in my other letters home the baptisms at Mbweni. You know our settlement of released slaves has now been there just upon three years. At first there were only a few, but now we have at least 120. Well, on Whit Tuesday ten were baptized. They were all Nyasas, and had been prepared by our sub-deacon, John Swedi. The service was most solemn and affecting, and it made one very joyful to

think our poor raw natives from the interior are now being gradually received into the Body of Christ. . . . Since writing the above, the boats of the *London* have come in with 50 slaves, captured off Pemba. The Bishop means to take them all in, and has just gone off to Dr. Kirk to negotiate matters. The greater number are adults; they will go, of course, to the shamba at Mbweni. The rest, if boys, we shall take in here. We hear also that Young [Lieutenant Young, R.N.] and his party (the Scotch mission on Nyasa) have proceeded up the Lake, and found it to extend at least 150 miles farther to the north than was heretofore known. This makes it as big, if not bigger, than Tanganyika. . . .

P.S.—I hope you often remember me in your prayers. What I chiefly lack is *energy* in God's work and CONTINUOUS zeal. Please remember this, and pray accordingly. Do not forget also our converts at Mbweni whom I have mentioned.

MAGILA, USAMBARA COUNTRY,
EAST AFRICA, *June 17th*, 1876.

. . . I am writing from our inland station in the Usambara mountains. . . . I think you will like to have an account of our journey hither, and of the station as we find it, under the present administration of Mr. Farler. We left Kiungani—the Bishop, Wallis, self, Chumah [Dr. Livingstone's man, one of the two who brought his body to the coast.—Ed.], and sixteen porters—last Thursday week. We halted at a place called Kibweni, seven miles north of Zanzibar town, and there waited for a dhow. The Bishop and I filled up the time by going to pay a visit to a rich Arab, one of those who accompanied Seyid Barghash to England. He received us very courteously, and we sat talking with him till sunset. We went on board the dhow about 8 p.m., but she did not sail till

2 a.m. We had a most prosperous voyage, and, owing to the favourable (south-west) monsoon, reached Pangani, on the mainland (*vide* chart of Zanzibar, extreme left-hand corner to the north), at 9 a.m. on Friday. . . . We spent some time with the Arab governor of the place, and set out on our march at about 3.20 p.m. By 6 o'clock we reached our halting place for the night, a little village named Mdora. . . . The chief of the village was very much pleased to find that we were not a party of Wadigo (a marauding tribe who are just now making raids into the Wabondei country). We slept in the open air, and our toilet proceedings were watched with much interest. After our evening meal the Bishop spoke in Swahili to the villagers, who gathered round us, on the subject of God's love to sinners and of the resurrection. I noticed that many listened with great attention. We were up by 5.30 next morning, and left the village by 6.30. We marched on and on, with only two short halts of 18 minutes each, till nearly half-past 11. When we *did* halt at last I felt for the first time in my life the extreme deliciousness of rest after great fatigue. The walk was very tiring, for in many places we had to wade through water, and as a rule the path was very, very narrow—sometimes no larger than a large rut—and for the most part the tall grass towered several feet above our heads. We halted for two hours at a spring of water, and then walked on till about 3 o'clock, when we reached a village, where we halted for the rest of the day. One of our porters had fallen ill on the way, and we felt bound to wait till he should come up again with us. It was rather annoying, for we were then within three hours' march of Magila, and we had hoped to have reached our friends in time for the celebration on Trinity Sunday. We passed the night in that village. We always said evening prayers—the Bishop, I,

Chumah, and two of our Kiungani boys whom we have brought up here—and the hymn we sang was commented on by the villagers afterwards, who compared our singing with that of the Arabs, giving ours the preference. Next morning we started away again at 6.30, and soon entered the mountainous country, and felt that we were rapidly approaching Magila. We began to pass villages innumerable, and soon we espied, just under the lofty ridge of the first range of the Usambara mountains, our missionary settlement. In a few minutes more we heard their rifles saluting us—a salute which our porters answered—and as we crossed the river we met and shook hands with Mr. Farler and his two English helpers, Moss and Clarke. They were all in good health and spirits, and welcomed us warmly. Shortly after our arrival it was time for service. The natives were up in full force, and so, instead of saying our Swahili matins in the chapel, we said it under the eaves of the house. The Bishop gave an admirable address in Swahili on the subject of the Holy Trinity, and in the afternoon one of our native sub-deacons from Kiungani catechized the children in an earnest and excellent manner. You will not see Magila marked on the map [it is marked now—Ed.], but it lies about 30 miles as the crow flies (we walked 38) north-west of Pangani, which is marked there. It is a very lovely spot, reminding me very forcibly of parts of Wales. The mountains in the vicinity are about 2,000, and from that to 2,500, feet high. More to the north there are some much higher ranges. About five days ago we climbed one of these mountains and obtained a very fine view of the country round, and the sea far away in the distance. But for the banana trees and the cocoanuts the scene seemed an English one. I could hardly think I was in Africa. The inhabitants of this country are the Sham-

bala (the mountain tribe). Their language differs very materially from Swahili, but most of the men speak the latter owing to their constant intercourse with the coast. They are powerful, owing to their large numbers, and have several times repulsed the Wakalindi and the Wasegua, who live to the north again. . . . These Wakalindi and Wasegua are very wrathful with Mr. Farler, for they say that it is the dawa (medicine) he gives their foes that makes them able to defeat them. . . . Though the work is uphill, and sometimes very discouraging, he (Mr. Farler) seems to have effected a good deal in the one year he has been here. His plan is to take Acland as an interpreter and go round to the villages preaching. He makes the preaching very informal, so as to encourage the natives to ask questions. The very first doctrine that he is anxious to teach them is, of course, that of a life after this life, and this they all stumble at. They are for the most part steeped in a gross materialism, and tell him over and over again, "We can't believe that. When we die we are put in the ground, and there is an end of us!" Again, they are all in terrible fear of Satan (Shetani). They have an elaborate system of charms, from which it seems almost impossible to wean them. They keep the p'epo drum (*i.e.*, drum to please and appease the evil spirit) going all night long, and we hear it every night in the villages round. They have absolutely no notion of a good God, and are quite indifferent to the fact when spoken to of it. Still, a great number of them are *ashamed* of their charms. . . . Mr. Farler has, out of these poor sunken creatures got together a little band of catechumens, whom he is preparing for baptism, who have discarded all charms, and of whom he has the greatest hopes. The Bishop admitted them (in number about 12) as catechumens last Sunday, and addressed them, as he *can* address natives,

in words to which they listened with an attention that surprised us all. Another way in which Mr. Farler is able to sow the Word, and at least to get Christianity talked about (do remember that, with regard to East Africa, missionary efforts are but in the bud as yet), is by his medicine. Without any real knowledge of medicine he has been able, by a few simple remedies, to work satisfactory results amongst the natives. The consequence is his name has spread far and wide, and people come from even 60 and 100 miles off to consult him. He does what he can with his scanty supply of medicines—hardly sufficient for his own use in the house—to help them; and then, talking through Acland, addresses them on the subject of a good and merciful God and the future life. A few weeks ago two men came from a village 30 miles off, over the mountains, sent by their brother the chief to Mr. Farler. Their brother, they said, was very ill, and in his illness said he wanted no charms, but he wanted to know all about the God of the Wazungu (Europeans), and had sent them to ask Mr. Farler for information and instruction. They listened to all he told them, and then said, "This is joyful news about God; our brother will rejoice." In early Church history we never read about rapid conversions amongst the negro races, and therefore one is encouraged rather than disheartened at what has been done here. There is an effete but still existing Mohammedanism to be rooted out of the country and much to be done before the Gospel can have free course here. These people are not without some good qualities; their intense good nature, for instance, is remarkable. On Monday we went to the market! It is held on a neighbouring hill. I should think there were 500 people there. The articles for sale are bananas, tembo (palm wine), mahogo (*the* vegetable of the country, resembling in taste, as I think, an inferior tallow candle), goats,

native tobacco, and skins. I was unfortunate in not being able to get a couple of leopard skins, which I had hoped to send home. It happened that there were none yesterday. Generally there are some, and one gets them for about a shilling each. Some native wooden spoons were all that I bought. We haggled over a fine ox, which we agreed to buy for 25*s*., but as the man cheated us afterwards, and said he wanted 26*s*., we sent him and his ox away in indignation. . . . I have not attempted addresses in Swahili yet, but I believe I am considered to have made rapid progress in the acquirement of the language. This augurs well if, as is likely, I shall have to learn the Yao language. . . . I have not been very well since I have been here. . . . I must tell you, though, that I felt wonderfully well on the march; the walking seemed to agree with me thoroughly. . . . I find that there is nothing better than walking for taking off fever. . . .

KIUNGANI, *July* 10*th*, 1876.

Last week we took in a batch of 20 slaves, taken off Pemba from a dhow by the *London's* boats. Was it not curious? Amongst them one of our boys recognized his father and the father his son! The son has been with us about two years. They are Gindos, and were inhabitants of a country lying some 150 miles from the coast and 200 miles and more south of Zanzibar. . . . Have I told you what allies we have in the two captains—the captain of the *London*, Captain Sullivan, and Captain Ward, of the *Thetis*? They are both good Christian men, and take great interest in our work. The latter constantly gives us £10 notes. . . . We are very lucky in having such good men as friends, and the ships are lucky in having them. I always rejoice when those in high places, who have such opportunities of setting examples, are

men who set good ones. . . . Did you read the Bishop's "Walk to Nyasa"? You know, the people here—naval people and others like Dr. Kirk, &c., who know something of the country and of the difficulties of African travelling—look upon the journey as little short of marvellous. The Bishop travelled in one month to a place it took Livingstone four months to reach! . . . I miss English flowers very much; we have no fine flowers here. Like so many other things, we hardly know how we valued them till they are removed from us. . . .

KIUNGANI, *July 13th*, 1876.

I shall be able to give you . . . some account of my feelings now that I have been here three months. I do think we are far too comfortable here; there are at this house almost too many of us Europeans. I feel very strongly that we ought to separate, and that soon. As one looks out of the window towards the blue line of hills on the mainland across the sea one thinks of "Thy kingdom come," and one asks—Why do we stop here? Then comes the thought (to me personally), "Here am I—send me;" and so an eagerness comes over me to be one of those who, under the guidance of our good Bishop, shall go far into the interior and preach to the Yaos Christ and Him crucified. I cannot keep it from you that, if God will, I mean next year to go. You will remember that I told you when in England that I believed one ought to try and realize the "Io, I die daily" of St. Paul—not, indeed, to *seek* hardships, but to be one of the first to volunteer for the difficult part of the work if it be determined by the Bishop that the difficulties are to be faced. I tell you all this now because I want you to get accustomed to the idea that if all goes well I mean to go into the far interior next year. I feel so much happier now than since I was quite a boy that I doubt not that

God in His mercy is drawing me near to Him again; slowly, perhaps very slowly, but still surely I do get to feel the Saviour's love. For many years I *confessed* it without *feeling* it; now I do feel that Christ is revealing His *love* in my *heart;* and then what joy it is to feel, as I do most intensely, that all your teaching of years gone by comes back to me now with such a force! It was never *lost.* I lived for years a careless, forgetful life, yet through it all I did not *forget,* though I disregarded, the lessons I had learnt as a child from you, my mother; and now, after many years, they actually seem to be teaching me again, and I know that you will thank God that it is so. So much will be expected at the last day of those who have received much, and I often think that I am one of those, as also are all your children. . . . Perhaps this in great measure led to my coming out here; so you must always think of your and my father's prayers on my behalf being answered—answered to the full in my becoming a missionary. I have just finished the first volume of Patteson's life; I found it most absorbing. I suppose you liked it when you read it. South Sea Islanders are not stolid, indifferent Africans; Patteson would have found his difficulties increased a thousandfold with the people we have to do with. These are indeed stolid. . . .

KIUNGANI, ZANZIBAR,
July 19th and 27th, 1876.

I must tell you of our expedition to Chumvi Island on St. James's Day. Farler, Yorke, and I, were the Europeans of the party, and five of our boys were the crew. . . . We . . . set out at 8.30 a.m.; wind and tide were dead against us, so we had to row all the way nearly. We were three hours getting to our destination. When we arrived we found it easy enough to walk all round the island on the beach and coral rock, but utterly impossible

to penetrate into the dense bush. . . . But it made a grand "outing" for the boys. . . . We had a glorious sail back, the little boat skimming over the waves splendidly. Your affectionate brother acted steersman, and brought the little craft safely back, though once or twice he had anxious qualms, for the wind was decidedly fresh, and the boat is only a fair sized rowing boat. When we started I had a touch of fever, but the waves and the sparkling sea and the wind drove it all away ere we got back. These day's outings are not thrown away; they draw us nearer to the boys, and help to make them freer and franker with us. Since I wrote the above I have had a long talk with the Bishop. He thinks he ought to plant our first station on the road to Nyasa *this year;* it would be about 80 miles inland from Lindi. It is uncertain whether I shall go or not, as the Bishop seems to attach importance to my classes, &c. for the young laymen here, and rather inclines to my going to live in the *town*. As to health, I believe I should be far better in the interior of Africa than in the town of Zanzibar. . . .

KIUNGANI, ZANZIBAR,
Saturday, August 12*th*, 1876.

The health of the mission has been on the whole good since I last wrote; for my own part I have had but two days of illness for more than three weeks, so I consider that I am becoming acclimatized. We are still enjoying the cool season. It really *is* cool, for as long as we stay indoors till late in the afternoon we need not be uncomfortably hot. Two days ago we packed up 16 large bags (weighing about 60 lbs. each, being one man's load) of beads of different colours and sizes, and 16 of coloured cloths, Amerikano (unbleached sheeting, the ordinary trader's cloth) and kaniki (very coarse blue calico stuff), for the Nyasa expedition. Some of the cloths were very

pretty, most of them according to Arab taste and fashion. In West Africa very gay cloths and colours prevail. Here, where the *trade* originated from the Arabs, so did the *taste* and *fashion*, and so the Yaos and Gindos, &c., are lovers of the more sombre hues. . . . Our Bishop has been in very poor health for the last three weeks, and it is so difficult to persuade him to take anything like proper rest. We all esteem him greatly, and have the most thorough and complete confidence in him as our leader. Personally I am very fond of him, and each week shows that we have many sympathies in common. Although not the cleverest, he is quite the quickest and readiest man I know. Place him where you will, he always seems to know how to act *at once*, and there is scarcely a subject one can mention to which at some time or other he does not seem to have given thought and study. All these are, as one sees now every day, most valuable qualities in a missionary bishop; and when I add that we, every one of us, do know him to be a true lover and most earnest soldier of our Lord, I need not give you other reasons why we hold him in such estimation. [One feels in reading this how well the writer's description of Bishop Steere might be applied to himself. —Ed.] I am now looking forward, as you may imagine, to the arrival of the *September* mail. The thought of Johnson's rapidly approaching arrival keeps me in cheerful spirits. God seems to be ordering all things *so* mercifully; and for me it is indeed a joy to think that in six weeks more we two shall again be united and working together for our Lord. May His Spirit go with us as He went with us when He brought us together in England, and then I think we ought to have but little to fear—but little to make us downcast. By the time you get this letter I shall be within a week or fortnight of my ordination. You will have, therefore, just that time in

which to pray for me for the special gifts and blessings which one seeks at that solemn time. I shall be ordained priest, while my friend [W. P. Johnson] will at the same time be ordained deacon. God grant that I may serve Him more faithfully as priest than I have done during my diaconate. Even in this one year what a quantity of wasted time, of evil thoughts, of worldly desires, and of selfishness I have to look back upon! Yet what a comfort to think that the Holy Spirit strives with us, and makes intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered, as St. Paul says. You will not have forgotten, nor my father, "when I am weak then am I strong," and all the associations connected with the 19th September [the date of his ordination as deacon—Ed.] last year in now distant England. What a day it was! I can never think of it or write of it without giving way like a child; and it is the same when I look at the fly-leaf of the Prayer Book you gave me. O that some day I may see you all again if it be His divine will! There, I must stop for a time, and wait for the mail to come. I have been nearly two hours writing this much, and I see the sun sinking fast into the sea far away over the horizon yonder, while with you it is high up over your heads—about mid-day; and perhaps, if I could see you all now, I should hear the clatter of knives and forks as you are all eating lunch in some lodging-house or hotel at some sea-side place in Wales or on the South Coast, and so we get down to the matter of fact of this workaday life. But I am sitting up here, you know, and it seemed a change to have, as it were, a good gaze into the past, as my eyes from time to time have wandered from this piece of paper to the sea and the dhows sailing in from Madagascar, and the calm sky and the gleam of the sunlight on the sea, till I suppose the eyes of the mind and heart, finding

some connection with all this, took me back to you all, and to past times, and to the 19th of September last year, and to people and scenes and places which will be and must be far away for some time yet. Well, the sun has set now, and as we have next to no twilight I can write no more; for, as for artificial light, I shall have to await the good pleasure of Patikoli for my lamp! . . .

It is too much to say that there is nothing against polygamy in the Bible. The law of Moses certainly did recognize it. It was an evil inseparable from the state of society in that day. The law aimed at mitigating rather than removing altogether the evils it dealt with (this, of course, is implied by our Lord when he says, Moses did this "because of the hardness of your hearts"), and therefore certain provisions are made with regard to polygamy, although polygamy is at the same time certainly discouraged. You will notice, perhaps, that after the return from the Babylonish exile polygamy was very rare amongst the children of Israel; the general feeling of the people was against it, and the theory of monogamy is set forth in a book written during this period. *Vide* Ecclesiasticus xxvi. 1—27. We gather then that, to say the least of it, in our Lord's time polygamy was not one of *the* crying evils; possibly He never came in direct contact with it; but we have sufficient indications that He did declare monogamy to be the law of God (consequently polygamy was a sin, for it is the transgression of monogamy). For this *vide* St. Matt. xix. 4, 5, &c. Our Lord leads the people back to the creation of man, and the woman as the help meet for him, as the original marriage charter; "they *twain*" it is, and so forth; but I have not space to draw out the argument. It seems to me that wherever He touches on marriage, divorce, &c., He seems to be speaking to people who for the most part were not given to *polygamy*,

but I grant you there is obscurity upon this point. The Talmuds, &c., all speak of polygamy as a well recognized fact even then. But as to slavery and polygamy not being denounced by our Lord, what a number of sins are not spoken of by Him! He set forth His doctrine clearly, and then the doctrine forced people to see that those things which are not compatible with it must be treated as sinful. Slavery is an instance in point. Our Lord makes us all brothers in Him, puts us all on an equality, makes "of one blood all the nations of the earth," teaches us that God looks not on the outward man but on the heart, is no accepter of persons, and that the servant is as his master. . . . It is quite plain from all this that those who accept our Lord's teaching could not for one moment think that He would recognize slavery as compatible with His Gospel. Our common sense tells us this; so does our reason, as well as our higher spiritual faculties. Now as to the argument "there is no law against polygamy in the Bible, therefore a polygamist may be baptized," it will not hold. I think I have said enough to show that the teaching of our Lord shows it to be sinful. In adults who wish for baptism we must be assured that they have resolved and do resolve to *try* and give up *all* sin, and that they will pray for God's help so to do. Now if polygamy is sin, then the person who wishes for baptism must surely give up his wives (this is a mere matter of free will) before a priest can consent to baptize him. But you will say, "Suppose you are not able to persuade him that it is sin?" The answer to which is—"We dare not, then, baptize him till we do so persuade him." . . . Of course there is something to be said on the other side. I think at least that it is very clear, if a man *knows* it to be sin, it would be positively wrong to baptize him. . . . You know the rule of the early Church was a long, long course of preparation

before baptism, so careful were the good fathers of old to be sure of the *sincerity* of those who expressed a wish to be admitted into the Church of Christ. . . . Please be very careful to whom you lend my letters. But you know well what ought to be kept private and what may be circulated.

ZANZIBAR, *September* 11*th*, 1876.

It will be very strengthening to feel that my ordination will be in conjunction with that of W. P. J. . . . You will all be with me in spirit on Sunday week, and pray earnestly for God's blessing on my priesthood, now so soon to be entered upon. . . .

September 20*th*.—Johnson has arrived in first-rate health; he is highly delighted with everything he has seen so far. . . .

ZANZIBAR, *October* 12*th*, 1876.

Some of us are going to pay a state visit to the Sultan this afternoon; it will be my first visit to His Highness. . . . We were ordained, Johnson and I, on the feast of St. Michael and All Angels, September 29th—a holy and a happy day for both of us. . . . I have to chronicle another month of daily blessings to myself, including amongst them perfect health. . . . Alice (by mistake, I suppose), in sending me a letter, sent me back the one I wrote to you; so I was able to write to myself, as it were, *viâ* England, and get the letter in two months. What shall we say of it? Was it her playfulness? If so, I must call upon Charles to check it. Or was it absence of mind? If so, I of all people ought to be most ready to condone as one considered out here "very absent."

KIUNGANI, ZANZIBAR, *October* 13*th*, 1876.

The Bishop leaves me generally responsible for all the work in the *town*, which I hope to compass without being

forced to drop anything here. . . . The church building goes on rapidly; the walls are now forty feet high, and we are busy with a kind of clerestory gallery and the roof centreing, arching of the windows, construction of the turret, trimming of the columns, placing of the capitals, &c. For all this being carried on I am responsible in the Bishop's absence. He has left definite instructions, and I hope, with the assistance of Wallis and Woodward, to be successful in carrying forward the work as he wishes it to be done. Native masons want constant watching, and I expect it will be necessary to walk into town to see after these things nearly every day. . . . But what to me will be the most pleasing and perhaps the most difficult work in town will be the keeping up of the Friday afternoon Swahili preachings. I feel these must not be dropped, and yet I feel far from competent to preach (extempore) in the language as yet. Woodward and I have put our heads together, and we think that we shall be able to manage it between us. . . . I wish you could see the building [Christ Church, Zanzibar]. It will, we think, be most effective when finished, and it is gratifying to know that, although it looks and is massive and substantial, it is to cost but very little in proportion to its size and as compared with churches in England. I say this is gratifying because I feel very strongly that as *missionaries* we should not be justified in spending large sums on church building, and here I feel sure you will agree with me. . . .

ZANZIBAR, *Saturday, November 4th*, 1876.

I like my town work very well. It is a good thing, I think, to have sermons to write. The whirl of our busy life here does distract one's thoughts so much from those subjects on which one would like them to be running that it is really a good thing having a weekly sermon to

write; it forces one to think and meditate on what too often gets pushed aside for worldly thoughts. I suppose this sounds odd coming from a missionary, but my former letters will have told you how much work of a secular nature occupies one's day—secular in one sense, though not secular, I trust, *really*, for one may trust that all we do here is with a view to God's glory. . . . I wonder if you remember asking me in a letter a long, long time ago about those words in the Burial Service—"In the midst of life we are in death." Well, the other day I came to a passage in a sermon by Neale which bears on the subject, though it is tantalizing in not giving the name of the author of those words. Here is the passage:—"This thought, how suddenly God may call for us, once so pressed on a holy man of old as to make him write a prayer which is perhaps one of the most earnest that a Christian can offer up. In Switzerland, where he lived, there are wild mountains and steep precipices, and from the little window of his room, perched up among the crags, he used to watch the men that were let down by ropes on the face of the cliffs to gather samphire, just as they are about Dover to this day. And it was while he was looking at one of these men, and remembering how many had been dashed to pieces before him while engaged in the same work, that he wrote that prayer which we have in our Burial Service: 'In the midst of life we are in death; of whom may we seek for succour but of Thee, O Lord, who for our sins art most justly displeased?'" . . .

I really do not know what Mr. Farler is doing about the question of polygamy now; he certainly has not yet baptized any polygamists, though some of his catechumens are, I know, in the possession of a number of wives. Though of course what you say about the "responsibility and affection regarding the offspring of

the many wives," and the necessity of taking that into serious consideration if it were urged that they must put away their wives before they could hope for baptism, is very true; yet you must also remember that all this is lessened by the *real facts*—that in Africa *family life* is unknown. In African villages the children never live with their parents, but in houses by themselves, and also that the *love* which a man bears his wives is very, very small. At Mbweni even, they constantly are wanting to change their wives because they don't do their work, in the way of cooking the food, &c. . . . We cannot help thinking that these *are* difficulties [*i.e.*, the refusal to baptize polygamists], . . . but . . . we are thinking of what will be difficulties in our time. Perhaps were we, in order to clear these difficulties, to pursue the other course, who is to know whether we might not be raising up in Africa a Church indeed, but one which would be known in after ages as most impure from its retaining with an undying tenacity a heathen custom condemned by the spirit of Christ's Gospel? . . . I am writing in haste and ruggedly, but hope you see my meaning. . . . And now, my dearest mother, after nearly eight months of absence, how do you regard my being away from home? No longer, I sincerely hope, with regret or disappointment? You are sure, are you not, that I am perfectly happy in my work, and that I am enjoying such good health as enables me to carry it on. I ask you this because my sisters and other correspondents give me such different accounts of it. Sometimes I really don't know what to think, but I hope you will always write quite freely about your feelings as regards myself, as I try to do to you, and then I need not try to guess at them. . . . Anyhow, don't be sad. It's Christmas time now; I mean by now when you read this letter. How I should like to go to some Christmas services in

some big London church, and be with you all, and celebrate together the great festival which now gladdens the Church! Now you really must make it for yourself a very happy Christmas. . . . You know it was a bitter taunt of Voltaire's that "we English think that God became incarnate for the Anglo-Saxon race." . . . God was incarnate for all men, and I am here to help give the lie to Voltaire's sneer. If you really are sympathizing with my work you will be able more than ever to feel your heart attuned for the Christmas angel-song, "Peace, goodwill to *all men*." . . . You will be amused that during a slight illness last week I took up Miss Austen's "Northange Abbey" and "Persuasion," and read them both with real and lively interest. . . .

KIUNGANI, ZANZIBAR, *November 6th*, 1876.

"Remember, remember the 5th of November, gunpowder treason and plot; I see no reason why gunpowder treason should ever be forgot." And so I didn't forget it, but yesterday, while visiting one of our own boys, who is now sick and staying with a native doctor on an adjoining shamba, told him something about "ulaya" (home) and Guy Fawkes.

[Bishop Steere, accompanied by W. P. Johnson, had started on his journey towards Lake Nyasa to found a station halfway between the coast and the lake.]

One of the boys of the party said that when the *Flying Fish* arrived there [at Lindi.—Ed.] with the dhow, blue lights were burnt on board, and all the people at Lindi said "That is the Englishmen's ship. They have taken a dhow, and now they are roasting the slaves and are going to eat them." To explain this I may tell you that the Arab slave hunters always try and instil into the minds of the slaves they catch a hearty dread of the

English, telling them that the English will eat them if they catch them. This is to prevent the people making their own escape to our men-of-war when they are within hail. . . . I am going to dine with Captain Sullivan on board the *London* to-night. . . . I think I have spoken of him before as an excellent friend to the mission. . . . It will be well on to Christmas Day before you get this letter. . . . I hope God will grant to all the dear ones at home a most happy Christmas, and though I shall not be—as every Christmas for more than twenty years I have been—present with you, yet I hope we shall all hold spiritual communion with one another on that day. I am flattering myself that you will all remember me too on Christmas evening at the old family gathering. You may be quite sure that my thoughts on Christmas evening will be wandering away from this sunny island to the dining-room and drawing-room at No. 10. I can remember last Christmas Day going to bed very tired and thinking many times, "Well, this is the last Christmas Day at home." And then I was glad to pull up a couple of blankets and a counterpane over me, and so off to sleep. The bare idea of getting under anything (save, indeed, the mosquito net) out here and at this season is stifling. What rubbish I am giving you, but one is never in the same mood out here, and one's thoughts are ever running on such miserable trivialities that I find it impossible to write you anything worth the reading. The last few days, too, I have been, I think, very "fussy," fancying all things would go wrong in another few days if Randolph didn't come back. Do you know, I think the Epistle for yesterday comes home to me out here with an intensive force; it is such a regular fight with evil that one has to maintain, and half-a-dozen times a day I feel evil has gained complete victories over me. One ought to be showing *such* an

example of Christian calm and peace and watchfulness to these boys; instead of which—ah! it is best not to talk about it! Only be assured that of all the weak creatures now at work in the mission field I am the weakest. Well, what books have you been reading? And I wonder what news your letters will bring. Did you ever read a volume of Neale's sermons? I am reading some now, and like them immensely; intensely simple, yet strong; no affectation of simplicity; real simplicity, and so solid and strong. . . . I will conclude with a story that will amuse you. One of our boys, notorious for a nose which in width stretches half across his face, was, a little time ago, ill and in the hospital. While very much in the dumps one of our two nurses, Durham, came up to him and tried to cheer him up, patting him on the back, and saying, "Poor old John Briton, poor old fellow, cheer up." He, not understanding English very well, exclaimed in Swahili, "Why should you call me poor? Other boys have got noses as well as me." Whereat all the other children in the ward set up a shout of laughter. The fact is that "pua" (pronounced like our "poor") is the Swahili for "nose," and he had thought Durham was saying what would be equivalent to "nosey" John Briton, &c.

MKUNAZINI (THE TOWN HOUSE),
ZANZIBAR, *December 9th*, 1876.

. . . Up at Kiungani we actually had a visit from Seyid Barghash himself—the first visit he has ever paid the mission. Of course it was considered a great honour, though poor Randolph said he felt very uncomfortable all the time he was there I was in bed with fever at the time, so did not see him. He was shown the printing press, &c., and rather rudely remarked he had seen something much better than that at Aden and in

Paris. . . . We all regretted that the Bishop was not at home to receive him. . . . It is my firm belief that Christianity in Zanzibar will begin with the slave population, and afterwards spread upwards to the higher classes, as was the case so often in large cities in early times of the Church, and as indeed it was in the earliest time of all "the common people heard Him gladly." . . . A book which . . . has greatly interested me . . . is Henry Martyn's "Journal." . . . You ask about our fish supply. Well, Zanzibar is famous for the great number and *variety* of its fish . . . most of them excellent; the boys' favourite is shark! We carefully avoid it, as you may imagine. . . . By-the-bye, Dr. Kirk told me last night, to my surprise, that in parts of the island there are a great many leopards. . . . Pythons are our large snake, and we have several animals of the civet cat class, . . . lizards of all kinds, and chameleons, a small kind of antelope, and a few pretty birds, a large water animal of the crocodile type called "Kenge," in appearance very like the mythical dragon, only without wings and tamer looking! . . .

HOLY INNOCENTS', KIUNGANI,
ZANZIBAR, *December 28th*, 1876.

We are now daily expecting the Bishop, and keep our eyes on every dhow sailing up the southern channel. [The Bishop and Mr. Johnson had been journeying on the mainland, and the Bishop had just started the new station at Masasi.—Ed.] . . . At eight o'clock on Christmas Day I celebrated at Mkunazini for the Europeans. . . . They sent the donkey in for me, and I arrived at Kiungani for the ten o'clock service. The chapel was beautifully decorated, and looked highly Christmas-like. . . . I preached. . . . directly after the service was over I had fever, and took to my bed till the

evening, having by way of Christmas dinner a large bowl of arrowroot and some toast and water. . . . When they returned [some of the party who had dined with the Kirks.—Ed.] they found Misses Allen and Bartlett and Messrs. Woodward, Wallis, and Maples telling ghost stories! The next day was a day of jollification for the boys; . . . the girls came over from Mbweni. An enormous feed was given them all in the middle of the day, each child, whether boy or girl, having the following piled up on his or her plate :—A large quantity of rice, three mangoes, two bananas, a piece of jack-fruit, a piece of pine apple, a piece of meat, and a Christmas pudding! From five to sunset they ran races for money prizes. . . . After tea Yorke and I entertained them with a shadow pantomime, then "God Save the Queen," and so to bed. . . .

January 9th.—Our Bishop arrived yesterday. Luckily the *Philomel*, which was down at Kilwa, found him on the dhow, and picked him off it. He was so seriously ill that it is thought by all, this providential occurrence saved his life. . . . It is the usual way with us to take the fever very much as a matter of course; it is only when people have it very constantly and often that it becomes serious. . . . What the Bishop did during the month he was at Masasi is, I think, perfectly marvellous. Within a fortnight of his arrival there about thirty houses were nearly finished, and when he came away he had actually begun a granite chancel for the church. . . .

January 9th, 1877.—The Bishop has just returned. . . . We hope that he will take rest, and very shortly return to England. This last he will do, but I'm afraid that Bishop Steere will never rest himself. . . . Seyid Barghash greeted the Bishop yesterday on his return with a large dish of English apples. . . . About the best

fruit here in the way of wholesomeness is the custard apple. . . .

January 9th.—By-the-bye, very odd, the book you mention, "The Dean's English," I was reading only a month or so ago; possibly you and I were reading it the very same week.

KIUNGANI, ZANZIBAR, *January 29th*, 1877.

I wonder what doctors in England would think of the enormous doses of quinine it is necessary to take in these (fever) cases. . . . Forty grains in twelve hours! The effects of quinine are really marvellous; I myself have had to have recourse to it; the result is freedom from fever for three whole weeks. . . . I think I enjoy nothing so much as the singing class; the boys are really beginning to sing the Swahili canticles so well. This is Yorke's doing, for he has been teaching them mainly for the last five months. . . .

February 5th.—I was very sorry indeed to hear of Robert's father's shockingly sudden death. . . . All such sad events are warnings to us, and remind us that our end *may* be also sudden. When it does come may it not be *sudden* in the sense in which we pray to be delivered from it in our Litany. . . . I really do feel most thankful that I am in such good health now. I could not have said this a month ago, but for a month (this very day) I have had no fever or illness, each day being able to do all the work before me to be done. . . . It is odd, but I have not the slightest recollection of Mr. Edwin Hill. [Brother of Sir Rowland Hill, of penny postage memory.] I suppose he is one of the Bruce Castle Hills. My recollection of them as a *family* connects itself with a childish superstition (?) of my own. I remember thinking, when about six or seven years old, that the expression "as old as the hills" was

really "as old as the *Hills*," and bore reference to that family!

KIUNGANI, ZANZIBAR, *February 4th*, 1877.

I am still bent on going up to join Johnson [at Masasi], though since I fill a place here it is difficult to tear one's self away. . . . It is *such* a pleasure receiving letters, and *such* a grind answering them. . . . Have you ever read "Pascal" at all? He has many striking thoughts. . . .

(*To his Mother.*)

March 6th, 1877.

Chumah and ten porters appeared ten days ago with excellent news of the good health and progress of Johnson and Beardall at Masasi, but they were getting very short of beads and cloth. . . . Please tell Mrs. Johnson all this about Masasi, and that she must send off anything she may have to send her son at once, if it is to be in time for us to take up in June. This also applies to Mrs. Maples, if she has anything to send her son. . . . Will you send me a good paint box with plenty of brushes and paints? . . . I believe the thermometer averages 84° in the shade throughout February; in the sun it is over 150°. . . . I saw at the Kirks' the other day two splendid nautili, which had been picked up at Pemba, but have never seen nautili in full sail myself. . . . This is about the time last year that I went down with you to Old Tottenham and paid that visit to Mrs. Hardy. I remember—tell her from me—all the time I was in her house that cold bleak March afternoon that I was trying to recall the old days when we used to go to see her from Bruce Grove, and were so frightened at the dogs; when the wisteria hung about the house in great blue masses, and Mr. Hardy

used to show us the ducks and the poultry. . . . I am more than ever set on Africa as a sphere for work for my lifetime. I never wish to return to do work in England; if ill health drives me home for a season I shall hope to employ my time then in making translations into Yao or Makua, and return with them to this continent again. Do not, please, cherish any hope of my settling down in England again. Yet, if I did break down here, events might turn out contrary to all expectation, and I might after all be a home worker once more. Anyhow, I am in God's hand, and He who said "Go!" might again say "Return!" Who knows? . . . I don't count up my attacks of fever. [But I believe he had over 100 attacks in his *first* year in Africa.—Ed.] N.B.—A good rule in Africa is—"when well, forget you were ever ill." If we didn't do this we should all of us be on our way home, I think. . . .

ZANZIBAR, *March 9th*, 1877.

I have quite made up my mind to go to Masasi and live there till ill health drives me away. I have thought over it a great deal, and see every reason why I should go—none why I should remain behind. Of all the members of the mission under the Bishop, Johnson and I are most fitted by education, &c., to undertake the work of tackling the Yao and Makua languages, and of finally attempting translations in them. . . . You may be sure I have not come to this determination without consideration, and, so far as was possible, a balancing of advantages and disadvantages to the mission in the event of my finally leaving here for the interior. . . . We are all in good spirits, I think, and fonder than ever of our work. I have been at the head of affairs for a fortnight, while Randolph was away in the *Philomel*. . . . I hope this solemn season of Lent will be blessed to you at home

and to us here. It may not be many more Lents that you or I shall spend on earth. The uncertainty of life is brought before our eyes vividly out here, and I suppose it is so at home to you, by the many deaths you mention of your older friends. I was so glad it was not dear Sir William Erle who had died, though, as he said, he could hardly hope that we should meet again on this earth. His correspondence is very cheering, and the whole mail is an incalculable blessing. Up country I shall only hear from you twice a year at most. . . .

March 7th.—We are still enjoying (?) fearfully hot weather; letter writing is laborious, talking is a fatigue, eating is a trial, doing anything is quite a matter of fighting against this very exhausting season. Still, I am able to say I am very well, for I must not call prickly heat and daily drowsiness a sign of illness. . . .

KIUNGANI, *March 28th*, 1877.

During this month I have begun to make a translation of the First Epistle to the Corinthians into Swahili. . . . There are certain difficulties in Swahili which I have not yet mastered, and this will make my translation a very imperfect one; but it is a most useful exercise. . . . Just now a famous Zanzibar fruit is in season, the *Zambarau;* it is something like a damson, with a flower of its own. The tree is one of the finest and tallest that grows on the island, like a huge standard pear tree. This and the jack-fruit tree are both magnificent trees; always most conspicuous objects wherever they grow. . . .

Wednesday in Easter Week.—We had a capital day for the boys yesterday. In the morning were the three marriages, then wedding feast, and all the afternoon through we had sports, . . . the termination of which was the race for one shilling, of two boys up two cocoanut trees of nearly equal height. To-day we gradually resume work again

after the Easter holidays. The weather is now cool and comfortable. . . . We had a bright Easter Sunday and a Good Friday to fill us with thankfulness in that all the boys should have entered into the long services as they did.

ZANZIBAR, *April 6th*, 1877.

How funny! There is a great green mantis just flown into my room! It is in the act of rubbing its nose with one of its feelers, and is staring at me writing here with its two great pink goggle eyes. It is a kind of locust—grasshopper "business," as Willie would say. . . . I expect, as time goes on, and I get to know the languages better, to get very much engrossed in translation work. Both Greek and Hebrew lend themselves to Swahili translation far more readily than English.

KIUNGANI, *May Day*, 1877.

Your birthday! How I am thinking of you to-day, and of past years, and former May Days, and home associations, and a thousand English reminiscences—not, indeed, sorrowfully, but with a thankful feeling that here I am, having lived in Zanzibar exactly one year, and able to write and tell you on this day that I feel as well and happy as ever! *Well*, indeed *well*, after two or three months of almost uninterrupted good health—the strongest and healthiest, I suppose, of all our mission party at the present time. If you doubt it, please to look at the enclosed photograph, in which you will observe the figure of your youngest son, somewhat different in appearance from the days of his Oxford curacy, when he perambulated the streets of the city of spires, a sleek, shaven deacon, but for all that by no means the wasted, jaded specimen that he might have been by now if God had not warded off the worst of the fevers and dysentery, which drive many home from this place before they have

completed their twelve months even. Yes, I thank God I am hearty and well, and can say with emphasis, "I never felt better in my life." . . . Ah! the diary stopped short after three days! My letters must suffice; perhaps up country I may make another attempt. . . . The mango chutney idea is most amusing. Of course we have made it long ago. Why, there is a particular kind made by our good Miss Bartlett, which I have long since nicknamed the "Bartlett" sauce. But the expense of making it in large quantities and of exportation would be enormous; besides, we have too much to do already without manufacturing relishes for European palates at 2*s*. 6*d*. the jar! E. and K. are right. It is a most amusing idea!

May 3*rd*.—Thanks many for the music. I was so glad to have the "Water Music," too, for our harmonium is a very good one to go and strum on when time admits. . . . I did not care for "Harold" much. I thought there were few fine passages and few of Tennyson's fine ringing lines, and more of those objectionable new words he introduces so much into his later poems. I noticed "descendable," as being particularly harsh and disagreeable. Our dear boy Samuel Kalinga gave his first sermon (?) on Sunday last. It was an exposition of the first lesson (Deut. iv.) in Swahili. I had coached him up during the week, and he gave admirably all I had told him, and a good deal more besides, without any self-consciousness or nervousness. It was all extempore, and lasted over twenty minutes. He is a boy who has improved wonderfully during the last year, and we all have great hopes of him turning out very well. . . . One of our boys, John Briton, was taken (as a slave) in the following manner:—He was being hurried off to Arabia in a dhow when a man-of-war appeared. The Arabs popped John in a bag and hauled him up into the dhow's rigging.

"What's that?" said the officer of H.M.S. as he boarded the dhow. "A bag of grain," answered the Arab. But the officer progged it with his sword. This went very *much against the grain*, for John squealed out, and thus was rescued. . . .

May 3rd.

I hope you and mother will choose out the best and largest of the Madagascar mats I am sending home by Woodward, and use it as a carriage dust cloth—if you think this a good use to put it to. The Zanzibar mat I send you is intended for the bedroom. I am busy now at translations from the Hebrew of the Old Testament [into Swahili]. . . . Please observe that such work as this I could not have attempted unless I had had the advantage of a close study of the New Testament and some Hebrew knowledge at Oxford. I say this because I want you to think that out here I am able to do work for which the Oxford training specially was almost indispensable. . . .

KIUNGANI, *May 30th.*

We have got the pick of the whole year for travelling. The sun is less hot in June, July, and August than at any other time of the year. . . . It will be a great trial receiving so seldom letters from home, but I feel pretty confident that it is high time for me to go up and support Johnson. . . .

May 31st.—Remember me to Frisby [a nurse in the family], and tell her I often think of her, and ask her if she remembers the little talk I had with her on a certain subject the day before I came away, I think. Are the same servants with us still? If so, please remember me to them. . . . What will be the next engagement you tell me of in these marrying times? Your own, I suppose? Please delay it as long as

possible. I don't want to go home and fail to find a single sister! . . .

Mkunazini, Zanzibar, *July 7th*, 1877.

This is a good-bye letter. I wonder for how many long months? . . . Captain Wharton,* of the *Fawn*, called on us at Kiungani, and, after hearing of our difficulty about the Masasi journey, offered to take us to Lindi if we could be ready in a week. . . . With this kind offer we at once closed, and I have been hard at work here in the town house these last five days preparing. We have now all our loads (120) and people (100) ready for the start to-morrow, July 9th. . . . Sunday. As you will easily imagine, I am leaving Zanzibar with anxious thoughts about my new responsibilities, and about the journey, which will in many ways be a very trying one, especially for one so inexperienced as myself; but God knows my insufficiency, and will supply strength out of His abundant store. We shall, of course, well arm our people, since the country we shall have to pass through is the scene of a good deal of petty warfare just now. . . . I myself shall not carry one (a gun). "Not much use if he did," I hear my father say, who will remember that not a bird nor a rabbit has ever suffered at my hands! . . . Your letters, my dear mother, have *always* been such a stay and comfort, and, by God's grace, such a *blessing* to me, that you may be sure I shall look long and eagerly for the old welcome despatch. . . . If we have once got to feel that we are but sojourners and travellers, and that the city—the home we seek—is "to come," it is clear that we are scarcely allowed anxiety—loved ones for loved ones—except as to whether in the eternal city we shall meet again. It must be, my own mother, that you have been feeling this lately, and thus were able in

* Now Admiral Sir W. J. L. Wharton, C.B., F.R.S., Hydrographer to the Admiralty.

your last letter to say "I do not wish you back again." What a comforting thought to take away with me as I start on my journey to-morrow! There have been times when I have actually felt that you were at the very moment praying for me. . . .

LINDI, EAST AFRICA, *Sunday, July 15th.*

We left Zanzibar . . . last Monday, Williams, eight boys, and self being taken on board the *Fawn*. . . . Never in all my life have I met so good a set of men as those on board the *Fawn*. They were mostly picked men in the service, as officers in a surveying ship generally are. It was most encouraging and cheering to get their kindly sympathy and hearty good wishes, the genuineness of which it was impossible to doubt. . . . I was decidedly ill on board—fever and sea-sickness. . . . On Thursday evening I was well enough to dine with the officers, and to enjoy some ice, which the doctor prescribed and spent three hours in making for me. . . . We weighed anchor at 4 a.m. (on Friday), and were here at 10 o'clock. The captain came ashore to see the last of us and wish us God-speed. After all kinds of salaams and "politenesses" he left Bwana Zaraffia, the grand Arab in whose house we are now staying.

[On one occasion when Maples had formed part of an anti-slavery deputation to the Foreign Office, he came back much charmed by the courteous manner of Earl Granville, then Foreign Secretary, and in this respect he compared him with the Arabs at Lindi, though he gave the palm to the latter!]

. . . This morning we held a full service on the baraza (*i.e.*, the place under the eaves of all the native houses). After service I preached a sermon to the

boys on the object of our journey. . . . A number of Arabs having assembled to hear our prayers, I turned to them, and spoke for some time about Mohammed, pointing out his good deeds, his bad ones, and his disgraceful inconsistency of word and actions, rendering him unfit to be considered as anything else than a sinner amongst sinners, who thus could never have been sent by the God of all to be the propagator of a new religion. Thus I tried to unfold to them the reasons why we rejected Mohammed, and the exactly contrary reasons why we believed our Lord, and followed Him. Although I have *never* had so attentive a congregation as this one of this morning, I do not go so far as to think any permanent impression was made; yet we are bound to witness to Christ wherever we are, and leave all results to Him Who alone knows whom He will gather. . . . I had this afternoon an interesting talk with Chumah about his former life with Dr. Livingstone, and at the school at Bombay, where he was baptized. I think he feels that he is engaged in mission work, as indeed he is, while helping us to get up the country in this way. . . . Early in the morning I received salaams from Sheikh Mohammed, with inquiries after my fever and a quantity of oranges. The Liwali (governor) also sent salaams. At breakfast we heard the news that this morning a lion had carried off a man in the outskirts of the town. . . . Quinine has again done everything for me, and I continue well, and am regaining my appetite. . . . Lindi reminds me a little of the view from the Dart with the high tors of Dartmoor in the distance. . . . I hope all who read my letters to you remember that I write as knowing that *you* want to hear of *myself* at work in the mission rather than the general doings of the mission. . . . If they don't, they must think these letters very egotistical. . . .

(*Extracts from journal of Maples' first walk from Lindi to Masasi, the end of July and beginning of August*, 1877.)

Masasi, East Central Africa.

A short walk of two hours and a half brought us to our first halting place, Mgurumahamba, famous for its lions. We reached this place at 11.30, and had the remainder of the day for a long rest. In the afternoon I preached and spoke for a long time on the objects of our mission. One very intelligent fellow, who read and wrote Swahili well, hailing from the part of country we were then in, as well as three or four of the porters, listened with attention throughout. An attractive-looking boy belonging to the village I sorely wanted to carry off to Masasi to educate there, but, although he was ready to follow me, upon referring the question to the father and mother he was refused permission. At 6.30 next morning we were on our journey, and again another short walk brought us at 9 o'clock to Mgongo, famous, as our last place, for lions, but rich in all the native foods—mahogo (cassava), rice, bananas, sweet potatoes, cocoanuts. We rested here, and spent the day in feasting—killing and then discussing a goat which had been presented to us at Mgurumahamba. Here we spent Saturday and Sunday; thus it was Monday ere we set forth again.

I was glad of the Saturday's rest, for it gave me time to translate the Lessons and prepare a sermon for Sunday. On Sunday we held our service, full Swahili matins, with tolerably hearty singing. I dispensed with the afternoon catechizing, and we closed the day with full evensong. We started off at 6 a.m. on Monday, and at 9.30 reached a place in the forest, where we rested for our midday meal. While here, as Williams and myself were in a somnolent state, lying under the trees, we heard that Abdallah Pesa, whose village we expected to

reach on the following day, had arrived. In a few moments he was introduced to us. I was much struck with his manner and shrewdness. He was evidently very shy with us, would not look us in the face, and shunned conversation, but there was something about him which marked him for a chief. At 9.30 next morning we reached his village, and very different was the behaviour of our friend from that of the day before, when we had taken him unawares in the wood. He welcomed us quite warmly, gave us a goat, rice, and plenty of mtama, and did the honours of his new settlement very well.

I have forgotten to mention a rather interesting affair that happened at Mgongo. On Sunday night a man was brought to me by Chumah, who said that he had been enrolled as a porter on the last journey, but had spread the report that there was war ahead, and had then thrown down his load and run away. He now came forward wishing to pay back to the mission the money he had practically stolen by playing the truant. This he accordingly did, by taking up a load and joining our caravan. On Wednesday we reached Chisembe, at which place we calculated we were forty-nine miles from the coast, though not yet nearly halfway to our destination. At about this part of our journey my attention was drawn to the indiarubber trees. It is scarcely too much to say that in all the woods we passed through for upwards of sixty miles this tree was by far the commonest. We recognized it everywhere—now twisting across our path and often tripping us up, now stretching its rope-like arms just overhead and knocking the porters' loads off. Our boys showed me the process by which the natives collect the indiarubber. The tree is gashed with a knife, and a slice of the bark is removed; between the bark and the wood a substance

of the consistency and colour of milk oozes out. This they smear on the arm; after a short exposure to the air it hardens, and is peeled off and rolled into a ball, and in this form is taken down to the coast and sold. As we passed through the forests we saw these trees with their gnarled trunks gashed on all sides; still the supply would seem to be almost inexhaustible, and there seems no reason why the indiarubber trade from these parts should not increase from year to year.

At Siembi the fever took hold of me strongly for a couple of days, but on Monday, the 31st, I was ready to start, and we all gladly left what I believe to be a very unhealthy place. A long day's march brought us to our resting place for the night—miles from any habitation, and by the side of a veritable mud pool, which was our only water supply. Next day our walk was monotonous in the extreme, though towards midday we were refreshed by a climb up a great granite rock, whence we obtained a splendid view of the Masasi mountains. There they stood, rising boldly from the tree-clad plain, and the sight of them gave us fresh vigour for the two hours' walk which still lay before us. At night we encamped near the dry bed of the Ukeredu, and were soon asleep, for the next day was to lead us to our journey's end. So eager indeed were we to reach Masasi in good time on the morrow that 4 a.m. found us all astir, and at half-past we were on the march, our feet clattering over the dry bamboos as we stumbled along in the dark. . . . We had passed from the interminable path through the long grass, and had exchanged it for cassava fields and all the signs of a rich vegetation. Bananas and sugar cane betokened habitation, and soon we reached Bin Fumo's village. He welcomed us with the usual civilities, and pressed us to stay with him till the next day, but it was hardly likely we should do so when within eight

miles of our destination. So, after a little palaver, we started on again, and in half an hour reached the village of which the great man is the elder brother of the most promising of the four lads whom the Bishop took with him to Zanzibar. He went nearly wild with excitement at seeing us again, and the whole village turned out to escort us.

There was yet one other village to pass through, and one other chief to salute, the old man Nakamu, who kindly let us off with a very short visit. At last we rounded the corner of the last mountain, and then our guide pointed straight in front of him to two huge rocks, with very little vegetation on them, and told us that there was our settlement snugly posted just between them.

It was soon sufficiently evident that we were arriving. The gunshots fired in salute came echoing down to us amongst the hills, and our own in answer, mixing with the noise, told us to keep a sharp lookout for two well-known white faces not yet upon the scene. But now up the path came rushing to greet us one well-known form after another; we were shaking hands with, and making eager inquiries of, William and Zawadi and Mark; and then came the Mbweni people and their wives, all gay in their bright clothes and beads donned for the occasion. The path now took a sharp turn, and there, just down by the water, on its edge, stood Johnson and Beardall, patiently waiting for us. We were soon grasping their hands, and as we walked up the spacious road which leads to the Mission House itself we eagerly exchanged the news of the past nine months. All, we heard, had gone on well since the Bishop's departure in December; the people had behaved in quite an exemplary manner, while the natives had learned to trust the newcomers, and to show other signs of friendliness. For my own

part, I could not admire too much; all seemed to have been done in so short a time. The substantial buildings that had been begun and completed, the ground under cultivation, the sprouting fruit trees, and the flourishing cassava; and above all the pretty little church, with its stone chancel, lending itself so conveniently to decoration, such as should mark the sanctuary of the first church in these parts, and for a distance round, which can be counted almost by thousands of miles. . . .

[The church was only built up about ten feet when Maples arrived at Masasi; he finished it.]

Masasi, East Africa, *August 2nd*, 1877.

After a weary toil from Lindi we arrived here in great happiness yesterday afternoon. For the details of the journey I must refer you to a short account I have written of it [the account printed above]. . . . I stood the journey very well. The nights were always awfully cold and the days hot, so that to weak chests the sudden change would have been trying, but they hurt not Williams or self. This lovely place far surpasses anything I had imagined about it; the mountains rise on all sides close by, and whichever way you look a splendid view opens. The house, a splendid large one of bamboo, stands at the top of the hill; from it runs down straight to the water a wide road, on either side of which the houses and gardens of the Mbweni people stand, the latter looking very pretty with the blue-green hue of the luxuriant cassava. The church has had little done to it since the Bishop left; now that I have arrived I want to push on with it. . . . We have already held two services in the church since I have been here, but to-morrow we shall have to evacuate to make way for the builders. I will try and make some sketches of the glorious scenery by which we are

surrounded. . . . My work now will be to get hold of the Yao language as soon as I can. . . . Makua is also very much spoken here, but two languages at once will be too much to go in for. The young fruit trees are doing well, and we have now six healthy oxen, and hope that we shall soon number amongst them a milch cow. Please send vegetable seeds again; those you have already sent I mean to plant in October and November. To-morrow I shall begin building a large bamboo school-room, but everything is in a state of disorder with the porters, &c., arriving and going away. We shall settle down towards the end of next week, I daresay. . . .

August 16*th*, 1877.

On my arrival I found that Johnson's chief work during the past nine months had been the study of the Yao language, in which he had made considerable progress. . . . It is very difficult to find amusement for the boys. Pray send plenty of games—not too elaborately English. To-morrow or the next day I am going to mark out ground for them, that each may have a garden of his own. . . . Whoever succeeds best in the cultivation of the various vegetables will receive a prize. I think this will give them some amusement and employment for their half-holidays. Dear boys! they are so good and helpful, and my favourite boy Theodore, after a severe thrashing two days ago, is so good just now that I am happy and hopeful about him again! . . . Our chancel already looks so well; I wish you could see it. It has a dome-shaped roof under the thatching, contrived in the following way. We split into four pieces each a number of large bamboos; they were then pliable in the extreme. Of these we made a huge framework, on the inside of which we sewed together a number of a particular kind of reed mats; we then bent the whole over into an arch,

and erected it on the top of the south and north walls. It forms a very pretty looking roof, and is a wonderful set off to the dull red of the walls. It answered even better than we had expected; how long it will last is another question. . . . All our work here just now seems very hopeful, and opens out on all sides. I pray it may continue such, and that the three of us—(we are a very happy trio, agreeing well together)—may be spared to work on many years.

Masasi, *August*, 1877.

As head of the station I have a good deal of responsibility on my own shoulders, and something or other is always turning up that I must give my personal attention to; but so far as I have a daily round of regular work it is as follows. I take the first hour of the school in the morning (8.30 to 9.30), always Scripture or catechism, followed by writing or singing. Then I have an hour's work at Yao under the tuition (?) of one of our Mbweni people who knows both Yao and Swahili fairly well. The following hour I spend in the kitchen making a pudding or bread, or cooking a fowl, or showing the boys how to cook things in new ways. (Perhaps you will laugh, but you must know that I have, by force of circumstance, become quite a cook of late, though I will honestly confess that my batter puddings are still very heavy, and one of my meat pies upset us all. N.B.—Please send a recipe book at once.) [Practice makes perfect. In the end he became a very good cook.—Ed.] In the afternoons Williams comes to me for an hour's theological coaching; on Monday afternoons I have the school as well, and the rest of my time which is not spent in superintending the building, planning out the houses and general overlooking, is spent in preparation for the Sunday, for classes, for Williams' instruction. Hitherto I have had the evenings after tea to myself for reading and writing.

Twice a week I have a catechumens' class, one for women and one for men, for those under preparation for holy baptism, and there is scarcely anything here that I am more anxious about at present. I have selected for each class about ten or a dozen people, of whom Johnson speaks most highly after his experience with them during the past nine months. I am in hopes of being able to baptize at least some of them before next Easter. They are all people who were at our establishment at Mbweni [in Zanzibar Island] from one to two years before they came up here, so I do not take them as quite raw, untaught heathen. They are Nyasas, with a sufficient knowledge of Swahili to understand what I say. . . . We both agreed [he and W. P. Johnson] it was of the utmost importance to try our very best . . . to set a school a-going for the natives *here* in conjunction with the one we hold each day for our own boys. [Released slave boys brought there from Zanzibar.] Accordingly last Monday I set out to visit the chief, who lives eight miles off—at the other side of the Masasi range. His name Bin Fumo. . . . After a long and unsatisfactory parley with him I gained my point, and secured two boys, and then found out that the old man had been very discontented with the present we had brought him from Zanzibar. I then walked back and made a *détour* in order to visit another chief, Nakamu, and carry off two boys from his village. He was more cordial . . . and after I had amused him by showing him Williams' watch, and letting him hear it tick, he at once picked out two or three of the most intelligent lads. I returned here with my little troop. Two more boys came from Nakamu the next morning, and so our school began! Each day now A B C goes on briskly for three or four hours, one of our six Zanzibar boys being told off to teach the newcomers. We have also two day boarders. . . .

And now to tell you a little more about our own Mbweni people up here. We have in all about 55. . . . They all receive from us their daily allowance of food, meal or beans or rice generally; in return for this and their houses and shambas, which were given them, they work for us three days a week, and it is by their work on these days that we get all our building, &c., done. If they work on the other three days, as some are willing to do, we pay them for their labour in cloth. I make attendance at the morning service in church compulsory for all of them four times a week, including Sundays, and I am very glad to say there is always on the other days a very fair sprinkling of them at the services. The punishment for lighter offences is the taking away the allowance of food for a time; for heavier offences they are tied up and thrashed, and for the most grievous sins of all, *e.g.*, the breaking of the Seventh Commandment, they will in future be expelled altogether. This is now clearly understood by all.

[It must always be remembered that this village was formed of freed slaves brought down from the Mission at Zanzibar, and therefore necessarily under the civil government of the missionaries. See remarks in his letter on page 117.]

I am told that as the time has gone on there has been a marked and steady improvement amongst them all, fewer quarrels between husbands and wives, a general heartiness in work, and very little discontent and grumbling. So you see we are a very happy parish, and "the vicar" (your youngest son) is now anxious to extend his borders and increase the number of his parishioners. You will like to hear how our Sundays are spent. We begin with a celebration of the Holy Communion at 7; at 8 breakfast, after which the boys say their Collects; at 10 we

have full matins and sermon—all in Swahili; at 12 dinner; at 2 Sunday school (this I have put entirely into the hands of Williams, who makes it his pet piece of work); at 3 we have Litany and catechizing (Swahili); after this I take a walk with Williams and the boys, and then at 5.30 we have evensong without sermon; and tea at 6, as on other evenings. For all the Sunday preaching and catechizing I have to be wholly responsible, Johnson, as yet, not trusting himself to say much in Swahili. I find now that I can preach extempore in Swahili as easily as in English, and so am now giving my attention to the Yao language. . . . Our six boys from Kiungani, most of whom were originally Yaos, are quickly picking it up again; its main difficulty lies in the pronunciation, which is exceedingly strange. . . .

Here it occurs to my mind to ask you to send me without fail a recipe for making mead. We have so much honey that I am anxious to put it to various uses. We make some very nice mtama (millet) cakes, with the honey mixed with the mtama. Rice shortbread is another thing I have made with some success; ingredients are—rice flour, semsem oil, sugar, and eggs. We bake bread once a week, three small loaves, which lasts from Saturday over the Sunday; the rest of the week ship biscuit is our fare. I am obliged to go in for cooking and for contriving different dishes, for the only meat we get is fowl, which we have three times daily. . . . We open one tin of preserved meat on Sundays, which makes one meal, and sometimes one other in the course of the week; but everything else is one continued round of fowl, fowl, fowl! (N.B.—The fowls (?) are very often aged cocks!) We have a fine crop of Yao peas coming on, to which we are looking forward, the Yao peas being nearly, if not quite, as good as English ones. . . .

What do you think of a tamarind *soufflé*, custard and all complete? I made one the other day, and it was pronounced by us all a complete success. Chocolate pudding, too, we have succeeded in. Tamarinds are, with the exception of bananas, our only fruit, and we make great use of them in the culinary line. [Afterwards, when the fruit trees they planted came into bearing, there was a much greater variety of fruit.—Ed.] Do you like to hear all this kitchen gossip? I suppose some would say I ought to be ashamed to write it. Well, let them live on fowl every day for a month—African fowl, mind you!—before they despise the missionary who spends half an hour a day sometimes making a pudding! I will even go so far as to ask you to send me half-a-dozen bottles of the principal essences. . . . Please remember that our "kitchen" is a wood fire in the middle of the yard, and our saucepans, &c., only native earthen pots!

I find the air of Masasi agreeing with me wonderfully so far, and ever so much more invigorating than that of Zanzibar.

Masasi, *September 5th*, 1877.

I do not find this place free from fever, and fever here is certainly more trying than at Kiungani, but on the whole I like the climate better. . . . You will be amused to hear that I have taken to pigeon shooting — not, indeed, for the sake of the sport, for which I don't care a bit, but for the sake of our table. I am pretty good at knocking the pigeons down, or else pigeon shooting is very easy. . . . I am now very anxious about our school, . . . being convinced that the training up of the children of the heathen in Christian teaching is one of the first and most important works of a missionary anywhere, especially, perhaps, amongst these tribes. The great honesty of

the people surprises me. . . . We leave everything about, and never lose anything. Neither do the natives steal from one another; the duty of man to his neighbour is well understood. The duty of man to his God they have yet to learn, and we are here to teach them it. Uphill work it is, too, for I will not disguise the fact that these people are gross materialists, having no sense of the unseen, and very little care for the morrow so long as they prosper to-day. . . . Are there any changes amongst the servants at No. 10? Please remember me to those of them I knew. . . . The cotton plant grows all about here, and our boys make very good cotton thread if they want to do a bit of sewing. I believe it is rather good cotton. . . . We don't cultivate the plant, neither do the natives, but it grows naturally all about this district. Tobacco is cultivated here, and is rather famous in these parts. . . .

MASASI, *September 9th.*

To-day we buried . . . one of the best of our women. . . . She had hardly received any training in Christian truth, and was not even admitted a catechumen, yet she was one of those "who, not having the law, are a law unto themselves," always conducting herself well, working cheerfully, and remaining faithful to her husband. Thus when we buried her this morning we had much hope for her, grounded, of course, in the uncovenanted mercies of God. . . . As I sat a few minutes with her yesterday she expressed her alarm at the witchcraft of the night before, when, as it appeared, one of these horrid "witchcraft men" had been down the village, and with his silly nonsense frightened many of our people, this poor woman amongst the number. I said all I could to allay her fears, and then left her. In the middle of the night we were called up by some of our women, who said she had just died. It appears just at the last she asked for

me, saying she thought I was in the room. The women told her I should come in the morning. She then said, "Yes, I know I am dying now, but it is not through the witchcraft man. I die by the will of God." She died immediately afterwards. . . .

(*Private.*)

September 29th.

I know I shall have been much in your prayers and thoughts, and that is very comforting, for, in truth, though my letters have been generally expressive of great joy, I have my times of deep depression, and each day brings with it its regrets and sorrows as well as its comforts. I have thought it right not to dwell too much on these, and thus, perhaps, you have not quite the idea of my state of mind and general condition of spirit I could wish you to have. For instance, I cannot but be cognizant of the fact that, from one cause and another, I am very far from being the example of industry and earnestness and zeal I ought to be. This, indeed, is in great measure due to the constant fatigue and exhaustion induced by the climate, and the utter inability I feel to conquer it; but there is a very wide margin which must be left for downright sinfulness in this respect. . . . I reject crosses that are sent, and, I fear, try to make the life here easy. But, what is worse still, I do not think I have a single eye to God's glory in what I do, or reflect to any appreciable extent that I am but an instrument in God's hands. This leads me often to give judgment on questions brought before me without prayer, and in times of success, when things are going well, to become shockingly forgetful of the presence of God. These, on looking back, seem to be the principal sins growing on me of late, though there are many, many others. I have no wish to excuse myself, but it only shows you

how body and soul are bound up together. So much of this comes upon me along with the bodily fatigue which, as I number month after month out here, increases upon me. The midday rest, which I find so necessary, and other symptoms have determined me to seek a return to England . . . in another eighteen months, at the end of which time I shall have completed three years out here. You must not think, in spite of what I have said, that I begin to lose interest in *this* work, and wish for some other. It is not so at all—indeed, rather the reverse; but I feel it is prudent not to risk long stays here, feeling that my life is more likely to be spared to carry on and continue what we are now beginning, by timely returns for change and rest to the old country. . . .

MASASI, *October 17th*, 1877.

Alas! the new dormitory still lags! But we have the benefit of our nice new dining hall, in which, by-the-bye, Williams and I both sleep at night now the hot weather has come and the rats in our room take away all sleep. We were a little timid at first, for one end of the hall—one of its broad sides, rather—is entirely open, and thoughts of the leopards' possible intrusion made us pause; but now we think nothing of that, and sleep as soundly as possible—with a well-loaded gun between our beds. No leopards have been known in these parts to do otherwise than run away at sight of man—UNLESS ATTACKED. We expect the rains very soon now; two or three sharp showers have already been watering the earth about here and causing its "green things" to sprout forth. The rapid growth here is always very noticeable, as is also the remarkable number of flowering trees, many of which have the most beautiful perfumes. There is one tree just now in flower with no leaves on it

at present; each twig ends with a mass of red flower resembling red salvia very closely. You may imagine how lovely it looks! . . . I send you a couple of the hair combs used at Mataka's. Chumah brought them down with him. Women and men wear as many as twenty or thirty of these combs in their hair all at once. The combs of *this* part of the country are not so good, and, for the most part, smaller.

October 19th.—Williams says to-day we had better have a bamboo fencing or venetians to the other side of our dining-room, . . . so don't be frightened about our sleeping insecurely, as we mean, after all, to take precautions against a possible visit of a leopard. . . . I have to-day been preparing, in Swahili, Daniel iii. for Sunday. It was so puzzling trying to get suitable equivalents for Nebuchadnezzar's band of sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, &c. Did we know more about those instruments I have little doubt good equivalents could be found out for all from the crowd of noise-making articles to be found in use amongst the Swahili people. . . .

Masasi, *November 29th*, 1877.

I have just returned from a three weeks' journey; . . . altogether we accomplished a circuit of 250 miles. . . . [Some details of this journey have been given above, pages 14-18.—Ed.] Our school has now eighteen regular boarders, for I was able to get a few boys on the journey, and others have come from the neighbourhood. . . . I am full of joy to think that soon we shall have a branch station about three days (fifty miles) from here. . . . [The station of Newala.] One gets great times of depression sometimes as instances of deep sin amongst the boys or men here from time to time come to light; but then we can remember that we are but beginning the work of evangelisation,

and it is vain to look for results. . . . We have just been building a food house, about eight feet square and six feet high, in which to store mtama *in the ear* (the best mode of preserving it). As soon as the house is filled we mud it up and make it quite air-tight and rat-proof, and the grain will be found in February or March quite good and ready for use. . . . Williams is most good and helpful—full of energy, good nature, and earnestness; I don't know what I should do without him. He puts up with all my impatience and sharp language (which Africa calls out) so wonderfully, that I cannot love him too well. He understands and carries out so well with the people my different plans in the building, cultivating, and other lines that I have no trouble on that score, and can go on with my teaching fully satisfied that plenty of work is going on outside. . . . I don't feel very fit for being head of things up here, especially as the place increases in size and importance. A much firmer hand than mine is wanted for these people, and I often long for a more subordinate position; but perhaps this is an unworthy shrinking from responsibility. I can't say. . . .

December 27th, 1877.

I wish I could send you the fine bunch of flowers which this afternoon carried off the first prize at the Masasi flower show!—orchids and lilies which would have been the admiration of all had they been exhibited at a horticultural flower show at home. But I must give you in detail an account of our Christmas festivities. On Christmas Eve I stayed in bed with fever and arrow-root! till the evening. I gave the boys general leave to go out in different directions to get flowers, &c., for the church. . . . A profusion of flowers accordingly turned up by twelve o'clock, and amongst others a quantity of

a certain kind of lily, of which Mr. Capel gave a specimen to Mr. Noble's gardener, who told him they were worth a guinea a bulb! . . . By the time we began the decorations my fever had gone, and I felt very thankful to feel myself quite well as the morning of Christmas Day broke gloriously over our hills. . . . We formed a procession to march down the village singing hymns; then followed the celebration. How I thought of and prayed for you all then—just three hours, I suppose, before all of you at home partook of the Holy Feast. After breakfast we rang our new bell for half an hour, and then formed a procession and marched into church, singing, as we went, "O! come, all ye faithful." We had a hearty and full service, and were out of church again about 10.30. Then began the business of getting the "feed" ready and giving the Mbweni people their rations. . . . At twelve we said grace and sat down, five chiefs—two Makua and three Yao—sitting down with us to their rice and fowl. . . .

Feast of the Circumcision.—A few more words to you on the first day of a new year. One is naturally looking back on the five months of our stay here. . . . On the whole I think progress—though perhaps in some branches almost imperceptible progress—has been made all round. . . . Preaching to the same set of heathen people Sunday after Sunday is difficult; it is so hard often, to avoid addressing them as though they were Christians, and yet this certainly ought to be avoided. You read in the chronicles of other missions of people spontaneously coming forward and desiring baptism. I can tell you of nothing of the sort, neither do I expect it from our people, knowing what they are. . . . If at times I am tempted to think them all very bad indeed, I look at the natives round, and at once can recognize the obvious fact that, whatever we may say or think here

of our people, they certainly do lead far better lives than those of the untaught natives around us. . . . Nearly every day Williams and I take a tour of the young fruit trees, trimming, weeding, and pruning. All, I am glad to say, are thriving, and making wonderful progress, especially two pomegranate trees, which for rapid growth seem to outstrip everything. The bananas which the Bishop planted when here about fourteen months ago are all beginning to bear. . . . A banana plant, you must know, only bears *once*—one large bunch, averaging generally about one hundred bananas; then it is cut down, young plants at its side taking its place. . . . The fine leaves of the banana are nearly always torn into shreds by the wind, so that it is at best a ragged looking plant, very unlike the specimens of it you may see any day at Kew Gardens. . . .

January 3*rd*.—Certainly teaching easy arithmetic, dictation, and reading for so many hours a day is very irksome at times, but I feel that if I did not do this work there is no one else on the spot to do it, and so it naturally falls to me. . . . By-the-bye, Bishop Patteson describes Melanesian fowl as a "bunch of white strings:" ours are just that; no wonder we don't think fowl a luxurious repast. . . .

(Describing a visit from Matola, chief of Newala.)

Masasi, *January* 23*rd*.

Matola is a very tall man, and with his clothes thrown loosely over his shoulders resembles exactly the story-book pictures of King Saul. On Saturday evening I had an opportunity of explaining to him the Gospel scheme, and why we are at issue with the Arabs. This he asked me to do, although he had already told me that, knowing

what a set of liars the Arabs who came to his country were, he had no wish to embrace their faith. . . . I sent a few men down to Mikindani at the coast . . . to buy cows, as I think we ought certainly to breed cattle up here. I do wish we could get the people to turn their attention to this: they altogether lack stamina, and always will do so so long as they continue the poor feeders they are at present. I believe with more substantial food these fearful ulcers, to which all are more or less subject, would die out. . . . To return to Matola—one great thing about him is, that he is a total abstainer. I believe it to be a fact, since so many of his people confirmed his words, namely, that since he was born he has never touched pombé. [A kind of beer, though thick like gruel—Ed.] This is a *great* thing here where the chiefs are, for the most part, a drunken, besotted lot, especially those quite close to us at Masasi. . . .

January 30th.—The Bishop sends me a letter full of excellent advice for the management and conduct of affairs up here. I was so glad to receive it, as I wanted help on various subjects. . . . He counsels us against taking boys as boarders: this last point I shall contest with him. Day boys simply won't come except in the most desultory way possible, for their fathers and mothers are quite indifferent as to whether they come or not. . . .

Masasi, *February 13th*, 1878.

I have just arranged to go out in the neighbourhood preaching to the Yaos and Makuas twice a week—on Monday to the Yaos and on Friday to the Makuas. . . . I began on Monday last a sort of visit of introduction . . . all welcomed me gladly and gave a willing consent when I asked leave to preach in their villages. . . . You must not think that I am overworked. [W. P. Johnson was ill, and had gone down to Zanzibar.] . . . Do not fear

but what we have plenty to eat too; Williams is becoming an excellent cook, and turns out first-rate omelettes; bar the lack of butcher's meat we do very well. No, we ought to be very contented here, and my friends are all wrong entirely when they write "your life of bitter toil," "Christian heroism," and the like—I suppose they mean what they say, but it is not true a bit. As to food, I am in sober earnest when I say that I enjoy our hot coffee without sugar or milk far better than I ever enjoyed besugared and bemilked coffee at home. Of course now and then one sighs for a day with you all at home, but there is plenty to keep our thoughts on our work, and fresh interests arise every day. Our boys are affectionate and sociable, our men are cheerful and willing, and our look-out from this house is glorious and lovely. The work?—well, every one requires teaching, and nearly all are unbaptized heathen. Here is work and an abundance of it: our occupation is to be envied, I am sure; would that worthier ones than ourselves were engaged upon it. One great secret of dealing with these people is to avoid all hastiness; they reason obstinately—absurdly at times—but hear them to the end of their inconsecutive and inconclusive reasoning, they will be satisfied then if you dissent from them; but if you cut them short, it is "the superior European over-riding us," and they will become your enemies. I put it down more to the gentleness of their natural disposition rather than any merit of my own that no one refuses to do anything in reason that I ask him to do: this being the case, it is not difficult, I find, to rule these people. But to win their souls to God, to wean them from earthly interests, ah! it will be a successful missionary who does that for these East African people. . . . We killed a deadly snake in Williams' room about a week ago. Williams called me into his room and said, "There's a noise of something under those

papers!" "Yes," I said, "and I see a tail. It is a lizard, I think," and I stooped down to lay hold of it. Then I heard an angry hiss, and in an instant a black snake four feet long issued into the room. I and one of our men demolished it with repeated blows from a long bamboo, but the rapidity of its movements amazed me. . . .

February 26th.—I have just recovered from six days of fever; Williams and I were ill together with no one to cook for us, so I will not enlarge on the trial our sickness was to us. . . . Mission affairs are at a low ebb with us, scarcely a boy left in the school, and the most fearful wickedness come to light amongst some of our people. I thought things were going on too smoothly to last. . . . There, I will add no more to this letter, or you will get nothing but groanings and complaints, and I don't want to charge the Mission a shilling for sending these through the post. . . . I think I could bear any English worries after what one has to bear here; one's back gets broad, and, I fear, one's heart hard, in Africa.

Masasi, *April 2nd*, 1878.

I fear the Nyasas in the village will never live in peace with the Yaos, tribal jealousy is so strong amongst African races, and in the late troubles we have had, the Nyasas, I think, were in the wrong. . . . I wish you could see a crop of mtama growing; it reaches fourteen to fifteen feet high, and far out-tops the houses of the people. The grass in many places, owing to the rains, is equally high, and, as a consequence, we are now perfectly beset by leopards. . . . Last night we set four gun traps, and as we were sitting on the baraza with the boys . . . we heard one go off. Immediately there was a rush for guns and lanterns. I took a lantern and a double-barrelled gun, and we soon arrived on the spot, hoping to

find a wounded leopard and finish him off. No such good luck! he had got off; and upon inquiry it turned out the gun had been loaded with shot instead of bullets! Then, again, last Saturday night a leopard came and carried off one of our best goats. In the morning we traced him by the marks of his feet to a place halfway up the nearest rock, and there we found the goat not eaten but with its head almost severed from its body. We took back the body and head, dosed the latter with strychnine, and returned it to the place where we had found it, but the leopard did not return to its prey. Three nights ago we heard a lion roar about half a mile off, and last week a large buffalo was killed by the Makuas just one and a half miles from here. . . . There is a curious insect that is vocal in the nights now, and makes a noise very sepulchral and very like a Jew's harp; they tell me it eats nothing and has no stomach, so I suppose its notes come straight from the throat! Amongst other curious superstitions, the natives will have it that there is a certain kind of bird that follows the leopard about wherever it goes, seated on its tail. . . . The castor oil plant, or rather tree, grows freely everywhere, and the oil is much used by the natives, who use it for smearing themselves all over with, and also for their clothes, which are always oiled when they begin to get shabby to prevent them from rotting. Mkuti, the Makua chief near here, brought his child aged three for medicine. I was feeling ill at the time, and administered castor oil to the child; of course it was all slobbered out, whereupon the fond father smeared it all over from top to toe. This was too much for me in my then state, and I didn't appear again till the evening. . . .

Monday in Holy Week.—To-day we picked the first of a crop of rice grown by ourselves down in the moist part by the water.

April 22nd.

I am much disappointed that you have sent so few things in the way of games. Surely if at twenty-six years old I ask you to buy a conjuring box for the amusement of my boys with my money I might have expected that you would not have "ignored" the request. I want games to help to keep our boys from vicious amusements, for the same reason I wanted the chemical chest, which indeed has arrived, but without the usual accompanying book, and therefore is of really no earthly use until such a book comes. Again, I asked for games to be *bought with my money*, and E. and K. pack up old imperfect games and puzzles that I used when I was eight or ten years old; the boys are bitterly disappointed. . . . "Satan finds mischief for idle hands." Well, out of school our boys are perfectly idle, because I have no games for them. Two of the biggest have been guilty of the grossest sins, and have been expelled, all through temptation which assailed them in the long hours of lounging idleness. We strain every effort to keep our boys with us and away from the surrounding evil of a heathen population. There—haven't I written angrily! But please send the book for Statham's chest, or it will be completely useless to me. . . . The kitchen things are just what we wanted; we baked a cake in one of the tins to-day. . . . We are quite feasting it now. A bit of salt beef from the ship in which Clarke came to Lindi is our great treat at present, and though it makes our tongues sore, so salt it is, it is a boon we are very thankful for; it is, I think, a part of the ribs. . . . We have now 84 or 86 people in the village, nearly all Nyasas, so my charge has increased; four of the newcomers are baptized.

[There is scarcely a letter which does not mention

the illness of one or other member of the staff—very often his own. But as the record of dysentery, ulcers, fevers, &c., is monotonous, I have generally omitted them.]

Masasi, *June* 10*th*, 1878.

About a fortnight ago we discovered one morning that thieves had broken into our storeroom and absconded with goods to the value of forty dollars. It was a most daring robbery, for the thieves had actually cut away a part of our bamboo fence and then a part of the bamboo wall of the storeroom. I immediately called in Namkumba, the powerful Makua chief, who rules the whole district, and who gave us the land we occupy here. When he heard what had been done he was highly indignant, declared it was some of the lying, thieving Yaos who had done it, and that he would expel them from the country. He said, "You Europeans, my friends and guests, to be insulted by these miserable Yaos, who are here on sufferance, and who have bothered me ever since I gave them leave to come and settle in these hills; I won't stand it." And then he enumerated over and over again our losses which seemed to him untold wealth. He said he was determined to find out the thieves and bring them to justice. Well, he summoned a council of all the other Makua chiefs from the neighbourhood . . . and we carried on our debate in the Yao language, for I don't know one word of Makua. Their proposed plan was to smear a certain stuff on the track of the thieves, which they said would make the men who had committed the robbery tremble and show themselves up. Of course, I told them we could not have resort to nonsense like this, and tried to persuade them to give it up for ever. Next they proposed to turn every single Yao out of the country. Neither to this would I agree; so they said they would send men all about to make every possible inquiry in

order to discover some clue whereby we could apprehend the thieves. After four days Namkumba came to say that he had found a man who saw four men pass his house on the night in question with our goods on their heads; further, that these men were Bin Fumo's men (the Yao chief to whom we have shown the most attention, and whose boys have lived with us as scholars from the first), and that the Makua had recognized each one of them. It is now well known that this wily old Bin Fumo actually sent these men to commit the robbery. He and his people are notorious for being liars and thieves, and are not at peace with even the other chiefs of his own tribe here. Namkumba asked me what reparation we wished from Bin Fumo. I have said that we must have the four thieves, that I may send them to Zanzibar to be dealt with by the Consul, and, secondly, that we must have the value of the stolen goods restored to us. I can ask for nothing short of this, I think, considering the very aggravated circumstances of the offence. Bin Fumo, it appears, gave out that he wanted to make war with us, and by way of beginning it, sent these men to steal our property. He did not think that he would bring all the Makuas down upon him. As a *settlement* here, not merely a mission station, we must teach the people that they cannot thus molest us with impunity. So I am led to ask Namkumba to take up the matter on account of the safety of the people under my charge.

June 10*th.*

No letters have arrived, no Johnson, no Chuma. Also matters have come to a serious crisis with us, for poor Williams is so much worse that I am going to have him carried to the coast to-morrow, so I shall be left the solitary European in these parts. . . . Yesterday was our great day, the day on which I baptized sixteen

catechumens, and so planted the Nyasa Church at Masasi. . . . It now remains for me to give them all the help I can in the way of spiritual exhortation and advice, to enable them to keep their washed robes unsullied, and again to prepare them for Confirmation and admission to the Holy Eucharist. . . . Yakobo is a very great help, and the people get on with him. I feel, too, that I have their confidence, having had lately many little proofs of it, while, at the same time, it is not hard to maintain discipline and punish the offenders. Sometimes these last have to be very severely beaten; however, I never resort to this method without carrying the opinion of the majority of the men with me. In this way the justice of the punishment approves itself to the best of our people, and that is all that is wanted. You must remember that I am not only priest or chaplain or missionary to these people, but absolutely their ruler as well, and as such I am responsible to all the neighbouring chiefs for the good behaviour of our own people. It is a curious position to find oneself in, and by no means one which I should have chosen for myself; yet, finding myself in it, I do not dislike it, and I get to like our people better and better as I know more of them.

June 27th.

I am without flour or biscuit, and have no substitute except in boiled rice, which has neither learned to like me nor I to like it! The only meat I have is an occasional dove which I have to shoot myself; there are no more goats, and I am too tired of fowls to eat them. However, I get on pretty well with various egg puddings, &c., and I expect flour will arrive before long. Native food I have often tried, but it entirely disagrees with my stomach. . . . Now the very bad people are being scouted by the others, and certainly feel more shame

than they did formerly, which is at least a step in the right direction even for them.

MASASI, *September* 17*th*, 1878.

. . . We killed one of our oxen the other day, and are feasting on the most excellent roast beef, while the dripping comes in for cakes and puddings, so that at present we scarcely miss the absence of bread and wheat flour. . . . I shall very much like to read the biography of Mr. Hinton next year if I return. . . . A large caravan of slaves from Mtarika, on the river Lujenda, to Machemba, whom I visited last year, passed close by here and encamped for the day (they don't march much in the heat), one and a half miles from here, at the place where we go to bathe. I walked out to see them, and counted more than five hundred. . . . The slaves were all cooking an excellent dinner, and looked "very jolly under the circumstances;" save a few with slave sticks who looked uncomfortable, but they were a healthy-looking, robust party on the whole. Still it was a sad, sad sight. I had never seen a slave caravan before. Perhaps you will think my first impressions of one somewhat peculiar. Five hundred slaves is a good number for one caravan. They were nearly all Yaos and Nyasas, and probably some few from tribes on the other side of the Lake, Bisas and others. . . . We are very proud of our new church, and are looking forward to the chancel adornments which will shortly arrive. The height of our roof is twenty-three feet, the admiration of the natives, who say, "We could not build anything so high as that even if we wanted to do so." I have a long and rather trying letter from the Bishop, but I have already answered it. There are always so many puzzling questions to refer to him by every mail. Sometimes we agree and sometimes we don't about a matter, but of course his word is always my law, and

though he can't always understand our position or circumstances here in matters that crop up, I always court his advice, eagerly receive it, and almost always follow it. . . . He himself, in spite of everything, works on in his own manful, energetic way, and is a lesson and example to us all.

MASASI, *October 2nd*, 1878.

I believe I say one thing at one time and quite the opposite at another, and thus it is difficult for you to reconcile what I say at one time with my words of a later date. . . . I always try to write just as I feel at the time, and since I never feel the same I can never write the same. For instance, at one time I might tell you that I don't feel particularly dull without a companion (as I am *still*); at another I should write the exact opposite. Indeed it *is* dull without a companion, and I don't think really that one ought to be left without one if it can possibly be helped. Our Lord Himself never intended missionaries to work alone, but in pairs, even as He sent them forth Himself. . . . Anyhow, I am ashamed to grumble about it to the Bishop at Zanzibar, and he is most anxious to send Williams up again. . . . As for Williams himself, he is only too anxious to get away from Zanzibar, which both he and Johnson look upon as a kind of prison. . . . I am busy reading Charles Kingsley's Life. . . . Only once I heard him, that was at Chester about six years ago, at a kind of natural history conversazione. I remember his fine head and brow, and his words were very good, though his stammer was very painful. I remember he quoted—

> "Be to my faults a little blind,
> And to my virtues very kind."

But I did not know then as I seem to know now the true humility, aye, and the sweet tenderness of what was

really an extremely gentle character. . . . I had no idea before of his real power and depth, and had always more or less wondered that he should have had such a following. . . . The book is most charming, and I am rejoiced to find I can now respect the *man* who as *novelist* wrote "Westward Ho!" . . . Here comes the "Vulture" to interrupt me — but I forgot, you don't know the "Vulture;" he is a Makua chief living near here, who always looks so hungry, as if he had a vulture gnawing away at his vitals: so we call him "*Vulture*." Poor old "Vulture," he is getting old now, but I suppose he will die with his wives around him, a heathen to the end of the chapter. We live amidst awful grossness and evil. There is Bin Fumo, of whom I have spoken. Last week he burned two of his people alive just because he fancied, or chose to *say* he fancied, that his illness—he is very old, and quakes in his limbs—was owing to their witchcraft. Poor things, they were led out to the forest, tied to trees, and burned! I did not hear of it till after the deed was done, or I should have tried to influence him to desist from the crime. . . . Our dear boy Sulemani, of whom we are so proud, so really good is he, was this morning scratched by a most venomous snake. I thank God from the bottom of my heart he was not bitten, else at this very moment I doubt not but that I should have been burying him. I sent him to cut down some bananas which were ripe. He took the bough in one hand, when a snake darted from the fruit and just scratched his hand as he quickly drew it back. He came to me quietly and said, "A snake has bitten me." To my intense relief I saw at once that the teeth had not pierced the skin, and that the boy was safe. However, I rubbed in some ammonia, and just one tiny half-drop of blood oozed out from the scratch, which rather alarmed him, and, again, an hour after he complained of a *heavy* feeling about the

scratched part. This, thank God, was all; the fancied (?) itching went off, and he is quite well again. I could not have borne to see him die, our *one* really thoroughly upright boy, whom we value almost more than words can tell. . . .

October 16th, 1878.

My writing room on this occasion is a somewhat odd one, for here I sit in a sort of cave, high up in the rocky mass which forms the hill immediately on our south, and quite close. It overlooks the whole village, and as I sit here I can hear the babies crying and witness all the scenes that are the every-day occurrences incidental to life in an African village. . . . In truth it is a wonderful view that I get from this spot. I believe the elevation at which I am gives me a distant line of level horizon not nearer than thirty miles from where I sit, the whole country between being a thick forest; trees, trees, trees, as far as the eye can reach. As I have often said, it is exactly like a great sea, and the distant, silent granite boulders and rocks, some of them rising out of the "sea" to a height of 500 and 600 feet, inspire one with a feeling of awe it is very difficult to describe. It reminds me strongly of the Mediterranean, near Sicily, where there are several similar blue and purple-looking boulders and islets, whose effect upon the scene is just the same as our own granite hills here. As for the forest or "bara"—as we call it here—paths thread their way through it to the Rovuma and inhabited spots, but it is for the most part waterless, the haunt only of wild beasts, reptiles, and birds; but how many thousands of poor chained slaves yearly pass through it to the coast, who can number! In one direction indeed this huge Yao forest stretches in one unbroken line to the shores of Nyasa, a distance of certainly not less than two hundred and fifty miles. . . . Do you know, at times I feel more

like the governor of a gaol than a missionary—these are the sad times when the misdemeanours of our bad ones have to be punished. . . . There are those who seem to think that the heathen should be admitted to the holy rite (of baptism) upon a very scant knowledge of Christian doctrine, and upon a very indefinite and half-hearted wish for this sacrament; but this was not primitive practice, neither does it at all approve itself to those who have any acquaintance with Africans and the African character, least of all does it approve itself to our good Bishop. As for my own knowledge of African character, I am just at that stage at which I know how very little I know about it. . . . At any rate, I hope I may not be idle in the cause when in England. A short rest, and then a good deal of running about and tongue exercise, if by any means I may win recruits for our scantily furnished mission; but I do look forward to a quiet peaceful time with you all at some sea-side place next year. . . .

November 4th.

More than a month has passed since I wrote the first part of this letter, so you won't get it by Christmas, as I had hoped. Still we get no news or letters, and it is wearisome and dull to a degree being left all alone as I am. . . . Our people understand what following a pattern means; indeed, none have independent spirits. Authority they bow to; they call for a leader, some one to follow; and now they are shown the One Leader whom to follow is life eternal. They grasp well the idea of Christ our Master leading us unto all truth. Some of them, at least, I am sure do. . . .

November 4th.

I have had a month of bread again, which did wonders for my health, but the flour is again finished, and I may whistle for bread now. I have no books and no papers

unread, and I can't help feeling dull. Only experience teaches one *how* dull one can feel. The mass of heathenism, too, around is so *depressing* when there is no one with whom to share the burden. . . .

November 23*rd*, 1878.

My food now is fried yam and eggs and coffee—breakfast, dinner, and tea all alike; not disagreeable, but not particularly strengthening, as I begin to find out. . . . I am going to enlarge the churchyard, and plant some mangoes therein, to cast a pleasant shade for generations of missionaries to enjoy long after we, the planters, are dead, and perhaps buried there. . . .

[*Note.*—At the end of November Maples received letters containing the news that his second and companion brother was drowned whilst bathing at Rhyl, North Wales.]

Masasi, *November* 27*th*, 1878.

The long-expected letters came two days ago. . . . As is my wont, I tore open the Bishop's first, and then came to the words, . . . "Our home news is full of disasters, and one at least that will touch you very closely, you have our deepest sympathy." I snatched up the mother's letter at once, and rushed off to read it where I could be alone, with the one thought, "Which is it?" in my mind. . . . Almost at once I saw "Dear Charlie's fatal accident," but in vain did I search for your letter, which mother told me to read first; it had not come. . . . It adds greatly to my distress that it may be months ere I hear the details of my dear, dear brother's death. . . . Not a single detail do I know beyond the bare fact that he was drowned at Rhyl on August 24th. . . . I feel nearly certain that he was bathing, and taken by a current or tide he could not stem. . . . Dear Charlie was a very poor swimmer

indeed; I, though nothing beyond the average, could beat him either at pace, endurance, or distance quite easily. . . . I love to think chiefly of our Charterhouse days together, where he so nobly fought my battles for me, and smoothed the roughness of early days at a public school. . . . I went to Charterhouse first about the middle of January, 1865. He and I both started in a cab just after late dinner. I was in a flood of tears which I could not control, and so Charlie, to try and make me laugh through them, gave the order to the cabman, "Drive to Charterhouse, the school; and I say, don't take us to St. Thomas's Ragged Schools." I was more or less tearful all through the drive, but he did all he could by pleasant chat to divert my attention, and succeeded. When we arrived he found out where I was to sleep, and calling one of the biggest boys in that bedroom, put me under his charge. Even that night I was bullied and sneered at for saying my prayers, and I soon saw that my protector (?) was a brutal character; however, I determined not to tell Charlie or act sneak in any way. But the third night my protector stuffed a pair of socks into my mouth when I was saying my prayers, so I told him then and there that I should tell my brother. I told Charlie next morning, and I never saw him so angry in his life; he gave that boy the severest thrashing I ever saw at Charterhouse. But it is a witness to the respect in which Charlie was held, that that boy at a later period actually thanked him for thrashing him, and said he richly deserved it. Charlie's advice to me was always excellent, and he judiciously took care that I should not learn to depend too much on his protection, though he always gave it when it was really needed. . . . The other boys used to say, "Well, if old Maples says a thing his brother is sure to stick up for it too," and *vice versâ*. One day he had had an argument with . . .

our two monitors in Haig Brown's house, as to the pronunciation of the word *epitome*. He had taken up the idea of pronouncing it with three syllables only, and was not convinced by them a bit; so at last they said, "Well, ask your brother." He appealed to me, and of course I could not support his idea; there was a general laugh because the two Maples' had not endorsed each other's words. . . . Only the day before I received this sad intelligence I was making the boys laugh by telling them of the different ways in which my two brothers received their first lessons in shooting from you—Willie keeping one hand in his pocket, and Charlie getting close up to a rabbit and blowing it literally to pieces! . . .

December 6th.—You will see my letters to father and mother where I have dared to express my feeling of thankfulness for his sake [his brother] that the fret of the world is over for him. . . . Oh! what a kind elder brother he was to me, what a champion at school, what an affectionate, helpful friend at all times! . . .

MASASI, *January 13th*, 1879.

. . . We have added to our orchard lately a number of mulberry trees, different from English mulberries, very, but still a good fruit and an elegant bush (it is scarcely a tree). . . . As my time for leaving here approaches, I am filled with a thousand regrets as I think what I might have done as against the miserably little that actually has been done. . . .

MKUNAZINI, ZANZIBAR, *March 31st*, 1879.

By the above address you will see that I am once more in Zanzibar. Williams and I and our sixteen people arrived here safely on the 18th of this month, having been exactly one month on the way. . . . While at Lindi, the best man of those I was taking to Zanzibar sickened and

died. It was very sad losing him, though we have for him the Christian's best hope. We buried him one calm evening in a beautiful spot about a mile out of Lindi, I using, for the first time in the Swahili language, the words of our own beautiful burial service; and there we left him, perhaps the first Christian ever buried in those parts, by the side of the beautiful river which makes the harbour of Lindi. . . .

SS. "Burmah," off Ras Hafun,
Eighty Miles South of Cape Guardafui,
May 8th, 1879.

From the above address you will see I am fairly on my way home. . . . One of these Portuguese (passengers) is a Major Pinto [Serpa Pinto, the Portuguese explorer] who has just crossed Africa, starting twenty-nine months ago from Benguela on the West Coast and emerging at Durban. He is a very intelligent, pleasant fellow, and his journey has no doubt resulted in some important geographical results. . . . He left Benguela with six hundred men, only eight of whom reached the Coast with him; these eight are now on board, and will be sent back to their homes when we reach Lisbon. . . . I spend a little time each day copying out my Makua grammar and vocabulary, so as to have it ready for publication soon after I reach England. . . . Did I tell you that the Bishop has now completed the translation of the whole New Testament in Swahili—quite an epoch in the history of our Mission? . . .

SS. "Burmah," off Ras Hafun.

Here I am on my way home, at present enjoying a most delightful voyage, of which I am afraid eating and sleeping are the principal part. As you know, I am taking a rest, and hope to arrive in England somewhat

ruddier and brighter than I was in Zanzibar a week ago, when I had a narrow escape of dysentery. . . .

[He arrived in England on June 13th. In the winter he had a sharp attack of bronchitis, and when convalescent had to *rest* at Torquay for two months.]

TORQUAY, *February 24th*, 1880.

Ellen and I play a symphony of Haydn's right through every evening after tea, each evening a fresh one. I enjoy this immensely, and I think she likes it also. There are twenty-four symphonies in all, and then we have Beethoven's and his overture. . . .

February 26th.

In point of interest, nothing comes up to Kent's Cavern. . . .

[He went into the subject of the different stalagmite floors, and their several periods, &c., with all his usual eagerness and thoroughness.]

February 17th.

The sun is shining very brightly on my twenty-eighth birthday, and reminds me of the anniversary of this day last year. . . . The greater part of it was spent in making that sketch of the church which I brought home with me. I contrast this convalescing business after bronchitis with the convalescing (?) after fever and other African maladies. My colleagues in Africa would laugh if they saw me now seriously convalescing! . . .

March 30th.

I preached to-day at the 5 o'clock evensong; offertory amounted to £32 odd and one pair of gold earrings. . . .

TORQUAY, *March*, 1880.

Ellen and I have been down here nearly five weeks. I was laid up in bed a fortnight in February with bronchitis, and came down here to recruit. . . . My first book is just coming out, though I fear it is hardly likely

to be a publication that will interest you, being "A Grammar of the Makua Language." I have also just published the Gospel of St. Matthew in the Yao language, and am very busy revising proofs of the entire Prayer Book in Swahili. [This translation was principally Bishop Steere's.] Also I have written a long paper about Masasi and Rovuma for the Geographical Society, so you will see I have not been altogether idle since I have been home. By-the-bye, if you want to hear your old friend hold forth in a pulpit, I may add that on Whit Sunday I shall be preaching at Mr. Wilkinson's two churches, St. John's in the morning, and St. Peter's, Eaton Square, in the evening. . . .

[At the end of June, 1880, Chauncy Maples sailed again for Africa.]

SS. "GERMAN," OFF SIDMOUTH, *July* 1*st*, 1880.

. . . I feel in high spirits, and keen for another African campaign. . . . Just now we saw Portland Race curling and eddying under the land four miles off, and I thought of the time when Henry Wauton and I were battling there against the waves in the old *Tartar*. . . .

SS. "GERMAN," *July* 15*th*.

Wilson [Herbert Wilson died in September, 1882] and I spend a good deal of time on the forecastle with the men, whom we have taught to ring the hand-bells very well. They can now manage the changes and tunes very well, and are to take part in the concert. . . . [He gave a reading from "David Copperfield" at this concert.]

SS. "GERMAN," *July* 20*th*.

We are within seven hundred miles of Cape Town. . . . Our party for the Mission is likely to be swelled, for there is a young man on board who is very anxious for me to take him on to Zanzibar, although he came out with the intention of setting up as a schoolmaster at the

Cape. His name is Bradley; he has had a fair education; . . . his age is nineteen; and he has no home ties. He has with him a good testimonial as to character and ability, and so I expect I shall finally decide to take him on with us in the *Nyanza*. We had just four hours in Madeira. . . . We wandered about the streets of Funchal, visited Mr. Addison, the English chaplain, and went to the cemetery. . . .

July 21*st*.—Our concert came off very well last night. . . . The most distinctive feature of it was certainly Mons. Dedicke's account of his shipwreck on board the *American*. He was exceedingly humorous, and had written it all in first-rate English. . . . I was so glad to see the Southern Cross again, as it reminded me of old days (or rather moonlit nights) at Masasi, where that constellation was always conspicuous. I cannot help regretting at times that I know nothing of mathematics. They would have been helpful to me in acquiring a knowledge of taking observations, lunars, &c., which latter at least are beyond my capacity; nor have I the time to work up the necessary details. Well, there are other things, and more important ones, to be done while life lasts. I find myself for ever contrasting the heat and discomfort of the other route [to Zanzibar *viâ* the Red Sea] with the coolness and comfort of this one; though on the score of monotony this has the disadvantage. . . . A few days ago we passed some beautiful little nautili sailing along over the waves, and we are hoping to see the far-famed albatross in these southern latitudes. . . .

S.S. "Nyanza," 600 miles south of Durban,
July 30*th*.

Still on our long, long voyage, though just a month has passed since we sailed from Plymouth. . . . I must

now give you an account of our doings and "seeings" at the Cape ere they get mixed up in my mind beyond all clear recalling. Well, we cast anchor in Table Bay on Thursday, 22nd. . . . The next morning a letter was handed in to me while I was dressing . . . from Jack Masterman, saying he would shortly be on board to take me with him to breakfast at Government House. In due time he arrived as I was walking up and down deck with Clarke, whom I had espied on board the *African*, which was in the docks, and which had just brought him down from Zanzibar. You may imagine how I plied Clarke with questions about Masasi, and how absorbed we became in each other's news. Alas! the saddest news almost that I could possibly have heard about my people there he had to give me; and I am unable even now to shake off the grief with which his communications filled me as regards the nearest and dearest of my African friends. I try to console myself with a thankful feeling that I shall soon be back there again, and God will give me strength to face this great trouble and to bear the blow that this falling away has been to me. . . . We were soon on our way to the Freres, who were most hospitable and kind. Sir Bartle especially seemed to take a most lively interest in hearing all about the Mission, while Lady Frere bade me and my party to Government House that same evening. Breakfast was a lengthy affair owing to the particular liveliness and briskness of the conversation, which never flagged, nor even allowed me to make trial of some excellent Cape gooseberry jam which temptingly stood in a dish before me. After breakfast Jack and I took our leave and went off to the Museum and Gray Library for the purpose of talking philology with the famous Miss Lloyd, as well as to see her collection of Bushmen drawings, and photographs of the colony and its peoples. . . . We sallied forth in the

afternoon to take the train for Wynberg, which lies on the other side of Table Mountain amidst some very beautiful scenery, richly wooded and with gorgeous flowers on all sides. Meanwhile I had said good-bye to Clarke, who sailed that afternoon for England, only wishing that he could turn back then and there and return with me to Masasi. I remained with Jack at Wynberg till the evening, and returned to Capetown in time to dine with His Excellency at Government House; the only other guest was our captain of the *German*. In the evening Madan, Porter, Wilson, and Chapman came in, as well as an old schoolfellow, Lane Fox, specially asked to meet me. The Freres' only son had been at school with me at Dr. Huntingford's, and I very well remembered the fact although I did not see him, for, unfortunately, he was away from the Cape at the time of our visit. Two or three of the Cape clergy also dropped in in the evening, one of them, Canon Lightfoot, bidding me to preach in the Cathedral on the following Sunday. We left the Freres at a very late hour, Wilson having sung such a succession of songs. . . . From Simon's Bay we quickly took a boat and went off to the *Boadicea*, where Jack entertained us for a couple of hours. . . . On Sunday we went to the early celebration at the Cathedral, and afterwards to the morning service there, where we were introduced to the Bishop, and invited by him to take part in the service, so Wilson sang the Litany, and I read the First Lesson. . . . We went to lunch with Mr. Bindley. . . . In the afternoon I excogitated a sermon, which I preached afterwards at the Cathedral, to a congregation of not less than one thousand, at the crowded evening service. . . . The next day we went by train to Claremont and were met at the station by the Bishop, who showed us Bishop Gray's grave, Claremont church and village, and then took us off with him to his palace

at Bishop's Court. Fortunately, the Bishop of Grahamstown had arrived that morning, so we had the great pleasure of meeting him. Bishop Jones was very charming, and gave us a sumptuous luncheon and a taste of the Cape wines, Constantia, &c. He himself has a vineyard, he told us, which is more or less profitable. . . . We sailed away again from Capetown on Tuesday . . . and arrived in Port Elizabeth yesterday; there we remained about six hours, during which we went ashore and distinguished ourselves by being cropped very close as to our head-pieces, thus affording an innocent amusement to our fellow-voyagers, and greatly comforting ourselves now that the weather begins to get hot again. . . . Capetown itself was a great disappointment; its churches, public buildings, all alike mean and poor in the extreme; one wonders if the Australian cities can show up anything better.

ZANZIBAR, *August 20th*, 1880.

. . . We found every single member of the Mission in excellent health, and all delighted to welcome so large a number of recruits. I was much struck by the really grand appearance of the interior of the Cathedral now that it approaches completion. . . . I find myself in a rare fidget to be off to Masasi again, though that cannot be for a full month as yet. . . . It was a happy day, the day after our arrival, when my own Masasi boys came in from Kiungani—Eustace, Charlie, and Edwin—to pay their salaams. You would have been amused—not knowing Eastern manners—had you witnessed our meeting when they rushed up the stairs, and catching hold of my right hand in both of theirs gave it the kiss of salutation. But all the boys who came down from Masasi with me have won golden opinions from those who have had to do with them here. Of course they are eager to get back to what we all consider our home, and feel like me

that here in Zanzibar we are but strangers and sojourners. . . . Send plenty of letters, and I will write as often as of yore, if I keep my health. . . . We had a pleasant week at Natal, and saw a number of the principal people at Durban. . . .

MKUNAZINI, ZANZIBAR, *September* 13*th*, 1880.

I feel now more than ever the desire to stay out here as long as ever I can, and I trust that nothing but *absolutely required* change will take me back to England for another six years. I have seen you all once again, but I think I can never feel the same obligation to return home that I did on the first occasion. If we are to do the work out here well, it must be by living entirely with the people. . . . I am going back to all sorts of troubles at Masasi. . . .

MASASI, *October* 1*st*, 1880.

We arrived here in perfect health and safety on the afternoon of Michaelmas Day, finding all our people well and holding high festival; there had been nine fresh baptisms in the morning. We were quite unexpected when we arrived, and so our friends were all the more delighted to see us. We have done the journey in the shortest time it has ever yet been done in, namely, ten days and one hour from Zanzibar; we were but one day at Lindi, and we rested one whole day at Abdallah Pesa's. . . . Our journey was full of incident, and anxiety on the score of water, which, however, did not after all fail us where we had expected it to do. Our porters were obstreperous, and two of them ran away. . . . Masasi is much bigger than when I left it a year and eight months ago; the church is the only part that looks just the same. A large stone house, which promises to be more durable than our former "bird-cages" [it was said in jest that the members of the Mission at Masasi, and later on at Likoma, lived in bird-cages. Ed.], is in

course of erection at present. Our flock of sheep numbers sixty, our head of cattle six, and goats five. I have only been here two days, and can make no report as to the spiritual progress made in the past eighteen months; I can only now tell you of the outside appearance of things. . . . I have not had a single day's illness since I have been in Africa this time, so I am inclined to hope that I may have less fever than the last time I was in the country. We have plenty of fresh milk now from one of our cows; we have also flour for bread, and meat killed once a week; so that really we have next to no wants. . . .

MASASI, *October 27th*, 1880.

My hands are very full, for I have a great number of classes, besides the school, the services, the doctoring, and the care—spiritual and moral—of the whole village. John Swedi, the native deacon, is invaluable. . . . To-morrow I hope to celebrate in church the first marriage at Masasi.

[The first Christian marriage. Maples says, "The reverence of the onlookers in this respect was a great contrast to the bulk of weddings that one sees in England."]

The couple is an excellent one; the bride, one of the prettiest as well as one of the best women we have, and the husband one Patrick Mabruki. . . . I am just beginning a translation of St. Matthew in the very difficult Makua language. I find it no light task; the Yao was a trifle to it. . . .

MASASI, *October 30th*, 1880.

Yesterday we heard from Newala, where Messrs. Janson and Goldfinch seem to be having some anxiety over their house-building, which the Newala people are making difficulties about. They find the sheep and goats a great trouble, and Janson tells me he finds

amateur shepherding does not come off! . . . they . . . are charmed with the place. . . . I have been dosing little babies with castor oil lately, and have been reading up in the medical books we have here the treatment of infantile ailments. . . . You seem to have had a happy time in the country this year. I sometimes used to wish we could have had some more lawn tennis together. Tell me all the home news and gossip, and your own thoughts, and hopes, and fears, and everything, and be sure that I try to keep up with everything that goes on at home, though I know well that it will be a long time before any of you see me again, if ever.

MASASI, *November 4th*, 1880.

. . . The peacock and the harmonium draw a number of people every day to see and hear the two performances. Theodore [one of the native boys] is sitting on the other side of this table writing, and desires his thanks for the gay handkerchief, of which he is very proud. . . . My only companion for work at Masasi now is Bradley—the young man we picked up on the *German*. I like him very much, though I expect *he* finds me very trying at times, indeed I am often conscious of being so. . . .

MASASI, *November 14th*, 1880.

A large caravan passed near us the other day *en route* for Lindi from the Lake, and I am sorry to say there were a great many slaves on their way to be sold. . . . We of course can do little more than simply report the matter to Dr. Kirk. . . . I have been reading lately with much interest Dr. Pusey's new book about everlasting punishment. . . . People who find a difficulty in the dogma are generally those who unconsciously assume a great deal of knowledge as to who actually are lost and who saved. They seem to measure God's

forgiveness, and then complain that everlasting punishment is a horrible dogma; whereas, as a fact, Christ has never told us who will be saved and who will not: and when He was asked, "Are there few that be saved?" He refused to answer the question, so that really we know absolutely nothing as to the proportion of the lost to the saved. We must not limit by mere suppositions of our own, God's saving grace, or attempt to fix the point at which it is withdrawn from any one soul which we may have been tempted to regard as irrecoverable. God's ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts. So, too, we here living amongst the heathen are not inclined to take the view of "perishing souls" that some missionary societies and reports are fond of dwelling on. These heathen people will undoubtedly be judged, for judgment is for all, but as certainly will they be judged by a different rule from that by which we enlightened Christians will have to take our judgment. And here again we are left in utter ignorance as to *how* they will be judged, for we know not the ways of the Spirit with them, nor aught of the measure of His grace that they have received in their heathen state; indeed much that they do, which to our eyes appears gross sin, may not be sin at all in God's eyes, who searches and knows (as we cannot do) their hearts. Dr. Pusey's book teaches one most useful lesson, which is this—we must be careful in this matter of "everlasting punishment" to distinguish . . . Church teaching on the subject from vulgar error or superstition or "popular" belief bred of Calvinism, or any other "ism" which is other than true Church Catholicism. Certain Old Testament texts have been pressed into the service for twisting and distorting into error a most wholesome and true doctrine; but even if we are fond of "as the tree falls so must it lie," we *must* remember that we do

not know *how* it falls. Do you remember our talk about the Book of Ecclesiastes? I hold to my opinion about it. We must always bear in mind that its author, whether Solomon (which I doubt), or any one else, lived in Old Testament times, and knew little of the "better hope," or of the "grace and truth"—the "life and immortality" which came into the world by Jesus Christ. I know that "what was written aforetime was written for our learning," and no doubt this Ecclesiastes also, but let us confess it is a full doleful wail. . . . The extreme beauty of its language is always captivating, and it has of course very many lessons for us, but between it and one of the Pauline epistles say, there is a great gulf fixed. . . .

MASASI, *November 29th*, 1880.

Amongst other things I have been preparing translations of the carols you and I heard last year in St. Mary Magdalen's, for use on Christmas Eve. We have good news from Newala; they are snugly housed in there, and find Matola very friendly and helpful. . . .

MASASI, *December 15th*, 1880.

. . . To-morrow I am going to send sixty miles off to buy a cow which has come down to be sold all the way from the Masai country, north of Magila! I shall offer as much as 4*l.* if it is a good one. . . . I was glad to hear of my father shooting; did he hear of my shooting into the middle of my caravan? It was a mercy I did not pick off anybody with the mischievous bullet, which should have pierced the side of a gnu, but instead, clave thin air!! . . .

MASASI, *January 8th*, 1881.

. . . I have had a tiring week, and am just back from Newala, whither I started hence on Monday, since which day I have walked one hundred miles, visited the

station, spent Epiphany there, and tramped on through the lonely forest, drinking bad water, getting violent diarrhœa in consequence, enduring great fatigues, and now, by the mercy of God, well again. . . . In the first place, I want to make it plain to you, that with my so much increased work, and having verily now "the care of all the churches" [there were now two branch stations at Newala and Abdallah Pesa's. Ed.] in these parts, my letters cannot be either so many or so long as heretofore. Will my good brothers and sisters, aunts, cousins, and others "kindly accept this intimation"? Will they try and not feel hurt if they don't hear from me individually half so often as they write to me? Will they, in a measure, accept the long letter I always hope to write to you as in part, at least, an answer to them? . . . I was deeply interested in all that you told me about your visit to Oxford; my thoughts very often turn thitherwards, especially when I am taking long journeys, and tramp on for hours and hours together. Somehow though, the recollection of the old Tottenham childish days, when Charlie, Ellen, and I played together, and when the world seemed such a paradise, are the most vivid, and what I love best to dwell on. The very strange silence of these African forests, the blue sky, and the white clouds coursing overhead, are powerful reminders at such times of the days when to extreme youth innocence was added, and one knew nothing, or next to nothing, of the sin and evil which mars all that is beautiful in the world around us. Oftentimes the scent of some flower, as we pass along the winding paths, brings back the Tottenham garden, or the evening walks with Frisby by the banks of the Lea, or the green stretches of meadow land, watered by the same river, with their spring carpet of cowslips, we used to delight in so intensely. Certainly in our long journeys here the vast expanse of country

sometimes spread out before us, as we gain some height, whence we can look down on it, is very awe-inspiring; and the breeze reaching our EARS as it blows towards us over the long miles of forest, brings back so forcibly, yet with a pleasing melancholy, "the days when we were young." . . .

MASASI, *January 13th*, 1881.

The native chief of these parts came to me two days ago on purpose to ask me to pray for rain—pretty good for a thoroughgoing heathen as he is. . . . Your brother's present to our church, the corona, looks so very well. I am sure many natives look at it with envious eyes, wishing that all the brass that is in it could be melted down into bangles for their wives' necks and arms. . . . We went in for carol singing . . . this Christmas, and in full procession and with surpliced choir sallied forth at midnight on Christmas Eve, singing them through our own village and beyond, amongst our Makua friends on the opposite hills. . . . By-the-bye, the Cathedral at Zanzibar is really a perfect gem in its way. I had no idea it would in its completed state have looked so handsome as it does. . . .

MASASI, *February 9th*, 1881.

[*Note.*—In this letter Maples mentions the probability of his return home in a few months, and even the possibility of his not being able to return to Central Africa owing to the disordered state of his spleen. He speaks of the possibility of his going to New Zealand or Melanesia. "I am still under thirty years old," he says, "as you know, and it seems as if life was only just beginning, and that I have many years before me," or "possibly" he says, "God has just given me these four years of African work to fit me for some He has for me to do in England." Also he speaks of Janson's

serious illness; and Bradley, too, was ill. It must be remembered that in those days there was no doctor at the Mission Station.]

He goes on: "Add to this a very sore trial that oppressed us all mentally, in the defection of one of our people, and other village troubles. I found in my own case nothing checked the diarrhœa until we improved our diet, and got meat six days a week instead of three. You at home can hardly realize what a boon in our late ill-health a jar of good brandy and a little special tea have been to us, to say nothing of a tin of potted meat, which whetted our appetites when we turned from everything else with a feeling of nausea. These things are *not* luxuries out here; they just make the difference between *not* being able, and being able to eat at all. . . . We still get a little milk every day from one of our cows, and our sheep seem to improve with the fresh grass which is now not lacking. . . . Mr. Porter, whose house at Mkwera (ten miles off) is built and ready, is staying here to help us in our present crippled condition, so the work goes on somehow. . . . We here, with our "boxes from England" to unpack, are like schoolboys with their hampers. . . .

Masasi, *February* 12*th*, 1881.

. . . Mr. Trench (the Archbishop's son) is sending us out a fine magic lantern, with Scripture slides, which we shall very gladly welcome, and presents are promised us on all sides. . . . I had to hold a trial three weeks ago to decide the truth or falsehood of a *very* serious accusation brought against one of our men. We had no jury, but I sat as judge and examiner, with Porter and Janson as my assessors. I was cross-examining witnesses hard for three and a half hours, and at the end of it we were relieved in coming to the unanimous conclusion that the

accusation broke down entirely; we were a very little time in coming to the conclusion and giving judgment accordingly. . . . Of course the whole trial was carried on in Swahili, and the satisfactory thing about it was, that whereas previous to the trial we felt low and desponding, thinking that there was practically no evidence likely to be forthcoming to show the innocence of the accused, the result proved exactly opposite. The unfortunate thing, however, is that, although we proclaimed loudly his innocence, these simple people who know nothing of trials, evidence, and the like, all firmly believe in his guilt, so that we thought it best that he should return to Zanzibar.*. . .

MASASI, *March 7th*, 1881.

. . . Snakes abound, but no one has been bitten. I shoot them when they are very lively and rapid in motion; the more sluggish kinds a long bamboo will effectually finish off. We were practising the "Te Deum" in church the other night when my choir suddenly started aside, for a big snake had suddenly made his appearance curling and twisting on the ground at their feet. . . . When thus you were probably going to bed (10.15 p.m.), I was called away to the bedside of one of our catechumens who had died suddenly. I had seen him in the afternoon, when, as he seemed to be suffering from pleurisy, I doctored him accordingly, and did not think his life in any danger; had I thought he was likely to die I should certainly have baptized him, as he was the steadiest and best of the class under instruction and probation for baptism. When I went to the house in the evening I found his poor wife and some thirty of his friends weeping and wailing; they were quiet at once, though, when I prayed with and talked to them; and

* For more of this affair see page 176.

then some twelve of our best Christians followed me to the churchyard, where we at once began digging the grave. We dug it ten feet deep, under a bright moon, completing our work about midnight. I treated him in death as a baptized Christian, and buried him next to one of our very best Christians who had departed a year ago, and whose widow and two little children are still amongst us. While we were digging the grave other friends of the deceased were quietly and reverently preparing him for burial, and in four hours after his death all was ready for the funeral, which took place at 5.30 the next morning. Nothing, I think, could have been nicer than the behaviour of all who attended him to the grave and who stood near while I said the bright words of faith and hope of our own burial service in its Swahili dress. After a great deal of thought I determined to read over him as a Christian in will (though not actually baptized by reason of his sudden death) the whole of the burial service save one clause only. Though we have no distinct authority on the subject, I believe catechumens were thus buried in early times, and in all things we must follow primitive custom, or show reason (and very good reason, too) that our changed circumstances suffice to change the custom. According to the habit of these Nyasa people, the poor wife sat up through the whole of the night by the side of her husband's body, singing a strange wild song in a plaintive minor key, of which the chief burden was, "Ah, why did you leave me, my master Mjalali (his name)? I did not tire of you, I did not refuse at any time to cook your food and bring it to you. Ah, as you were just leaving me you called me to your side and said, calling me Mawezai, Mawezai, Mawezai, good-bye, I go away; now call for me and salaam thee my brother Mpotene and Ngatuma; and I told you, my master mine, they have

not come back from the fields, they have not yet returned." All this was thrown into a metrical shape and sung most touchingly. Death is always called a "going away" by these people, even in their natural heathen state, quite sufficient evidence in itself of a belief, however indefinite, that they hold no theory of annihilation, but rather are so far convinced of a future existence beyond the grave. . . .

I have just finished a course of lessons with my class of boys on the Acts of the Apostles; it has covered five months, and we had our examination on it the other day. The papers were very well done: Theodore came out first, with Eustace close at his heels. They were very good at the answer to "Give an account of the first black man's conversion to Christianity." Sometimes these boys ask very intelligent and thoughtful questions. Not long ago I was called out into the yard to give them a full account of how the separate books of the Bible (Old and New Testaments) "came together" into one book, and were so handed down by the Church. The second question I was asked was, "How did bishops get to fill the places occupied in the first instance by the Apostles?" or in other words, "What is the precise relationship of the Apostolate to the Episcopate?" Ask E. and K. whether they would be prepared to answer either of these questions satisfactorily straight off, if asked them at Sunday school.

Monday, 14*th*.

Yesterday Porter, Janson, and Bradley, all three down with fever, and I had an extra amount of work to do in consequence. Janson had to come out in the middle of the celebration, and took to his bed directly after breakfast. Porter, who had arranged to preach for me at matins, had to be led out just as he had begun his sermon, and I had to take it up and do all the rest of the

work . . . but it is quite ridiculous how constantly we are bowled over by illness here one after another, like so many ninepins.

Two days ago a man was killed by a snake; he died about eighteen hours after he was bitten. One of his children is one of our day scholars. A very large snake visited our sleeping room on Saturday morning, but escaped before we could slay him. He seems to have taken a fancy to this apartment of ours, for at night he again appeared, and took up his abode on one of the boys' beds—this before they or we had retired. On being disturbed he again disappeared, nor did we succeed in getting a bang at him. . . . The Indian corn is just now in season, and a boiled cob of it in the green state is quite a delicacy. . . .

March 17*th*, 1881.

I was mentioning in my letter to the mother that a man died of snake bite a few days ago. The snake that bit him was the terrible "mamba" of the Natal country, called here mwikoma; you may have read stories about it. There is one remarkable one, for instance, in the last volume of "Livingstone's Last Journals." The chief facts about the "mamba" are these: it deliberately pursues and attacks man, lying in wait for him; its bite is most deadly, and in a very few hours its victim is dead. It is about twelve feet long, and has a kind of crest like a cock's comb on its head; it also makes a noise resembling the crowing of a cock; it haunts rocks, and is also found in the forest. If one is ever met with near one of the paths, that path is at once deserted, and with no undue reason, for this snake is known to oppose whole caravans, killing, one after another, all who attempt to pass by the tree or other position where it may have for the time taken up its quarters. This "mamba" is by no means uncommon about here, and the hill near where Mr. Porter's house

stands is its favourite haunt. About six people (or in other words three in 1,000) have died here during the last year from snake bites. . . . The sudden changes of temperature at this time of the year are exceedingly trying to one's lungs. I often wake up in the night and cough incessantly for a full hour, which is very exhausting. . . . Mr. Porter is too ill to come over, and asks me to let him know how he can make a light pudding out of one or two impossible materials he mentions!

March 26th.

Yesterday a slave caravan encamped outside our village on its way to Lindi. I counted about fifty slaves, all in first-rate condition, but with the sticks on their necks. There were also some very fine tusks of ivory. . . .

MASASI, *Easter Tuesday*, 1881.

In the first place, let me tell you I am perfectly well. . . . All the other things will be most useful on journeys of which I trust I shall be taking more than heretofore, for we feel convinced that we must give much attention to evangelistic preaching and tours. I am exceedingly interested in Livingstone's "Life," of which I have read about half. The great point about it is that it brings out so clearly Livingstone's missionary consistency and steadfastness to the one purpose—the seeking God's glory throughout his life in whatever he did. . . . Well, Easter has come and gone. The great day broke with a glorious sky and a fresh breeze blowing. We began of course with a celebration of the Holy Communion, at which every single one of our communicants were present, and at ten we had our matins with a sermon (Swahili extempore) from Janson. We had processions down the village before the celebration and at matins, with our beautiful processional cross borne

in front. The hymns we sung at the processions and afterwards were three—"Jesus lives," "Jesus Christ is risen to-day," and a newer Easter hymn, the English of which I can't remember just now. . . . My friend Matola has sent me over a leopard's skin, considerably larger than the one I had already. . . . The captain of the *London* has kindly got me a berth for Theodore as interpreter on one of the ships; he will get very good pay, 1*s.* 6*d.* a day. . . . Our chief flower in our Easter decorations was the old-fashioned "love-lies-bleeding," which you will probably remember. Christmas and not Easter is the time for flowers in these parts. . . .

Masasi, *May 8th*, 1881.

One of our men tried to hang himself a few days ago. He succeeded in suspending himself in mid air by a rope from a tree, but while he was dangling he was seen, and cut down before he had sustained much injury; perhaps small weight and stature saved his neck the severe wrench one would have thought it *must* have had. To save the credit of the village I will add that he was *not* a Christian, although the occurrence was painful enough as it was. . . . A great deal of my time is taken up now-a-days with what are called "magambo"—*i.e.*, discussions and decisions upon questions that arise as to property, injury, &c., between two parties, of which one is in our own village and the other in the village of a neighbouring chief. To put it briefly, "magambo" amongst these primitive people is simply what the administration of justice is in England with all its paraphernalia of judges, counsel, jury, and the rest of it. They are *very* interesting and generally very satisfactory, for if the justice we obtain therefrom is sometimes rough it is always sure, and so anything like outlawry is a practical impossibility; or what I should rather say is,

an outlaw here is just what an outlaw would be in a civilized country, and subject to the same conditions. No life can be taken here with impunity, no theft committed, no serious wrong done—all such offences are brought up before the bar of these "magambo," and get their deserts according to the laws which prevail between tribe and tribe—unwritten, indeed, but well understood and closely adhered to. . . .

May 12*th*, 1881.

With more leisure I might have commented at length on the questions you raise anent "hell fire," "the worm that dieth not." The Church, you see, has never laid it down as *de fide* that material flames are intended; yet she has not denied it, and perhaps it would be presumptuous in any one of us to do what she has not done in this matter. Yet the words are full of force, and one does not like to take them in an altogether allegorical sense—as against doing so, one would remark, I think, that the wicked are to receive the due reward of things done in the body—is it not then likely at least and reasonable that "*in the body*" (*i.e.*, physically), as well as morally, the punishment should come? We are here, and we shall be there, creatures of *body and spirit*, not severed but joined—surely then receiving in the one and in the other part of our natures the reward or punishment of our lives here. But then as to "fire"—do we actually know what fire is, as it has already (on this subject) been pertinently asked? And, again, remember when we rise, we rise in spiritual bodies, about the nature and conditions of which, and the limitations of which, we cannot pretend to know anything at all at present. Certainly I have always thought that whereas *the* great anguish of hell will be the *realized* separation from God and the Beatific vision, yet pains of severe, material punishment reaching and torturing the body,

cannot be absent. Remember we are to "fear Him who is able to destroy both the *body* and *soul* in hell." Our Lord's words seem to me to be too strong to allow of our using language about or thinking of hell as a place of mental anguish alone. Alas! I should always fear that as men sow in the body and the soul the evil that ruins them, so in the body as well as in the soul (if unreached by the mercies of Christ through their impenitence) they must reap the terrible fruits. People are fond of arguing in this way—"Hell is the greatest possible anguish, but the anguish of the mind must be greater than that of the body, therefore the anguish of hell is mental anguish." I submit that there is a fault in this argument as to the assumption about mental anguish; human nature does not like to confess it, but are we quite sure that we are prepared at any moment to exchange the greatest mental agony or grief we know of for the most excruciating bodily torment? Now if this is not certain, where is the necessity for the wicked to suffer mental or spiritual punishment only and not physical punishment equally with it? . . .

I was very glad to see that a public memorial of Sir W. Erle will be erected, and I do hope that the sculptor of his bust will catch something of that gentle and kindly look, which, always shining in his face, was such a mirror of the real loftiness of his character. I very often think of him. . . . The superintending of the church building occupies all my time at present. One has to adjust and re-arrange so much of the masonry for our inexperienced masons. I am constantly walking up to the walls, and pulling away bits that have been rising crookedly. . . .

Masasi, *May 12th*, 1881.

. . . Our chief duty just now is the church building, which steadily progresses. To-night our ladies have all declared their inability to go on bringing our lime in

from the spot where we burn it, unless we give them what practically amounts to 8*d.* instead of 6*d.* for the two bucketsful which they valiantly carry poised on their heads, and which would break the neck of the most powerful English Hercules two or three times over in the course of the journey, which is six miles from place to place! Were we very weak? We gave in to the feminine remonstrances, and our Graces now declare their ability and readiness to carry for us *three* bucketsful upon a proportionate increase of wages. All is pleasant and smiles again!

MASASI, *June 2nd*, 1881.

. . . I do not think I have yet thanked you for the capital rug and waterproof bag you sent out; I have now determined to take *both* on the journey. [A journey he was on the eve of taking, to explore the country between Masasi and Mozambique for Missionary purposes. Ed.] The dews lately have been very heavy, and when we wake up in the morning there is generally a snowy-white mist enveloping our hills, and often—like a thick fog—rendering objects a few yards from us quite invisible. I have two leopard skins for you, but lack opportunity to send them; perhaps in course of time I shall be able to supplement with other skins or horns, but these things don't come much in our way. . . . We just manage to struggle on somehow, most of us; but we never have long spells of anything like perfect health, nor perhaps ought we to expect it. . . .

MASASI, *June 4th*, 1881.

[*Note.*—Mr. Janson had taken typhoid fever, and they were nursing him as best they could without either doctor or nurse. Maples mentions that out of one hundred and thirty days Janson had spent at Masasi, sixty-three had been "spent in sickness on his bed." This before he took typhoid.]

I think the longer we live amongst these people, the more we realize what the absence of grace really leads to—what people are who are not Christians. To put it simply, I should say that heathenism in itself is a simple working out in every possible detail of self-indulgence—everything has to give way to this. Complete egoism, absolute non-recognition of altruism in any shape or form, however low. It is, then, almost on a level with the beasts that perish, who push everything animate or inanimate aside that they may get their food. In some cases the whole course of self-seeking is very subtilely worked out, and it seems quite certain that Christianity, whose one fundamental principle was lived out and *died out* (you understand this expression) by its founder, presents in this, its guiding principle, the precise opposite of the main principle of heathenism. This being the case, one does not look to find this or that vice more fully developed than in Christianized countries; but one *does* find that whatever the vice may be that is most pleasing to the heathen, in *that* he *never* attempts self-restraint, but rather aims at taking his fill of it. But beyond this, I don't think that these heathen ever try from any feeling of shame to throw even a thin disguise over their main object in life, which is to get whatever they can for themselves, and when got to take care to share it with no one else. It is very interesting to us to see Christianity coming in and making its own great differences in all this, and really raising the people to a different and higher level. And yet, again, in this first generation of Christians what a quantity of the old leaven sticks and sticks, and almost refuses altogether to cede its place to the new. I don't think any one in England could really know, from his experience there, the thoroughness of selfishness when worked out as it is here, without any restraint

from conscience or from lower motives, such as the world's opinion and the like. If you are selfish here—thoroughly so—the heathen world commends you rather as a man of wit and sense. . . . Last night I had fever, and having been reading the siege of Phalsburg (*Le Blocus*), I imagined in a kind of waking fever that I had to go to give Janson chicken broth, through a number of half-starved Phalsburgians, whom somehow or other I must feed. Porter has fever to-day. The strain on us both has been very great—perhaps more on him, for he has had more of the sitting up at nights. . . .

Saturday night.—. . . Janson is much better. I leave on Monday early. There is nothing more to add save my very best love to all and adieux. If I arrive at Mozambique I will send you a letter thence. . . .

[The diary kept on this journey has not yet been published.]

MASASI, *August 25th*, 1881.

Here I am once more, by the grace of God, safe and sound at Masasi; arrived this morning after a walk of just nine hundred miles. . . . I shall send down my regular despatch *with my journal*, written expressly to interest you [his mother. Ed.] and kept day by day throughout the two and a half months of our travelling. We got to Meto, emerged at the coast at Luli, proceeded up the coast to Chisanga, and walked thence hither in a fortnight. It is useless for me to enter into details; the journal will tell you of all our adventures and experiences *terrâ marique*. . . . I only had fever once all the two and a half months occupied by our tour. . . . I shall be sending a paper to the Royal Geographical Society with my maps. . . . I feel so glad and happy to be back.

MASASI, *September 13th*, 1881.

. . . . I have lately been looking into the Revised Version, and I must say that what I have seen of it I

really like very much. I do think that the revisers have one and all done their best to preserve the rhythm and general style of the Authorized Version, as far as they possibly could, intact. I do not detect any needless alterations, and I feel pretty sure that much that has hitherto remained obscure to those who could not read our Bible in the original, or spend time in studying commentaries, will now be made clear. Sometimes a seemingly trifling change has revealed a whole amount of meaning obscured in the unrevised translation. Take, as an instance, something that occurred in last night's lesson. I mean St. Mark xi. 24. What a wealth of new meaning is now laid bare for those who had not known what were the tenses used; how misleading perhaps the old translation, and how clear the new. Or take again a few lessons ago—did you understand clearly the meaning of St. Mark vii. 11? As it now stands, the shifting of one clause has been sufficient almost by itself to remove all obscurity. I, too, feel very glad at the "evil one" being substituted for "evil" in the Lord's Prayer. How useful in these days for people to know that that is probably the best translation, and *that* our Lord's meaning—in these days when false teachers go about to persuade people that evil has no one Personal centre working with a real WILL to spread sin abroad in man's heart. The revisers' careful preface, explaining, as it does, their principles of revision and the rules which guided all their alterations, is well worth a careful perusal. I have not yet found time to give the book anything like a real study, but in the Gospel of St. Mark and 1 Corinthians I thoroughly like all the changes I have noticed. One is so glad that dear old words which have from old and early association so precious a sound, are not removed in favour of colder sounding though commoner ones—I mean such words as "wist," "wot,"

"straightway," and a thousand others, nearly all of which have been reverently retained. Take the wonderful cadences and musical rhythm of 1 Corinthians xiii. In spite of the important, and I do think the necessary, change of "love" for "charity," there is nothing else in the alteration that (to my ear) breaks the rhythm or disturbs it in the least: this one chapter is enough to show, I think, that what the revisers say was probably most true—"the longer we have been engaged upon it the more we have learned to admire its simplicity, its dignity, its power, its happy turns of expression, its general accuracy, and we must not fail to add, the music of its cadences, and the felicities of its rhythm." I should like to know now what *you* think of the revision—"new Bible" as I expect poor people will begin to call it. . . . I have lately, too, been skimming the Duke of Argyll's famous "Reign of Law.' The part that particularly interests me is his explanation of the laws that govern the flight of birds, and the wonderful adjustments of the wings and feathers to the laws of gravitation, atmospheric pressure, &c., which enable birds to propel themselves through the air, and, more wonderful still, to travel through it in the direction they want to go. Ever since reading this I have been watching the crows and hawks about here with a fresh interest . . . as they soar and dive and gyrate high up above us under our blue sky. With much the same object in view as the Duke of Argyll—viz., to show the master mind working at the back of all the wonderful adjustments to laws that go on in animal and plant life—does an interesting article in the current "Church Quarterly" set forth some facts in plant life. . . . Scientists, in spite of themselves (and some of them, as we know, would not, alas! be at all anxious to trace to one all-ruling Will, the wonderful facts they are constantly bringing to light), are really forced to use

words, when describing various processes in nature, which do most emphatically imply personal agency and a designing will—they really cannot help it, so abundantly now-a-days do all the revelations of science confirm the theological dogma of the unity of all things from and in God. . . . We have no bread or milk just now, so our daily fare is—eggs, fowls, yams, and tamarind jam, with rice, of course, *ad lib.* Beef and mutton for six days consecutively would, I believe, drive my ulcers away altogether.

September 19th.

You will remember to-day's anniversary and the church at Cuddesden six years ago. I believe the day altogether is scarcely less vividly impressed on your memory than on mine. Well, six years have passed, and here I am still in the same sphere of work that on that day I knew I was shortly to be given, and, as you know, still feeling that mine is a very happy lot. Is it though, I sometimes ask myself, too happy? And visions of lean curates in smoky towns or the "black country" rise up before me as I gaze at the clear azure here, or cast my eyes over the glorious stretches of forest and the far-off granitic hills, which are ever before our eyes to enchant us. Well, these visions don't exactly disturb me, for I never doubt that I was truly called here, and am ever mindful that I may at any time be called elsewhere. Meanwhile though, as I say, my missionary calling *is* a happy lot; in spite of sickness, isolation, and other minor distresses, it is a privilege to be out here. . . . Cashew apples are just coming in. We use them largely, stewed as jam. I read an interesting thing about them the other day, *à propos* of the relation of insects and birds and animals in connection with the fertilization and dissemination of plants, and flowers. They say the cashew apple is really a juicy

stalk; at the *end* of the stalk, or apple, grows the nut, which is really the seed. Monkeys are attracted to the juicy fruit, pick it, and carry it away to eat. When they have eaten they would naturally eat the *nut* too, and so it would not find its way into the ground and produce another cashew tree, but its juice is very acrid, producing blisters. This the monkeys know, so they throw away the nut, and so it enters into the ground, and in due time shoots forth. Thus the cashew apple tree gets propagated. Pombé drinking is our great enemy just now. It is, I am sorry to say, spreading very much in the village, and naturally leads to quarrels and the like. We are meditating some strict rules and prohibitions. . . .

MASASI, *September 7th.*

We are trying now to do more work in the way of out-preaching than heretofore, but I think the neighbouring chiefs look upon us as "bores," with whose "fads" they must nevertheless try and put up for the sake of the cloth and presents they get from us! The Makuas and Yaos around us are very far from "stretching out their hands unto God"—in fact, what they *desire* is, to remain in the same ignorance of Him as they were in before we came here. Our preaching never produces as a result anything more than idle laughs; one cannot say that the slightest interest is ever stirred up. This would, perhaps, be disheartening if our duty were not quite clear in these circumstances, which, however, it happily is. No, we must trust mainly to the work that goes on in our own village, and the influence extending from within, to those without. . . .

October 1st, 1881.

. . . As to your expressing great surprise that I should have allowed a heathen to marry a Christian—first of

all you must try and throw yourself into our position—a few, very few Christian men with fewer Christian women—yet marriage must go on. You cannot say to a man—"Now you are a Christian, but there are no Christian women here now, nor are there likely to be any here for some years to come, therefore you cannot marry." To do this would be, *as we know*, to put a snare in the man's way, and to expose him to the very strongest temptation to sin, and this, too, when there is no law of the Church that Christians and heathen should not intermarry. You must remember that the standard of morals is shockingly low, that adultery and fornication are of common occurrence, and hence, that we are forced to consider marriage very much more often in one of its lights than in any other—the light, I mean, that marriage is God's remedy for sins of the flesh. You will remember that this way of regarding it is especially mentioned in our own marriage service framed for the needs of a Christian country. Now what I did in the case I mentioned was this. A lad past his teens wished to settle here, an old Kiungani [Boys' school at Zanzibar] boy whom I knew well. I said, "I allow no men to settle in our village as bachelors. Are you willing to marry?" "Yes, I want particularly to marry." "Have you a sweetheart amongst the girls at Mbweni?" [Girls' School in Zanzibar.] "No." "Are you particularly anxious to take a wife from their number?" "No; and what is more, they are all engaged; I might have to wait years till I could get one." "Well then, Sellim, if you don't wish to go to Zanzibar, and if you wish to marry and to live here, there is a very nice woman whom I think very highly of, and who, I think, would make you a very nice wife. She is not a Christian, but she has had some instruction, is one of our own people, and will shortly join the catechumens' class."

The end of it was, Sellim proposed to this woman, was accepted by her, and was married in the way I described. They are exceedingly happy together, and she was, and is, one of the best and steadiest of all our "ladies." Now, who says it was wrong thus to have married these two people—not the Bible, not the Church, not the law of God—who then? By-the-bye, Sellim's wife is the widow of the catechumen who was buried on my birthday, and of whom I wrote to you before. It is certainly my view that if, out here, a Christian man desiring to marry sees two women, one of whom, though a Christian, is idle, vicious, and bad, and the other, though a heathen, is thrifty, loving, and industrious, he ought to be encouraged to marry the latter instead of the former. The Christian girls from Mbweni make notoriously bad wives,* and I am very glad Sellim did not take one of them. Men out here, if they have the choice of their wives, never by any chance choose them for good looks. In this respect they are more sensible than some English people whom one has known. . . .

[*Note.*—A long dissertation on marriage here followed.]

. . . Now do you begin to see why it is I can contemplate with pleasure and satisfaction a married couple living together in mutual love and affection, of whom one is nevertheless a heathen? It will be indeed an additional pleasure when, as I hope it soon will be, I can see the two take their places *together* amongst the Christians in our church here. [In the church the Christians, catechumens, and hearers sat in three different divisions. Ed.]

* This, remember, was sixteen years ago, in the early days of the Mission. Also the girls at Mbweni were mostly released slaves—bad material to work on.

Masasi, *October* 1*st*, 1881.

. . . You will have heard something of my own tour. I was able to map out roughly a good deal of new country, south of Rovuma, as well as to determine the exact whereabouts of the Maviti, and an important district called Meto, which lies rather more than halfway between here and Mozambique. My ablest colleague here, viz., C. A. Janson, is just about to leave for Makanjila's . . . a large town on the South East shore of the Lake (Nyasa). . . . I shall miss him greatly: his wise advice and prudence have helped this place much during the past year, and his knowledge of principles of law has contributed to the better government of the village. He was, as you may know, a barrister for some five years before taking orders, and is not a little fond of the law, for which he was allowed to have some capacity. . . . All my friends seem to have married, or to be about to do so; *all*, I think, except those who are missionaries like myself, and who, like myself, probably feel that a wife out here would be more of a grief than a pleasure. . . .

Masasi, *October* 29*th*, 1881.

Our new church is all but ready. . . . Although we talk rather grandly of it as the "stone church," you must remember that after all only the outside walls and the chancel are of stone; the old plan of wooden poles supporting an immense roof of bamboo and thatch is preserved in the new building. The elevation of the chancel is considerably higher than that of the old one, and this departure from the old model is decidedly a good one. . . . As to darkness—well, we certainly have secured the "dim religious light" with a vengeance, although it is not due to the darkening of the light admitted by "storied windows richly dight." I fear we shall be sometimes reduced to candles even at midday

when our rainy season darkens the outside atmosphere with its clouds overcast. . . . By-the-bye, all the letters this time, *save yours* [his mother's. Ed.], seem to have been affected by the damp weather outside, which you all mentioned as occurring on the day you write. Tell Ellen and Kate especially to choose a bright sunny day the next time they write, since gloom without causes gloom within, and gets reflected by pen and ink on the sheets that get sent out to me here.

MASASI, *November 5th*, 1881.

[*Note.*—Mr. Johnson had returned unexpectedly, having been turned out of Mwembe by the chief.]

. . . It is such a real treat to see Johnson again, and hold converse together as in old days. For months together at Mwembe he was sorely pressed by famine, with only one meal a day, and for many weeks that meal consisted only of leaves and herbs and grasses—not even pumpkins. Many people died of starvation there, and many shocking deeds were perpetrated. If ever missionary endured hardships in modern times, that missionary is my friend Will Johnson. He tells us the tale in his own simple, unadorned manner, but it is thrilling enough, however told. He tells of his sitting down eating what there was, and then looking hungrily at the empty plate, and waiting till next day to waylay the women coming in from the fields with the herbs and leaves. The very skins of the last goats he killed were gnawed and eaten by poor skeletons who came by night to steal what they could for food. God has preserved Johnson's health in a wonderful way, though his poor ulcered hands were in such a state when he arrived at Livingstonia that Dr. Laws told him had he arrived a few weeks later he could not have answered for his life. . . . African natives never kill anybody unless they are

afraid of them, and they certainly are not afraid of us. . . . My "son" (as you would call him) Theodore has, I am sorry to say, not been doing well in Zanzibar on the *London*, where, after a great deal of thought, I sent him. He got into bad company, and was not thought suited for an interpreter's post. He accordingly left, and, contrary to all advice, enlisted himself in Seyid Barghash's army, which I fear it will be hard for him ever to leave, even if he wants to. . . . It is very, very disappointing that he, with so many advantages and opportunities of getting on well, through weakness of character becomes his own enemy. I am grieving over him sadly, but one is more and more driven back to the prayer, "God help him, for vain indeed is the help of man!" The other boy, Eustace, who has been with me from the first, is married, and doing well here as a teacher. . . . What a terrible thing from one point of view is human affection—so great, so divine, and yet so liable to become a sin and a snare. I mean that we must always remember that no love of one for another which is not a love in Christ can be acceptable in God's sight. And this helps us to look forward to meeting those we have loved here when they and ourselves (if by God's grace it may be so at the last) are made perfect in the Divine life—in the life of Christ, the life of Him who *is* Love itself. Do we love others for anything that is wholly apart from what is the manifestation of the Christ-life in them? If so, where is the sanctification in such love? Here it is that, it seems to me, we must be careful when, in the impulsiveness of our nature, we get swept along in the love for another human being like ourselves. We want always the sanctification of our human love for one another, the sanctification that comes from the merging of the lower love in the higher —the love of Christ manifesting Himself, as by His

great condescension He does manifest Himself in those who are near and dear. . . .

November 6th, 1881.

I have been very much depressed lately—not discontented with my lot, nor wishing in any way to change it, but depressed, I think, in consequence of hopes dashed where they had been strongest, in reference to individuals who, after much time and care and thought bestowed on them, turn out in a way that one grieves over. These things do distress me, and where there is so little society it is difficult to avoid brooding over them, and getting at times despondent. Though I ought not to be grumbling, for having Johnson here again is a refreshment I had not dared to look for. Through all his hardships and adventures his health has been preserved to him in a most wonderful manner, and we cannot be too thankful for that. He is the real hero of the lot of us, and of this there can be no shadow of doubt.

Masasi, *November 17th*, 1881.

I write to you, my dear old Ellen, when I have been thinking more particularly than usual of you, as during these last few weeks. Several times lately I should so much have enjoyed a good long talk with you, as knowing my weaknesses and sentiments on some subjects better than most people in the old home. I have felt particularly lonely and upset on a matter that you would have understood. However, I don't mean to write to you about it, for long ere you get this letter I shall have pulled through into a happier frame of mind. . . . I am sending by this mail a short paper on Makua customs to "Mission Life," and if they stick it in I shall follow it up from time to time with other articles on missionary subjects. . . .

Masasi, *November 17th*, 1881.

. . . Yet, of course, my life and lot are cast here, and the longer I stay the deeper I get rooted to the country, and the more strongly do I feel that this is my home for life, and the place where some day I hope to die. If we want to win these people it is of no use going home; all the threads get broken, and it is *so* difficult to pick them up again when one comes back. I mean never to go back again until sheer illness drives me away. The importance of what we try to do out here is enhanced tenfold in my eyes now, and to get a real grasp one must stay, stay, stay. It is the European who is always going backwards and forwards who never gets a hold on the work. . . . By-the-bye, how shocked your brother would be if he could see the way in which we travel. Johnson, for instance, with simply nothing to lie down on at night, nothing to change, tearing away through the forest forty miles a day, and with the gnawings of hunger hard on him—but this was from stress of circumstances; though, certainly, the longer we stay out here the more independent we get of rugs, portable bedsteads, waterproof sheets, tents, and the like. . . .

November 17th.

I often get despondent, but the despondency never takes the form of a restless longing to be at other work or elsewhere, and the fact that one's life will most likely be much shorter than in England is by no means an unhappy one. I don't know that I ever thought long life an enviable possession, and I certainly don't think it so now. To married people it must appear different, but marriage, again, is very distant from my thoughts. . . .

Masasi, *Advent Sunday*, 1881.

. . . I am sending more articles to "Mission Life" this mail. . . . Well, I suppose you and I have by this time

outgrown all foolish vanity about seeing our silly selves in print, eh? Be assured, too, that in taking up the pen now and sending the articles I speak of, I have a really important end in view; I want to elicit criticism, and get my views corrected where they are wrong, by older and wiser heads. The subjects I have treated of are all, from a missionary point of view, of the utmost importance. I have lately been reading Mozley's "University Sermons" over again. That one on "the peaceful temper" does shew a wonderful knowledge of character and motives. . . . I feel more strongly than ever that mine is a missionary vocation till I fall at the post; the feeling has increased tenfold within the last eight or ten months.

November 28th.—I employed myself this morning in painting the wooden pillars which support the roof of the new church red and white, also in building a step whereon to stand in front of the lectern. . . .

MASASI, *December 1st*, 1881.

. . . Masasi is a haven of peace and rest compared with all the country we pass through, as Johnson very fitly remarked the other day. . . . I assure you the fame of his [W. P. Johnson] wonderful courage and bravery, and moral earnestness in all his privations and dangers, has struck deeply into the mind of, one might almost say, the whole Yao tribe. The country side rings with the tale of the wonderful "Mzungu" (European) who endured so much so dauntlessly. For my part I feel that the whole affair will prove eventually to have done wonders for the work. . . . I have been reading to-day all the accounts of President Garfield's illness and death and funeral. How extremely touching and beautiful it is; it seemed to let one into an entirely new side of American character that one never knew of before. . . . I was so deeply interested

in it all, and the newspapers seldom interest me out here, though I like to have them. I enjoy the illustrated ones though, and get quite fascinated by some of the pictures —those clever social sketches that bring back to one's mind so oddly here old associations and memories of English life before one had a fixed and definite purpose. My dear mother, I wish you could realize that your goose is no swan ; even if you were out here you wouldn't, from a mother's partiality, or more truthfully, prejudice. But as a matter of fact, I am a very average sort of person indeed, and by no means an able or "active missionary," as silly newspapers have put it. Everybody out here knows this, though I am allowed to be, to a certain extent, enthusiastic and attached to the work. But we certainly have just one or two hero missionaries, notably Johnson, and Janson too, in a different kind of way. I sometimes almost feel the colour mounting when I read some of the expressions in your letters about "leaving all," and "devotion to the Master's cause," and the like. I feel my motives at the best of times are all horribly mixed, and many very unworthy. You and my father were always very good in never praising me to my face ; but if you write such things I shall think you are beginning to depart from one of the best rules you, as a mother, could have observed. I grieve to say that, odious as it really is when one thinks calmly about it, still flattery becomes a snare at times. One thing one always feels : God knows our hearts better than our flatterers do ; and the older one gets the more one feels the hollowness of most human praise. One expects flattery and praise from silly people, but not from the best and most sensible of mothers, so you must really avoid all suspicion of it for the future. And here let me add that if I were to die here, and you had a wish to erect a cross over my grave, take very great care what kind of text you write on it ; none that

doesn't express the mercies of God to the wicked. But I am also bound to say that if you were desirous of following out my wishes rather than your own in this matter, I would rather have nothing over my grave; the mound of red earth that I have seen heaped up over the grave of several whom I have buried here is all I should like when the time comes. . . . Do you know that sometimes the scope of our work out here rises up before one's mind and quite appals one. We are doing little indeed, but see the vast extent of country over which some day—I trust not all too distant—our influence might extend. . . . I'm afraid I sha'n't do much with the flute; this is not a climate where one likes to get hot over wind instruments. . . . I expect you imagine our dangers to life are far greater than they are; however, you will judge better after reading my journal. Of course, one has a few risks, and possibly, now and then, a few narrow escapes, but they never come when they are expected. We have killed two deadly snakes lately in church in the evening. . . .

MASASI, *December 30th*, 1881.

[*Note.*—On Christmas Eve the new church was dedicated. Here follows a description of the dedication service.]

. . . At 2.30 the gong sounded for a quarter of an hour, and then the bell for another quarter, while we assembled for a great procession. When I had got all the people in order, I directed the cross-bearer to proceed slowly forward, we five priests (Janson, Johnson, Clarke, Porter, and self) followed him, striking up "The Church's one foundation;" behind us walked (1) the baptized, (2) the catechumens, (3) the hearers—arrived in church as we were singing the last verse of our processional hymn, I then shewed these three classes of our men to their

respective and clearly marked-off places, and then, leaving them standing there, I left the church with the cross-bearer and called in the women, distributing them through the church in a similar manner. Then, going to the place where the third class, or hearers, are divided off from the others, I bade them all kneel down, and then prayed for them to the Holy Spirit. Leaving them all solemnly kneeling, we priests and the cross advanced to the second division, where the catechumens are marked off from the baptized. Motioning to the former to kneel down, I then prayed for them to God the Father. Lastly, I and my brother priests walked to the foot of the chancel steps, and then all the baptized, including them, kneeled down, I alone remaining standing. There was a great silence at this point, which I was unwilling to break, so we paused, and then I prayed to the Son for ourselves, the baptized Christians. Then we walked up the steps into the chancel, and sang the famous old chorale, "Now thank we all our God," in our Swahili version of it. After that followed three special psalms, and then three special prayers.

(1.) For the prayers offered in the church.

(2.) For the Word preached and read.

(3.) For the Sacraments.

Then I stood up and declared the building set apart for the worship of God, in the name of the Holy Trinity. Our dedication service over, evensong followed immediately, and we left church in recession, singing "Onward, Christian soldiers." . . . Altogether I think there were from three to four hundred people in the church. . . . On St. Stephen's Day . . . after church, we had rifle shooting, followed by foot races for adults and boys. One of the races was actually one between Clarke, Johnson, and self; what becomes of sobriety after this? Yet it thoroughly amused our people, and under our

circumstances out here, there seemed nothing unbecoming in our thus adding to the day's sport; what think you? Clarke ran in slippers, a kanzu, and with a cigar in his mouth. It looked odd, certainly, but it is best to be natural, and there was nothing unnatural in his doing this, I thought. . . .

[The next day Messrs. Johnson and Janson started for Nyasa, and the Rev. Charles Janson died, rather more than two months afterwards, on arriving at the Lake.]

I bade good-bye to my two staunch friends; then, turning back hitherwards, I wondered when I should ever see either or both of them again. But partings give me very little pain now—they would, if one only had one's anchor down in this world; but one trusts that one has "tripped" it for the waters of this world, and is sailing on free towards another, where we may let it down where there is a sure bottom that will hold it fast. . . . There is a definite movement astir amongst the Yaos now towards Christianity, and the number of our catechumens and hearers is already treble of what it was three months ago. All this is, of course, a great joy to our hearts. . . . The Yaos are wonderfully ahead of the Makuas in all this, and this is no surprise to us knowing as we do the differing characteristics of the two tribes. . . .

Masasi, *January 9th*, 1882.

. . . Let my thanks be conveyed very particularly to the children of Holy Trinity Schools for the things they worked. Although one gets very hard out here, there is something to me very touching to read on some simple pincushion the name of the child who worked it, with "aged eight years" after it. I hope one will never get so old as not to be moved by the thought of childhood's innocence; it is possible, too, that in a heathen

country one feels this even more. . . . If I am successful in getting Theodore out of the Seyid's army and back here, I shall reserve one of the bridal dresses for his wife when he marries. I have found him a sweetheart in a neighbouring Yao village, with whom he will be delighted; indeed, I think he knows something of her already. I wish you had told me what part of my journal interested you and my father most. And when I read of your reading it aloud on two successive evenings, I can hardly refrain from asking whether you had to wake my father up during the course of it. Now do tell me this. . . .

Masasi, *February 13th*, 1882.

. . . We are indulging the hope, though I fear it is a faint one, that the Bishop may come up here, when the rains are over, to pay us a thoroughly episcopal visit, confirm, &c., &c. . . . A few evenings ago, I was returning from an afternoon preaching at a town seven miles away, and was just entering a gorge where the grass and reeds are very tall, when I heard close to me the rustle of a leopard, and saw the long grass parted. I had only an umbrella in my hand, and so feared to pass along the path. I therefore retreated to a village some two hundred yards behind me, and with an escort of two lads passed by another path home again. Since that I have made a resolve not to be alone on that path so late again. . . .

17*th*.—And so here I am, thirty years old to-day. . . . I do most sincerely believe and confess with shame that I am as wayward, self-willed, and capricious at thirty as I was at fifteen. . . . If I live to be double the age at which I have arrived to-day I should be nearly yours and my father's age; but it is not likely I shall, nor should I wish it. If one ought to wish for any particular term of life, though of course one ought not and may not, I should be inclined to say, let me live fifteen years more

out here, if they can be made useful ones, and then let me die somewhere in this country.* But putting aside all such thoughts, I may and do pray for some better living, better doing, better praying, better faith, better hope, and better charity, in the years, whether they be few or many, that lie before me. As to feelings, I don't feel a day older than I did at twenty, and my "natural force" —*i.e.*, what measure I have had of it—is certainly not yet abated; neither, to pursue the thought of Moses passing away in the hey-day of health and still in his prime, is my eye dim, save indeed for a great sty, which prevents me from so much as seeing out of the right one to-day! . . . I have been scrutinizing very narrowly this morning some beds where we planted English potatoes three weeks ago. We had feared they had all rotted, but I am pleased to notice that at last they are sprouting, so we shall be able to eat our potatoes and mutton, three months hence, in thoroughly English fashion. A very large crop of guavas and limes, and a fruit which we call "green dragon," and which you can never have seen, help us much just now. What do you think of our having a fine cabbage rose here? It was in full bloom three weeks ago, and I brought it up from the valley, where Johnson had planted it, and gave it a place in the churchyard. I rather fear the result of the transplantation. . . .

MASASI, *February 21st*, 1882.

. . . The Bishop is greatly pleased at all that has been going on here lately, and certainly the sudden movement of the neighbouring Yaos in a mass towards Christianity quite startled one; it was, like many of God's ways, so unexpected. Other Zanzibar correspondents tell me that the letters in which I conveyed to him

* He was forty-three years old when he died.

the details, acted like a tonic at a time he was feeling very low and depressed. . . . My old friend and schoolfellow, E. A. Floyer, is . . . just publishing his book, "Unexplored Beluchistan." . . . How books of travel are being multiplied in the market now! . . .

February 21*st*, 1882.

. . . There seems a chance of my figuring as a geographical discoverer, for the secretary of the Royal Geographical Society writes me a letter by this mail to say, that if my discovery of the snow mountain is realized, "it will attract great attention, and form one of the chief geographical events of our day." However, I am not ambitious in this respect, and care but little whether or no a future generation of children are taught to learn in the geography of Africa—"Mount Maples, a lofty snow mountain near Mozambique." This is of course only chaff. No new name would be given to a peak already bearing the sweet-sounding name, "Irati." . . . My eye falls on a passage in your letter as I write, it is, "this house does not seem very substantially built." I laugh—reason why—here am I writing under a grass roof through which, almost straight above my head, I can see the moon and Sirius, while a few minutes ago the rain was pouring through on to the very table where I am writing. My building energies were all thrown into the church last year; but I suppose I must build some new dwelling rooms, &c. . . .

Masasi, *March* 23*rd*, 1882.

. . . You were interested in Sellim—the Christian who married an unbaptized wife—well, she is to be baptized most likely at Whitsuntide. The couple have got on very happily together, and Sellim has done so well that I hope to get him also appointed Reader before long. . . .

Our graves—those of the Christians who have fallen asleep here, are bright with many-coloured zinnias—do you know the flower?—a little like an aster. . . . We have so many kind friends now in England who send us "goodies" that I feel constrained to tell you not to spend your money in *that* way for us any more, with the one exception of hot currie powder, such as you have sent often. I get this nowhere else but from you, and it is the thing of all others that is most useful from a culinary point of view, and more especially when one is travelling. My spleen is still of abnormal size, but otherwise I feel very well now, and up to plenty of work. . . . Certainly had I contemplated so many people reading my journal as seem to have done so, I should have avoided that greedy-sounding request for cocoa, &c. At any rate, if you send a copy to anybody else, I should like that sentence to be erased. . . .

March 26th, 1882.

. . . Numbers of our catechumens have now gone off to cut indiarubber in the neighbourhood of Mtua, where Williams is located. They will be absent over this work some three months or so. They make the indiarubber up into balls the size of an orange, and sell about eight for one dollar at the coast. This indiarubber trade is in fact the only trade of these parts. Ivory and slaves come from much further inland, and we see little of the ivory trade where we are. . . . I am trying hard to persuade the Bishop to come up here this year, but I am afraid no amount of pressing will succeed, and it does seem doubtful whether he *can* travel so far again. . . .

Masasi, *April 12th*, 1882.

[Speaking of Easter, he says (Ed.):—]

. . . The church was crammed; we had never had such a large congregation. Clarke and Porter took the

service between them, I presiding at the harmonium, reading the First Lesson, and preaching. My sermon was in Yao for the benefit of the large numbers of Yaos from the outside who did not understand Swahili. Eight Yao chiefs were present, and the congregation, large as it was, was nevertheless *most* quiet, reverent, and attentive. It was a right joyous service in very truth. . . . On Easter Tuesday . . . at seven, I gave an hour's entertainment with conjuring tricks, and after this Mr. Porter and I acted a shadow pantomime, just as Ellen, Kate, and I used to do it in the nursery, years gone by. This evening entertainment was vastly appreciated if we may judge by the rounds of applause which greeted all we did. In fact, the raptures of the "house" knew no bounds when I, as M.D., cut off the false nose—shadowed on the sheet in enormous proportions—of that reverend senior, my worthy colleague, Mr. Porter, "got up" for the nonce as an aged patient seeking relief for cold and catarrh at my skilled hands! Thus, and thus, and thus, we two seniors follied away—I trust in harmless mirth-making—an evening in Easter week for the benefit of our day scholars. . . .

April 18th.—Since I penned the above, we have received the news of Janson's departure hence. He passed away quietly, though after great agony, on Shrove Tuesday. . . . Janson's death is a great triumph. We can't speak of it with sorrow, any of us. He was a truly saintly character, and, if one may dare to say it, ripe for Paradise. . . . Oh! Why do natural feelings sometimes burst through our better sense and make us wish them back here and in the thick of temptations, a prey to the malice of the evil one. . . . Our school and classes are in a most flourishing condition, and things never have looked brighter here than they do now. Things really seem to go on of themselves, no longer like pushing

a cart uphill, which, if you let it go for an instant, will at once slip down. . . .

April 28th, 1882.

. . . The fact is I am getting horribly fat, autocratic, and lazy, and Masasi being the place it is, there is "no credit in being jolly" here any longer, as Mark Tapley would say. It does not do to get too rooted to a place whose fortunes one has watched from the first, and I greatly fear that I am in danger of Nebuchadnezzar's sin, and that so I shall deserve his fate—Nebuchadnezzar, who strutted about his capital and said, "Is not this great Babylon that I have builded?" . . . I am meditating an addition to our poultry yard in the shape of a couple of geese (I believe one *is* a gander) which I understand are for sale near Lindi. But as to the poultry yard, my ambition will not be satisfied until a fine large turkey cock, which they say is dragging out a lonely existence near the governor's fort at Lindi, finds its way up here. You see we stick to domestic animals and birds, though it is a disappointment not to be able to boast a menagerie for wild animals. *À propos* of these last, I really do believe leopards are beginning to make themselves scarce round about us. I have identified lately some of the commonest antelopes about here; thus our "ndandala" is the *koodoo* (two beautiful specimens in the "Zoo"), our "mbunju" is the eland, our "sindi" or "nyumbu" is the brindled gnu. These three animals are all conspicuous in the "Zoo," in case you go there this summer. . . . The rice harvest has begun, the millet will follow in June. . . . The people mainly depend on the millet (*alias* "mtama," *alias* Kaffre corn), and this grows fifteen feet high, and sends out a perfect spray of grain at the head of the stalk. Very beautiful it is just now, tossing itself in the breeze against the blue, blue sky. In England it is the "waving corn,". . but here the effect is as of a

proud tossing, just as suggestive to the imagination. At night a particular insect, which we call the "Jew's harp," from its note so exactly resembling that unmelodious instrument, comes and feeds on the pollen (?) when the corn has just burst into flower. One week only, and lo, you don't hear the "Jew's harp" again till this time next year. . . .

May 1*st*, 1882.

. . . I am sorry to say one of our neighbouring chiefs, and he one of the most friendly, has committed a cruel murder, and it has been necessary to forbid him our village. As a "hearer," too, I was obliged to take notice of the fact in church, and yesterday publicly declared him debarred from all approach to it, until such time as he shall show repentance. . . . He is, however, being dealt with by the ruling Makua, and will probably have to pay some fine. . . .

May 2*nd*.—I am quite well again to-day I am thankful to say, but very much grudged having to be woke up in the middle of the night to decide upon a quarrel between a man and wife, which threatened to be serious, although springing from a most trivial cause. Our people are such babies sometimes that they will quarrel about a fowl or a hoe. . . . We have had quite a run of family jars in the village, and the settlement of these is very troublesome, and I fear, sometimes, far from satisfactory; but it is, of course, most difficult to get at the truth, and it is at least a consolation that these disturbances occur, for the most part, in the tail of our village, and not amongst the Christians. . . .

May 23*rd*, 1882.

You will be interested to hear, I think, that on Ascension Day I married my first convert, Charles Sulimani, to a charming young widow, by name Ruth Lafrani, and that she wore one of the bridal dresses you sent out, on

the following Sunday. . . . Being rather vain, she looked every bit as if she was thinking, "Now don't I look nice and pretty in this European dress?" and, as a matter of fact, it really did suit her very well. . . . I have been much annoyed for some six days past with what doctors know as *muscæ volitantes—i.e.*, an affection of the eyes. . . . Sometimes this affection is, I believe, the precursor of blindness, and of course it fidgets me rather, as I can't see a doctor about it. . . . It began quite suddenly . . . the day after I had been looking at the sun a good deal through a smoked glass at the eclipse, which, however, was not visible in our latitude. [This affection of the eyes remained to the end of his life, and prevented him taking a sure aim when shooting.—Ed.] . . . I want a good text-book of geology of modern date. . . . Our formation here is all what is known as "primary," and the rocks are all mica, schist, and gneiss. . . . I want to know all that can be known about them. . . .

May 26th.

. . . What does Colin at the War Office know of the portable wells (?) that were used in the Ashanti war for attracting water? . . .

Masasi, *June 14th*, 1882.

. . . We are getting sick at heart for news, and as I have already told you, our batch [of letters] is certainly lost. . . . We have baked our first batch of Masasi bricks, and they have turned out very well, we think. . . . Clarke . . . has sent up some books to read, and I have begun on one, "The Maid of Sker," by Blackmore, who is a very favourite author of mine. . . .

Masasi, *June 26th.*

Aren't you getting tired of dances by this time? But I don't know when a young lady's dancing days are supposed to be over, though I remember Janson and I

once discussed the question here; there were very few questions, by-the-bye, we did not discuss. . . . This is not a time of year when we do much out-preaching, but all our work is at home in this precious house-building, and other secular matters I would fain wash my hands of if I could, but there is no one else to do it all. . . .

Note.—The letters dated June 26th dwell much on the subject of a difference, which had arisen between Maples and Bishop Steere, with regard to the line which had been taken at Masasi in the previous year on a question of discipline, by Messrs. Maples, Janson, and Porter. The missionaries at Masasi were in a difficult position. They were obliged to exercise temporal as well as spiritual jurisdiction over the colony of released slaves whom they had brought into the country from Zanzibar, and for whose good conduct they were responsible to the chiefs who ruled around. On page 140 the incident which caused this difference has been already mentioned. A correspondence had taken place between the Bishop and the missionaries at Masasi on the subject, as the Bishop was not altogether satisfied with the line which had been taken. A further development of the difference was occasioned by some articles which Maples sent to "Mission Life," and which were printed in that paper. These papers were on the village life of Masasi, more especially in regard to the rules and laws for the maintenance of order and discipline. In one of these articles allusion was made to the trial in 1881, as an illustration of how law was administered by the missionaries at Masasi. On these difficult points there must of necessity be more than one opinion as to the course to be pursued. The articles were intended to invite criticism, and they certainly received it! A rejoinder was published—or rather a condemnation—in a subsequent number of the

magazine. It may or may not have been an error in judgment on Maples' part to write with such frankness in a magazine intended for general circulation, but as a result of the publication of this paper, the Bishop issued an order that no member of his staff should publish any article on subjects connected with the Mission which had not previously been submitted to himself, the secretary, or the committee for perusal. This was a slightly high-handed proceeding, which hurt and annoyed Maples greatly.

[*To his Father.*]

MASASI, *June 25th*, 1882.

Many thanks for your views, &c. as to this business about my articles. . . . The short criticism on my paper is full of misstatements—notably as to my having had instructions to the effect that expulsion alone is permitted. In exact contradiction to this, I can produce a letter from the Bishop, written to me up here in December, 1877, and containing these words: "Don't send any one away except for an offence for which you would feel justified in killing him. He belongs to you wherever he is, and I have found again and again that a boy or man one wished to drive away has turned out better than a favourite. You are in the position of kings who cannot get rid of their subjects any more than they of them. Punish as you can, but trust a good deal to words sharp and clear. Wherever you punish you must carry the opinion of your men with you, or you will be doing no good. Do everything that is possible to get the voice of the men against the offender, by showing them clearly that he really is guilty of an offence." Now, my dear father, if you turn to my article you will see that our system of punishment is regulated by this distinct instruction of the Bishop's, which he seems to have

forgotten. Again, I draw your attention to several other facts:—(1) No scheme of government has ever been drawn up by the Bishop or Home Committee. (2) I was given charge of this place—told to do the best I could. I sought advice from the Bishop, and wherever it was given, strictly followed it. I have never disobeyed the Bishop's orders, as is implied in "One of the Mission's" article, save in the one respect, of not calling in the native chief to serious cases, WHERE HIS PEOPLE were not involved. I, Johnson, Janson, and Clarke, I believe, have all in times past told the Bishop this was practically impossible, and we believed he accepted our word and waived that order. As to the special case, I did not mention even in my article the *part* of the action taken which, and which alone, we understood him to have condemned. And here observe that the Bishop to me personally maintained a total silence on the whole subject, and has never once even alluded to it in his dozen or so of letters since the occasion arose. This I say *à propos* of your words "after all that passed between you and the Bishop on the subject." Again I observe that the Bishop has never, either in writing or by word of mouth, censured or expressed downright disapproval of any action I have ever taken here. That he has expressed to others disapproval of various errors of judgment, mistakes, follies (?), &c. &c. from time to time, I very well know, but I submit that it is not for me to pay heed to these where the Bishop has not seen fit to express them himself to me. The —— case, it is true, stands apart, but I need not here, I think, enter into a very distressing train of circumstances. What I contend is that the certain parts of our action in that complicated matter which elicited very, very strong expressions of condemnation from the Bishop, are not so much as touched on in my article, unless he will say that

he disapproved of our holding an inquiry at all. We understood, however, that his second letter, written after he had received further explanation of the circumstances, did not press that point. The Bishop said in his first letter that were he not willing to believe that my mistaken course of action might be explained by my ill-health, he should have severely censured me. I at once told Janson that would not do, and that he must very clearly tell the Bishop I was perfectly well and accountable for all I did, thus intentionally challenging him to send the censure if he thought I deserved it after reading the further explanations in Janson's and Porter's letters. The censure did not come, but we were certainly told that certain proceedings that had been allowed must never be allowed again, nor have they, nor will they, and to this we pledged ourselves. The correspondence may or may not be extant; if it is, and if (in the event of this matter growing to serious proportions) you desire to see it, doubtless the committee would allow you the perusal, and then you will see that the weakest part of it is my letter to the Bishop—only one; nor did he answer it to me. I considered—and so did the three of us here—that the inquiry was most satisfactory. . . . This article "*Audi alteram partem*," now suggests a thought—and a new one to us—that the Bishop disapproves of inquiries altogether. If so, I trust he will at once say so. We greatly miss Janson now in this matter, but Porter and myself, in putting our heads together, find the impressions we have as to what we did pledge ourselves to are the same. The last paragraph in "*Audi alteram partem*" is a strange misrepresentation of facts, but I need not trouble you with it, and I sincerely trust no one else either. . . . I shall send this letter open that the Bishop may read it, and see the line of thought I take after receiving your letter, and seeing the article in answer to

mine. . . . How natural all that she [his mother] said of my articles, but also there is much truth. Only if one does feel called to contribute matter to a controversy on discipline, necessarily things must be plainly spoken of. . . .

MASASI, *June 26th.*

You ask me to make a little sketch of the church, but it is so exactly like a magnified example of the first one, bar its low stone walls at the sides, that you may consider you already have a sketch of it in the old one I took home with me. . . .

It is no mere form of words to say that she [an old invalid cousin] and Miss Elliott (a great sufferer and a great saint at St. Leonard's) often come to my thoughts in a helpful way—I mean as really putting one to shame in times of impatience and irritability. You know what one means by that expressive word, "chastened," but perhaps it is more to older people than myself that a holy calm is given. . . . About my articles, and especially, I suppose, Part II., I feel the truth of all you say, though at the same time the question of "discipline" is a very great one, and if it is to be discussed at all it must be fully gone into. A paper like "Mission Life" is, as a matter of fact, the only organ for ventilating such a subject. . . . I do not think that if my articles have provoked further criticism in "Mission Life," that criticism will be wholly adverse. . . . You ask about Brown and the Calcutta Mission; he writes and publishes a good deal. . . . They print and publish at their Mission press a series of "Occasional Papers on Missionary Subjects." . . . I recently forwarded to him for publication in the above series a paper on "The Method of Evangelizing Uncultured Races." . . . I am reading Church's "Anselm"—*very* interesting—and there are several other good books here waiting my leisure. . . .

MASASI, *August 14th*, 1882.

. . . *Our* only news is that to-day, exactly at 12 o'clock, our old church, recently used as a school, fell down with a crash, and at this moment some forty "ladies" are busy carrying away the *débris*. Had the accident taken place one hour sooner, several of our school children would probably have been killed. Every single one of the poles broke short off at the point where they entered the ground. They had been completely eaten away by white ants below the surface of the floor. . . . Our potatoes were a case of "great cry and little wool," but we now cook yams in a way which makes them taste very like the good old English esculent. . . . The harmonium music was a great treat. I was able to "execute" a good deal of it, and thrummed away at Wely's "Offertoires" to my heart's content.

(*To his little Niece.*)

MASASI, *August 27th*, 1882.

. . . There are a lot of little children in our village here—quite black, of course, but they toddle about just like Baby Alice does; and when I am at breakfast I like them to come and peer up on the table and spy out things to eat; then I give them to them. To-day we had some cheese for breakfast, and one little thing stretched out her tiny hand for some. So I gave it a piece, but it didn't like it all, and so spat it out again and made a very wry face; and so I took a nice sweet date and popped it in its mouth, and then it laughed, and was quite comforted again. Some people don't like the little black toddlekins at all, and call them "dirty," but I like them very much, and so most of them are quite ready to come to me and play, and are not a bit afraid of my ghostly white skin. . . .

Masasi, *August 29th*, 1882.

. . . Farler and I seem to be vieing with one another in making our respective stations famous for their orchards. . . .

* Masasi, *September 11th*.

. . . Do not be alarmed. Only God knows whether our lives are now in jeopardy or not. . . . I have harangued our people again to-night, and told them that whatever happens Mr. Porter and I mean to stay, God helping us, here. So far, *our* people, who are a mere handful after all, have remained tolerably firm, I thank God, but most of our neighbours are fast making away —we should hardly have expected it otherwise. I do not myself think that we are in much danger, if any at all, so don't be alarmed. I only thought it best to tell you how things are. . . .

[After a consultation between Mr. Porter and Maples, it was decided that the latter should go out, with a few of the natives, to meet the Magwangwara, and try to persuade them to draw off without attacking the village. Unfortunately, as related below, Maples missed them.]

† On Wednesday, September 13th (1882), I left Masasi with five companions, Peter Sudi, Paolo Mpoteni, Patrick Mabruki, Seth Hamsini, and Akumpatsa. We followed the Majeje road, and, after walking sixteen miles, encamped for the night at a place called Mkangaula. We were up and away betimes on Thursday, and after crossing the Mbangulia river (dry at this season) we reached a watering place known as Kangomba, where we cooked and rested for three hours of the hottest part of the day. At about 3 p.m. we pursued our journey again, but, when we had walked for about an hour, we were much bewildered by seeing on the path the recent footmarks as

* On the eve of the Gwangwara raid.

† This account is reprinted from "Central Africa."

of a great army; the marks showed that the army was going *towards* Masasi, and not from it, as we were. Somewhere near to where we first noticed them, they had quitted the path, and so had passed us without our knowing it. What was to be done? We were sorely perplexed. If we turned back at once and went as hard as ever we could, there was a possibility that we might reach Masasi before they did, give the alarm, assemble our people in the yard, and ourselves standing on the baraza, be ready to treat with them. On the other hand, there was a strong probability that only a part of their entire body had moved, and if so, these would wait for the others, whom we still hoped to come up with at some place ahead of us. Relying on this latter probability, we pursued our journey till sunset, when we arrived at a watering place by a rocky spot known as Ndwika. Here, however, the sight which met our eyes left us no further doubt, for we had reached their freshly-quitted camping ground, and the size and extent of it told us at once that the whole body of them must have slept there. It was then 6 p.m. on Thursday, 14th. We cooked hastily, and braced ourselves up for our night's march back to Masasi, which was by this time left thirty-six miles behind us. On and on we sped, regardless of the stumbles and falls which the darkness of the night and the stony path caused us. Every two or three hours or so we took a short rest, and once at midnight cooked some tea, speeding on again, bent on one thing only—viz., to reach our village, and give the alarm, before the enemy. As the day dawned, we reached the rock Matambuzi, ten miles only from our homes, and thence with the new light we were able to run over the next six miles far quicker than when the darkness was baulking us. It must have been about 7 a.m. when we arrived at Agaya, a watering place but four miles distant

only from our village, and the boundary of the maize and millet gardens belonging to Masasi people. From this place is obtained the first view of the Masasi hills and rocks, and as I looked for them, my heart sank within me at the sight I beheld, for I saw between, and curling around them, and again entirely obscuring them, volumes of black smoke. A faint hope remained that possibly the Gwangwara had not set fire to our houses but only to those of our Makua neighbours. I quickly bade our men climb a tamarind tree that was standing hard by, but the better view they obtained from its upper branches only confirmed their belief that all was lost. Standing, as we then all fully believed ourselves to be, on the verge of eternity, we kneeled down with one accord, and prayed for some time. Then, getting up again, I asked my five followers, "Have you any counsel?" and the answer was, "We will follow you, master, and do whatever you tell us." I replied, "You see all is lost, the houses are burnt, no terms have been accepted, our friends have either been killed or carried away, escape for them or for us there is none; come, let us go straight on and die with them."

In solemn silence, the five men shouldered their loads again, and leaving the water's side, we emerged into the path, and turned our steps in the direction of our village. We had not, however, advanced five paces when we heard some shrill voices behind us, and at once perceived that the Gwangwara were upon us. Our men, who throughout obeyed my every word, upon my telling them what to do, at once laid down their loads and guns, and we all sat down to await the issue, guessing, and guessing rightly, that any attempt to make away would only the more surely seal our fate. The voices we heard were those of two or three Gwangwara lads, whose business it is to play the scout, and who, on seeing any one, call loudly to the

older members of the band, hidden in the bushes round, to bring them upon him. A few moments elapsed before these last heard the call and we made use of the time in telling these boys that we wished to make no defence with our guns, that we would give ourselves up quietly and offer a large ransom. While we were yet speaking, some ten full-grown Gwangwara rushed upon us with great force, and immediately felled to the ground three of my five men. Just as they were about to dispatch them with their spears they saw me, and at once stayed their hands. Their well-known fear of a European white face was our safety. I, knowing this, determined to trade with it all I could. I therefore remained sitting motionless and speechless, but taking care to keep my eyes steadily fixed on the men, who were holding their spears threateningly one inch from the hearts of the three men they had knocked down, now crouching before them. Not one of the ten men had so much as shaken his spear at me, and I saw, with a thrill of thankfulness, that as long as I could be close to my men they would not be killed. Not removing my eyes from the men on whom I had fixed them, I got up quite slowly, that they might see I neither feared them nor intended moving away until they did. When I had risen from my sitting posture I stood close to the three men in greatest danger, and endeavoured, by pointing to our guns purposely thrown aside, to show our enemies how entirely we, for our part, wished to avoid all violence, even to the extent of rejecting self-defence. This sufficed. In another moment the Gwangwara made a kind of a bow of acknowledgment to these gesture-explanations of mine, and making a sign to our men lying at their feet to rise, themselves withdrew to a short distance. Patrick Mabruki then began in their language to explain that we were willing and anxious to come to terms of friendship,

in answer to which they said, "Our elders are on ahead, go on to the village; you can see them there." Accordingly we proceeded once more on our way, but the rising smoke before us seemed to say that we had had only a respite, and that certain death awaited my followers or certain slavery, if we persisted in going on. While I myself was cogitating in my own mind, and beginning to reflect that to march on deliberately to our fate was more foolhardy than courageous, if there remained any means of escape—and while I felt certain that, being unarmed, there was no chance of our being able to do anything to save others, even if we ourselves should reach the village—Patrick Mabruki turned to me, and giving utterance to very much that was in my own thoughts, proposed that we should strike away off the path to the eastward and try to get to Newala, where, if any of our people had been fortunate enough to escape, they would most likely be found.

No time was to be lost, so with a prayer for right guidance, I accepted the plan, and sadly enough we turned away from Masasi, and crept hurriedly and cautiously away into the forest. We knew that it was almost hopeless to suppose that we could escape falling into the hands of another band of the enemy, unless without delay we could manage to put many miles between us and the centre of the danger; but after the forced march, with absolutely no food throughout the day, with a blazing sun above us, we hardly succeeded in getting more than sixteen miles away from Masasi, nor did we dare emerge into any path. Towards sunset I sprained my leg about the thigh, and was in such agonies for the first two hours of the night, that with shame, I must confess, I could not refrain from crying out with pain at the imminent risk of bringing the Gwangwara down upon us. Towards 9 p.m. the

intense agony lulled, and though I had had no food since the evening of the day before (Thursday), I scarcely felt hungry, and even slept soundly for several hours. At dawn my sprain was so much better that to our surprise I was able to walk. Our first object was to gain the Newala road, and this we succeeded in doing in about two hours after we began our march. We knew exactly where we were when we reached the road, that thirty-two miles still lay between us and Newala, and that in all that distance there was no chance of our getting any food. My resolve was to ward off the pangs of hunger, if they should come upon me, by drinking water to excess, and at whatever risk, for I thought my case was desperate.

By that night (Saturday) we had reached Mkoo, which is but eleven miles from Matola's own house and our own (at present deserted) buildings at Newala. Peter Sudi managed to pick up two wild sour fruits, nearly all stone, but with some soft pulp about them, the edible substance of which, in the two together, would be as much as is contained in one very small apple. These two fruits, which are called "matonga," were the only morsel of food I had tasted between Thursday evening and Saturday at 10 p.m., at which time I got two pieces of cassava root. Strange to say, during all that time, owing, as I think, to the quantity of water I drank, I *really did not feel particularly hungry*. Of course the intense mental excitement helped to prevent it; but more than all, God was saving me, I felt certain, for further work in His service. We sank down to rest on Saturday night, feeling at least safe from the Gwangwara, but not knowing whether on the morrow we should find Matola in his old quarters at Newala, or whether, like all the others, he had fled into the deep thickets of the Makonde, which alone, it is

believed, give security against the Magwangwara method of warfare. In the thick tangled brushwood of the Makonde hills there is an impenetrable barrier for the shield of the spear-bearing tribes, whether Maviti or Magwangwara, and there alone the guns of the Yaos have the advantage. Sunday morning dawned, and slowly and wearily we dragged on over the stony hills that lie between Mjombe's village, which we found entirely deserted, and Newala. Not a creature was to be seen anywhere, and our hearts sank, as all hope that we should find Matola and his people dwindled away to the faintest possible spark. At length we met a man carrying fowls, and to our eager inquiry, whether we should find Matola in his village, he at once replied, "Yes, he said he would not leave until he had heard what had become of you, for if Masasi had been destroyed, he felt sure some of you would be able to make your escape to him, and so he remained to help and receive you, but all the other Yaos and Makuas have fled from their villages up the hills, and have gone far into the Makonde country." On we pressed, blessing Matola for his noble unselfishness, and thanking God for thus putting it into his heart to wait for us. In one hour more we were in Matola's baraza, and he and his people and all of us on our knees in an act of thanksgiving.

Had Matola not been there, I must have died from starvation that day, and so I do not hesitate to say that it was he who saved my life. Very carefully he tended me, giving us all his fowls and available food, and then working with his own hands as a gunsmith to get us more. On the Monday and Tuesday I became very ill with my sprained leg and violent dysenteric diarrhœa. This, however, passed away rapidly, and soon, with the exception of my leg, I was quite well again. The days passed very slowly, but they came and went not without

some comforting reports that our village had not been burnt, and that our people were believed to be safe, and my colleague, Mr. Porter, actively employed in redeeming those who had been taken captive on that fatal Friday. Matola would allow no man to come near me with news until he had sifted the tales that came himself; then, when he was tolerably satisfied as to what was true and what was false, he came to me with the result. In this way, and owing to Matola's great shrewdness, I heard little that did not turn out eventually to have been perfectly true. On Monday, 18th, I despatched two of my four men to a place fourteen miles off, in the direction of Masasi, to try and find out what they could as to the state of affairs. They reached this place, but found that the enemy were scouring the country far and wide just below the hills, and so they were unable to proceed to Masasi with the letter I had entrusted to their care for Mr. Porter. Eventually they reached Masasi on Sunday, October 1st, only one day before I arrived in person. On Wednesday, 20th September, the alarm was given that the enemy were close upon us at Newala. My sprain at that time had become so serious that I was quite unable to move; I was therefore carried up the hill, while all Matola's people followed, to a place of safety near to Matola's town, where he lived when we first knew him five years ago.

On that same Wednesday, Eustace Uledi,* our Masasi schoolmaster, arrived with definite information as to what had happened on the day the Gwangwara entered Masasi. From him we learned that only two or three of the houses of our people had been burned, that the Gwangwara had surprised the village at early dawn, dividing themselves into bands, and rushing into it from all sides, carrying off men, women, and children,

* Or Malisawa, the writer of the letter to me in 1896, printed amongst the "Reminiscences."—E. M.

entering and pillaging all the houses, desecrating the church, driving away the sheep, cows, and poultry, and then finding that no armed resistance was made, or guns fired at them, finally settled at the bottom of the village, and began negotiations for the ransoming of the people they had carried off at the first onset. Eustace himself, at the first alarm, rushed up the hill, which almost overhangs our yard, and, hiding in a cave, remained there all day. Fearing either to remain there, or to return to the village, he made his escape through the night, and so reached Newala. He knew nothing as to who had been killed, nor could he tell us how many captives had been carried off, though it was an unspeakable relief to hear from an eye witness that things had not been so terrible as we were at first led to suppose. While we were at Newala nearly all Mwandingo's people and Makoloji's arrived. These had escaped with their lives before the attack was made, though many of them had been all but overtaken as they fled away. All the time I remained at Newala, the enemy, making their head-quarters at Masasi, kept sending out bands of twenty and thirty to a radius of thirty to forty miles all round to seize and to kill, to burn up and destroy: the country was literally swept by them, their paths afterwards were traced everywhere. For thirteen days they kept up their raids in the vast circle they had agreed to devastate, always bringing to their camp captives, destroying whole villages, and burning up the houses wherever they went. At length, on September 30th, Charles Sulimani arrived at Newala with the news that the enemy had left Masasi on the 27th, and had gone to Majeje, with their spoil and captives, there to wait until we could get up from Lindi cloth wherewith to redeem the latter. He was able to give me a full and correct account of all that happened in our village during those thirteen long weary days, so

full of anxiety and fear and perplexity, and also he brought me the news of our Bishop's death at Zanzibar.

My leg was well enough to allow of my starting off next day with him, and on Monday, October 2nd, at 3 p.m., I arrived once more at Masasi. It is heart-rending even to write the account of what had happened both on the terrible day, when the enemy made their attack, and of all the destruction and ruin they wrought while they remained in the district. It was at 5.30 a.m., at very early dawn on Friday, September 15th, and while we (of my party) were still nine miles away, that the whole of the fierce band, though split up into many parties, rushed in upon the village on all sides. Our people, as they heard the noise of the host of armed savages swooping down upon them, ran terrified from their houses, hoping to escape to our stone yard. Only a few succeeded in reaching it. Others tried to flee to the hills and join the Makuas, who had the day before taken up their position there. In this attempt two of our people, including our poor teacher, Sellim Njalemba, were slain; while a third, who was chased for more than a mile, at length fell dead, speared to the heart by the wretch who was pursuing him. Most terrible of all was the wanton cruelty which prompted some of these fiends to kill outright, and before the eyes of their parents, four of the young children of our people in the main road of our village itself. Thus, at the first terrible onset, no less than seven of our people fell victims to the assegais of these remorseless savages. The bulk of the people were taken captive at once, and where no resistance was made no particular force was used. Not one of our men fired a gun. To a man they kept our order on this point. Poor Sellim tried to fire his, and it was probably this attempt at resistance that cost him his life.

With regard to far the greater number of our people who were taken captive, all escape was impossible, for the Gwangwara adopted their well-known plan of posting one of their body at each entrance to the house, with assegai ready poised with intention to kill any occupant who might try to escape them. Immediately after the first attack a scene of confusion took place. The church was entered, and every single ornament, decoration, and vessel was carried away. The harmonium was broken up, the brass candlesticks wrenched from their sockets; nothing but the bare altar, reading desks, and altar-piece were left. The storeroom was broken into, and two bales of cloth were stolen from my room, before it was possible to keep out the thieves. While some of the elders of the party, seeing that there was a willingness on our part to come to terms, made real efforts to restrain the attempts at indiscriminate plunder, cloth and goods were being brought out to satisfy the violent demands for black-mail. At last the people about the baraza having to a great extent quieted down, mats were spread out, a parley was begun, and bales of cloth were given and accepted on an understanding that the village should be spared further violence. At length the marauders retired from our baraza to their camp two miles distant, and then a bale was taken to them, in the belief that in return for it a fair number of the captives would be restored. Some two or three only were sent back. During the course of the next few days several attempts were made to ransom the rest of the captives, but these being found to be futile, negotiations were made on behalf of each captive with his or her respective captor. From time to time some of the Gwangwara head men came to our baraza for interviews with Mr. Porter, taking advantage of the opportunity for asking for presents, in other words, for

exacting blackmail. It was hoped that their visits would be few, and that the enemy would soon withdraw from Masasi. No one dreamed that their stay would be prolonged to twelve days. Strict orders, however, were given by their chiefs, which were well observed, that none of their people should pass through our village after the first day, or further molest any of our community.

When all our available cloth had gone out, there still remained twenty-three adults and six children unransomed. These were actually carried away, when the army withdrew on September 27th. On that same day twenty-four of our men were despatched to Lindi to buy cloth, for the Gwangwara promised that they would only go as far as Majeje (seventy miles), and that they would wait there some time to give us the opportunity of ransoming the remaining captives. We were able to get the cloth, and even to reach Majeje with it on the seventeenth day after their departure, only to find that they had left Majeje, and were far advanced on their homeward journey. Two of the captives had escaped, but all the children had been killed. At Majeje we met not only these two men, but also Edward Abdallah, the head of the party I had sent to Mr. Johnson at Ngoi five months before. He, it appeared, had nearly died of thirst, and his agonies had been so intense that he was sorely tempted to shoot himself, but the thought of dying with that sin on his conscience restrained him, and after five days without food or water he at last was able to quench his thirst at a pool. His account of the Gwangwara is sufficiently ominous as regards what may shortly be our fate here, if we do not speedily make arrangements for removing our people to a place of security. He and the rest of his party accompanied Mr. Johnson in July on his visit to the Gwangwara in their own homes. After the latter had stayed there a few days, he returned

to Ngoi, leaving Abdallah and his party behind him, in order that they might get food for their journey, and then come on to us here at Masasi. No sooner was his back turned, than the Magwangwara called Abdallah, and very plainly told him what their plans were with regard to the raid upon us. They said—"This European who has just gone, says God tells us to leave off war and raids, and to keep peace with all men. We cannot do that. God has given us this work of war; He has told us to fight with everybody, and to try and make all serve us. Let the European fight with us, and if he conquers us, then we will acknowledge that his words are true and that God is on his side; then we will do what he tells us, and help him to pray to God. Our work is war, nothing else. We have heard that all the Europeans who have come into the country, are fierce, and brave, and strong. We know one of them is. He who lives at Komanga can conquer us. We recognize him as our better; we are in subjection to him, we know he is strong, and that we dare not molest him. Now we want to try the Europeans at Masasi. We are just going to make war upon them; we shall surprise them before sunrise, carry off their people, and get all their property if we can. We shall not kill the Europeans themselves this time, but we shall try them to see if they are fierce and can conquer us. If they are not strong, if they are gentle and soft, and refuse to fight us, we shall then know that we can get the better of them, and having carried off their people, we shall, after some months, make a second war upon them, destroying them utterly, and shall, having killed the Europeans themselves, cut out the heart of the chief one and carry it away as a charm by which we shall be able to bring all other white men who come into the country into subjection." Abdallah then told me how he and his followers were bidden not to pass on until the

raiding party had taken their departure for Masasi, and how they feared and trembled to think that they might only arrive, after all, to find us killed off and the village destroyed. And although I was able to ease his mind of his worst fears, yet what I had to tell him sufficed to prove how entirely they had carried out the first part of the terrible programme they had so openly declared to him.

Edward Abdallah is one of our very best Christians. I hold it for certain that he has faithfully recounted to me the words of our enemies. It is needless to say, that in view of our imminent danger I have had no choice but to decide at once upon sending back to Zanzibar forthwith the whole of our released slave community. We ourselves must remain with our converts among the Yao communities, seeking with them a more possible security than we can have here at Newala with our friend Matola. I calculate that the total number of victims who were slain by the assegais of the terrible foe in this district cannot have been less than seventy; probably a far larger number were carried away captive. Food was seized and destroyed; houses everywhere were burnt. Most of our Yao neighbours fled at the first alarm to the country of the Makonde, whence, even at this date, many have not returned. Almost all the Makuas near us fled up Chironji hill, whither the enemy were not able to pursue them for fear of the stones and boulders, that the former were ready, when once they had attained the highest ridges, to roll down upon them. Undoubtedly theirs was a wise plan, though beforehand we had thought that no security was possible for them in the spot they had chosen. There can hardly have been less than from four to five hundred of the enemy. Truly it was a formidable horde.

Great and grievous as this disaster has been, one cannot conclude this paper without placing it on record how far

more terrible the results might have been. If the hand of the Almighty has been heavy in judgment—and who of us is not ready to confess that our shortcomings and offences had merited a yet more awful scourge?—we have found Him a Strong Deliverer; and each day and each hour since the enemy swooped down upon us have shown His abounding mercy.

CHAUNCY MAPLES.

MASASI,
October 16*th*, 1882.

LETTERS RESUMED.

MASASI, *October* 4*th*, 1882.

I arrived here yesterday, weak as a feather, and thinned down to nothing after all the physical sufferings, privations, and mental anxieties of the last three weeks. I can't now write of them; it excites my brain, and upsets me. . . . God has kept me alive through all because He has further work for me to do here, so I shall live on, I firmly believe. . . . Our Bishop at Zanzibar, we hear, is dead; but we are so stunned by our own disasters up here that we can hardly take in that fact. . . . We shall fortunately escape all stigma as "fighting missionaries." . . . I cannot deny that I feel terribly depressed, but it is "cast down, but not destroyed." . . .

[When giving a lecture (with lantern slides) to some children in England in 1884-85, he was vividly describing the raid, when a little boy called out excitedly, "And did you lick them?" "No, my boy," replied Maples, "I'm sorry to say they licked us."]

MASASI, *October* 9*th*, 1882.

. . . I am almost at my wits' end to know how to arrange matters for the best. . . . We have begun school again to-day—the first time since the enemy left

us. It is minus at least six children who fell victims to the spears of the Gwangwara. I am writing a full account of their terrible raid. . . . I hope you will read it all carefully. After such a terrible routing it is very difficult indeed to pull our work together again. . . . I hope you did not hear the report of my death; if you did, it will have made you sad; but be assured, though this letter is not a long one, I am very much alive just now, and so is Mr. Porter. . . . Ah! my dear mother, you who always thought my constitution such a weak one, will marvel indeed at all the physical distress I have gone through. . . . My dear mother, believe me, there is a great deal of life and vigour about me just now, so don't expect me home next year. You know I must stay where my work lies, and Masasi is dearer than ever after all these reverses and troubles. . . . The Bishop's last letters to me were all kind and considerate, but full of the same old thorough miscomprehension of our position here.

[It was unfortunate that Bishop Steere was never able to visit Masasi after his first journey there to plant the station in 1882.]

Masasi, *October* 17*th*, 1882.

Neither Mr. Porter nor I dare to leave our posts, come what may. Do you pray for us that we may be found faithful to the end. What are earthly lives? Do you, my dear mother, henceforth only pray for my soul, and that I may, when I die, be found acceptable in His sight. . . . Yes, tell Robert, with my love, I must sadly confess there are indeed savages in this part of Africa, but it has taken me close upon six years to find it out! . . . Meanwhile, my dear father and mother, I assure you both, I am wonderfully well, and even strong. As to good food—wine, cocoa, bread, meat—we simply are in luxury. . . . On Saturday I walked thirty miles, the

next day thirty-four, and got back here at early dawn yesterday. . . . Do not forget that a heathen chief—Matola—now almost a Christian, saved my life. . . . A threat of the return of the Gwangwara is God's good warning to us to try and prepare ourselves. . . . I wanted the Webster dictionary *much*. These native languages make me so forget English spelling that I get quite ashamed at times. . . .

[Speaking of his parents leaving town and going to live in the country—]

Take care first to inquire whether there be not a branch of the Magwangwara tribe within 400 miles of your retreat, or you may be pressed hard some day, and I don't think my father will like to see a naked savage threatening him with a well-poised assegai from behind some choice rose-bush any more than I did when I saw some dozen of such uncanny individuals burst out upon us from our African bush. Four hundred miles! the whole length, aye, and more than that, of your little island home, my mother; and yet for these people the distance is near enough to keep us now in the certainty that we are no longer safe from a second attack by them.

Masasi, *October 25th*, 1882.

. . . Matola came late on Saturday night and went away the day before yesterday. . . . We called a meeting of all the neighbouring chiefs and unfolded our plans. . . . I forthwith bade Matola build us a large new house at Newala, and told him that in January, or rather, as soon as our caravan to the Gwangwara returns,* we shall move most of our effects from this place, and take up our quarters with him at Newala, one of us only remaining

*They had sent an embassy to the Gwangwara with goods to ransom the remaining captives.

here. . . . I suppose you often watch this beautiful comet; with us it rises now about one hour or one and a half hours before dawn. I believe our enemies were much frightened by it, and consider it a sign of God's anger with them for this raid, but such a thing is not likely to leave a lasting impression. . . . I should so much like to be able to carry to Matola a present that came straight from you and my father for him, as a kind of recognition of his noble unselfishness and care for me at considerable risk of his own life and that of his people. . . . I do not think that I have yet told you that when I was trying to make my way with my four men to Newala on that 15th and 16th September, I constantly prayed to God to put it into Matola's heart to wait for us, and when I told *him* this afterwards he was not a little pleased, and at once said, "God is over all our actions, and we do as He guides us, though we often forget this altogether." . . . I sometimes think I bother you all very much with commissions and questions—what does my father say? . . .

MASASI, *November 8th*, 1882.

. . . With him (Williams) came, to my inexpressible delight, my boy Theodore, who, on hearing of our disasters, actually went before the Seyid himself, and craved and obtained permission to come and see if there was anything left of us. He got leave only on the condition that he would return to his work as soon as he had paid his visit here. Now that I have got him here I expect to be able to persuade the Sultan to allow him to stay. . . . The death of my dear friend Wilson was a great shock, though one never seems able to dwell on these events. . . . This letter is abrupt and disjointed, because I am trying to write it and teach a pupil at the same time—a difficult and almost impossible achievement; add to this, 3 p.m. in November at Masasi is

a *very* sleepy time always. . . . [It was the hot season.] I bought from one of our people who was returning to Zanzibar a quantity of green ginger he had grown here; I then preserved it; and it is so good that it would not disgrace its place if made one of the dishes at a dessert after one of your "eighteen gunners" in the season. Ellen will remember a joke which I might here apply and say—"What! preserved ginger, and at such a time!" But the saintly Borromeo said he would not be ashamed to be found playing chess if the Master were to come, and so we preserve our ginger or make our marmalade, not knowing but what the Gwangwara may come and rout us all out ere it is all bottled off! . . .

Masasi, *November* 17*th*, 1882.

. . . Now, don't be alarmed, and don't imagine that I in these remote parts—these "partes infidelium"—am going in for æstheticism if I ask you to get me some good seeds of the sunflower—no, I am not going to make my luncheon by gazing at it when fowls are scarce, but I feel pretty certain that it is a flower sure to flourish out here, as being indeed of the family of the African marigold, whose shrunken and wizened blossoms even the smoke of dingy London could not quite stifle in the old back garden at No. 10. . . . We had such a successful magic lantern entertainment two nights ago. . . . The chief provoker of mirth was a picture showing H. M. Stanley giving out medicine to a party of natives. . . . It is just six years . . . since the Bishop came up here with the first sixty people and planted the colony of released slaves, and in fact "started" Masasi, and now we have just seen the return of all these people [to Zanzibar]. Who shall say what another six years will bring forth?

Masasi, *November* 20*th*, 1882.

. . . I feel this hot weather and the climate makes

me very, very irritable, and the being so much alone with one's own thoughts and no one to exchange views and opinions with one, very bad for me. . . .

[He was at this time the only European at the station, Mr. Porter having gone to the Magwangwara.] *

I will honestly confess to you that I have found really great relaxation in perusing the bound volumes of *Punch* for the last three years with Du Maurier's fine skits on the æsthetes and the toadies. For myself I cannot but consider them infinitely superior to all John Leech's work in wit and the pencil in an earlier generation. . . . To-day really I had, as the advertisement says, "to fly to Eno and obtain relief," and I do think that medicine is sometimes beneficial; it seems, at any rate, to accelerate perspiration and take a weight off the head.

8 *p.m.*—But now it is cool, delightful night, with a glorious moon overhead, and one's spirits have revived and one feels quite fresh again. . . . Tell Charles I was so pleased and interested with his letter from Freshwater . . . how I wonder if *Polypodium thelepteris* (the "marsh fern") is still growing where I used to find it, and whether that strange fresh-water spring that rose and fell with the tide is still in the pine clump on the opposite down. . . . Does Charles remember some lines of Tennyson inviting F. D. Maurice to go and rest himself, after his worries from his theological foes, at Freshwater? The place is prettily described in several of the verses, if I remember rightly, "close to the ridge of a noble down." . . . There were the blackberries, too, in one particular hedge just the size and shape—I had almost said "and the taste"—of mulberries; did Hilda find them out? . . . Finally, there was the croquet,

* Magwangwara and Gwangwara are both used, Ma being a prefix—the people of—the Gwangwara.

whereat we all tried to appear as if we never lost our tempers, only we did though. . . . Those long level sands . . . how Charlie and I would walk along those sands to Brooke, run up the chine and pick watercresses, or chip out the fossils from the petrified forest exposed at low tide—one can never forget it all, though it was . . . twenty long years ago. . . .

Masasi, *December* 1*st*, 1882.

. . . I wish they would publish two fat volumes of our good Bishop's correspondence rather than write a life of him. A short biographical sketch by one who appreciated him is all that is wanted, but the letters would show his grasp of mind and ability, which, to my thinking, are what made his greatness . . . but others may think very differently, and whatever is put forth biographically will be intensely interesting to me. . . .

December 14*th*.

À propos of the Bishop, it is only fair to say that the last letter I received from him was exceedingly kind, so evidently the letter of one who believed himself writing to me for the last time.

Masasi, *December* 11*th*, 1882.

. . . Here is an answer to your question as to my average day; but I give it to you as it is at the present time. It may be very different two months hence, though some features of it—viz., the hours of matins and evensong—would always remain the same:—

6 a.m.—Rise, dress, &c.

6.30 a.m.—Matins.

7.15 a.m.—Pay out cloth, beads, &c.; set out-door work for the day, and breakfast.

8 a.m. to 9.30 a.m.—Arithmetic class, with first class of six boys.

9.30 a.m. to 11 a.m.—Translation and theology classes, with Charles Sulimani and Theodore.

11 a.m.—Visit any sick people in the village, look round the building, planting, and superintend the cooking.

12.—Dinner.

12.30 p.m. to 2 p.m.—Oh! horrors! chiefly snoozing, dozing, with a little desultory reading. Are you terribly shocked? But it is to this long midday rest that I owe my ability to stick to work in Africa, as well as my present good health.

2 p.m. to 4.30 p.m.—Classes with Charles Sulimani, Theodore, and others.

5.30.—Evensong. (Just now, Advent, short address every evening after second lesson.)

6 p.m.—Tea.

6.30 till 9 p.m.—Reading, writing, or thinking for sermons, &c.

Of course, I have constantly to be called away both from my professedly resting time, and at others, to see chiefs on the baraza, to listen to complaints, to organize caravans to the coast, and a dozen other things. Occasionally I walk ten or a dozen miles to see some one who is ill; this is not often, mind. You will see my programme points to a very light day's work, and yet I feel convinced I could not do much more in the day without soon knocking up altogether, or doing the extra in so unamiable a way as to spoil everything. . . .

[In a letter, dated October in this year, to a missionary friend in India, he says: "I look at your paper of the day's routine—the regular hours, the set times, the steady, unchanging round of duties. Oh! how great the contrast all this to one of my own days here; not one thing at all alike, and yet we are, as a matter of fact, actually at the same work." Then he proceeds to give a sort of time-table of an average day much as related above, only this specimen day begins with Holy Communion at

5.30 a.m. And then he speaks of the building, church building just then, which he had to superintend.]

I should be less careful of myself, I think, if I felt there were plenty coming on to fill my place if I were to smash up suddenly; but I don't think so, hence this cool and calculating "conservation of force" on my part, and which, as you see, I so unblushingly confess to. By-the-bye—did I mention it?—bed at 9 or soon after, and jolly sound sleep right away on till 5 a.m. Oh! you *must* read the "Life of Charles Lowder"; I have been perfectly fascinated by it. I had the privilege of actually shaking hands with him in Oxford in '79 when he went . . . to hear my juvenile prattle at Canon King's [now the Bishop of Lincoln. Ed.].

MASASI, *December 14th*, 1882.

. . . We have at last got our oleanders in bloom, and very beautiful they are; all pink ones as yet. Our lemon and citron grove is just now a glorious sight with all the trees in full bloom. Bar the ulcers, I am very well, and we are having a very nice quiet, steady time of it just now. . . . One is a great deal too comfortable and lazy out here. I expect now I shall have to go home and buckle to in some London curacy just to assure myself that I can endure hardness, which I begin altogether to doubt. . . .

MASASI, *December 30th*, 1882.

. . . How thoroughly any of them [his nephews and nieces.—Ed.] would enjoy a week or two here picking the flowers, to them all new and strange, and sucking the lemons and limes, and, I should say, literally devouring the mulberries and mangoes which just now, together with the pineapples, are making a goodly show. They would also chase the butterflies, and scream with delight at the gaily coloured little birds Theodore has been busy

catching all this week and hanging up in cages on all the neighbouring trees. Then the granite rocks and boulders and the hills would be just the place for the bolder spirits, such as Fred or Charlie. I don't quite know how they would like to go without puddings and do without milk in their tea or butter on their bread; but just for a week or so I think they would all thoroughly enjoy themselves. Masasi has now just completed six years of its existence as a Missionary station, and in that time there have been celebrated here seventy-two baptisms, adult and infant together; seventeen Christian funerals, five Christian marriages. Such are our statistics as I find them by referring to our registers. . . . Some convolvulus seeds which Johnson brought up from Zanzibar in '79 give us each wet season a profusion of the most beautiful and varied blossoms you can conceive. . . . I train them to run up the roof of our schoolroom, below which we have some gay zinnias doing nicely. These two flowers, together with oleander, hibiscus, red and white (though *not* blue) periwinkles, besides a small red acacia and a rare blue creeper, are the chief ornaments of our churchyard and garden at this time of the year; we leave the red gladiolus to grow where and as it will untransplanted. . . . The mulberries I have spoken of are the small Persian variety—not grown in England—no larger than elongated blackberries and, perhaps, with not so rich a flavour as English mulberries. Still they thrive wonderfully here, and are very sweet and toothsome. . . . The question of witchcraft in a heathen country like this is a curious one. I wonder what English sages would make of it. Certainly there is a power in it, and it would seem natural to find it in full exercise in a country where Christ is not known, and where, nevertheless, idol worship is not the form

in which the Devil gains over the people to rebellion against God. I think I have heard that there are some remarkable passages on the subject in the preface to Lecky's "Morals in Europe," or it may be in Buckle's still more celebrated book. Anyhow, neither of them is here, and so I can't consult them. Meanwhile I always take a very serious view of any case coming before me of a man convicted of employing witchcraft; for whatever power there may or may not be in the thing itself, it is certainly clear that he or she who seeks it, does so with the worst intentions, and in the full belief that the evil they desire will actually come about by the witchcraft they procure. Nearly every native chief who is of a serious turn of mind about here, asks me how to deal with the matter. Matola hailed as a grand and certain result of Christianity spreading in his country the fact that witchcraft would be driven out before it. He has got as much faith in the power Christianity will have and the good it will do, when once fully accepted by the Yao people, as the most sanguine of us Missionaries could have. . . .

MASASI, *January* 11*th*, 1883.

I write this letter from my bed, but don't be alarmed. My complaint is a very bad ulcer on the shin of my right leg. . . . I began to lie up two days ago, because the increasing pain took away all sleep at night. . . . Theodore goes back to the coast and to the Seyid's army to-morrow; the Seyid was inexorable, and would not let him leave altogether. I have much enjoyed the boy's three months' visit, and I hope he may be allowed to come again some day. . . . There seems to be a regular exodus of returning Missionaries from Zanzibar this year; I hope I sha'n't have to join the throng. . . .

January 18*th*.—A few lines extra. Mr. Porter returned safe and sound yesterday with, alas! only eight of the

people who had been carried away. He stayed twenty-seven days with the Gwangwara, and found them a terrible set. They, however, broke the point of the spear they had left behind with us as a pledge that they would not make war again, and we have the spear with us. One of themselves returned with Mr. Porter and party, with his shield and assegais all complete. He came as guide. They left here—as you will remember [Mr. Porter and party], on November 1st, arrived at the Magwangwara on December 2nd, after a walk of 360 miles. They stayed there till December 29th, and arrived yesterday, January 17th. The results of the journey are not really satisfactory in any sense. It seems quite certain that the Gwangwara will require us every year to pay them a large quantity of cloth, salt, &c., and they plainly say, "unless we go and build and live there, no real lasting friendship is to exist between us." *They* [the Gwangwara] say that all the Makuas and Yaos and everybody else of these parts are now to look to us as their masters and lords, and we on their behalf are to pay cloth, salt, &c., to the Gwangwara as our conquerors. That is really our position at present, and it is very unsatisfactory. . . . If my ulcer gets well, I hope to start in May on a second journey to the Gwangwara. It must be done, and probably *I* ought to do it if I am well enough. . . .

NEWALA, *January 23rd.*

. . . Fancy, I have at last read "The Heir of Redclyffe." Isn't that an achievement you'd never have expected me to accomplish? But I really thoroughly liked it, though I had feared I had got too hard out here for anything of that kind. . . . I've not yet told how delighted we all were with the "Lady Maud," it made us quite thirst for "The Wreck of the Grosvenor" and "A Sea Queen" by the same gifted author [Clarke Russell]. . . .

March 1st, 1883.

Here I am still in bed, where I have lain without moving from it ever since my last letter [on account of his bad ulcer. Ed.]. . . . The want of a good supply of fresh vegetables is the real reason it won't heal; the pain is intense at night, and I am obliged to have recourse to opiates. . . . Porter is goodness itself. I often feel I should die but for his kind care and attention in every way. . . . Don't get alarmed about my state; there is no danger, I believe, so long as one can eat and sleep. . . . We have English vegetables coming up in the garden, and when they are ready for table I expect them to do wonders for me. . . .

(*To his Father.*)

March 7th, 1893.

. . . You seem now so thoroughly to have grasped our position with all its difficulties that I cannot but feel that your presence at those meetings [committee], or even a letter sent to Penney to be used at them, is of the greatest possible value to "poor us" (*i.e.*, Porter and self) out here. I have asked Penney to let you have the perusal of a short letter I have just sent him, by which you will see how utterly impossible it would have been—nay, more, what madness it would have been—had we encouraged our people to defend themselves. . . .

March 27th, 1883.

You will be glad to hear that I can give a much better account of my leg. I think it is now really healing up, . . . though with such a very large sore it will still take many days to heal up altogether. . . . Of course, with this altered state of health, I am beginning to hope that I may be able to stay out here at least another year. . . . I am, though, as I have said, much better, yet quite unable to put my leg to the ground. . . . Some one has

sent us wine and brandy. . . . I am thinking it may be you after all. . . . My improved health is, I think, greatly due to the wine, cocoa, and other good things I have had sent me from relatives and friends. Certainly, at one time, this horrid ulcer did look a most hopeless affair. Common as they are in Africa, I have never seen such a bad one as mine, except on a native's leg. . . . We have a small crop of undersized turnips, which we are now enjoying, but all the other vegetables Porter sowed so hopefully two and a half months ago have belied their early promise and come to nothing, which God grant our work out here may never do, for we have been some years at the sowing. But in this the promise as yet has not deceived us, and in spite of all *external* troubles, of which in truth we have had our share, internally we have a little band of God-fearing men and women who look forward to better things than they can ever find on earth. So it is, you see, that I am content, nay, anxious to prolong my present stay in Africa beyond this year at least, if it may be.

MASASI, *March 28th*, 1883.

. . . Two large, common-looking glasses, sent up by Clarke from Lindi, give great amusement. Here in my sick room I hold my levées frequently. Sometimes I have about ten or twelve little girls from the various villages. They come partly to see me, partly to eat dates and fruit, and partly to see pictures and the other wonders of European craft and skill which we have about us. I said little girls, and so they are, yet most of them are married—the wives of our catechumens and hearers. . . . I have been giggling like a school-boy over that wonderfully clever book, "Vice Versâ." . . . Writing a great number of letters in bed is a very fatiguing business. . . .

Masasi, *April 4th*, 1883.

. . . My leg is still progressing favourably. I drink two glasses of wine a day, and have an enormous appetite. . . .

April 9th.

. . . I am still in bed, and for the last six or seven days my leg has made no progress, but I think this is due to the weather, which is winding up the rainy season with some tremendous downpours, and these are always bad for ulcers out here. . . .

Masasi, *St. Philip and St. James'*.

. . . "Lead, kindly Light," is, I think, of all others the hymn to take for a birthday one, and perhaps more than ever so for one who, like yourself, has passed the prime of life—more simple trustfulness and less questioning, more of the return to the child-nature, and so a larger sense of rest and a more complete happiness in feeling that to be led is oh! how far better than to seek for oneself, the path through a thorny world. Yet I speak of things I have hardly learned to realise myself—would it were otherwise. Last week Matola paid us a visit, during which I tried my leg beyond its powers, and have considerably retarded the healing process thereby. No doubt the folly of standing up, exhibiting a magic lantern for one and a half hours, with a bad ulcer on one's leg would have been more excusable in one somewhat younger than I am; but you will never look for prudence in me, and thus it will not surprise you. . . .

Masasi, *May 16th*, 1883.

. . . My leg is still very bad, and I expect there is no cure for it but a journey to England. I wish I could think that such a journey was likely to be a near event, but there seems no chance of my being able to get away at present. . . . I suppose long ere this the new Bishop

has been appointed; but we have heard nothing as yet, and are beginning to be anxious about our letters.

Masasi, *June 30th*, 1883.

. . . Three long months have passed since we heard from any of you, and we are not a little impatient for news, as well as for the advice of the Committee or new Bishop. Meanwhile we have already sent over to Newala more than two-thirds of our own and the mission property at Masasi, and probably shall soon find ourselves settled there in our new house. My leg is getting well, but the question is, shall I be able to keep it quiet when the scarifying process is completed, for if I do not continue to give it entire rest for long after the healing up, it is sure to break out again. The word "scarifying" suggests in a punning kind of way another form of scarifying that is going on largely now—I mean the constant scares that the Gwangwara are coming again. These affect us in this way, namely, in causing all the womankind of the village to flee to the hills and sleep in little grass huts on the "Alpine mountains cold," represented here by the great tree-clad granite masses that rise one and a half miles to our north-east. I dare not refuse them leave to go there, for who knows but that some day their cries of "wolf, wolf!" might prove only too true. But all this shows how great is the necessity to quit Masasi and seek a place where our people can live in safety. [Most of the people had been sent back to Zanzibar, but about forty remained.—Ed.] . . . You will be glad to hear that I keep in excellent health in spite of the offending leg. If I had but a pair of stout English crutches I don't think I should confine myself any longer to my room and couch. . . . Enough of this subject, and more than enough, were it not that I remember that it is to you I am writing; you who ever (and after the manner of most mothers) so anxiously

inquire as to the state of my bodily health. Really I am honest when I say that so acclimatised do I feel, that I now fear the English climate much more than I do this one, and I should feel somewhat shy of facing an English winter again. My early convert, Charles Sulimani, was formally given his freedom by his Makua master to-day —given, do I say,—no not given, for he bought it with thirty dollars. But we feared cheating, so we made the old rascal who all these years has owned him come here and sign two or three papers in the presence of several witnesses and ourselves. The affair reached its climax when the "great seal" was produced and the crossed arrows of all the Mapleses stood out in bold relief from the wax which Mkuti (Charles Sulimani's master), all trembling and of a quake by reason of the awful solemnity of the act, was invited to press with his flabby finger. It was almost too much for the poor man, and I believe the old reprobate was of opinion that the whole business was a bit of awful European witchcraft, ten times more terrible than any he had ever practised. Alas, alas, he and most of his brother chiefs are every bit as much of heathens as they were when we first came here six years ago, and the impression made upon him to-day by this bit of secular business is the only impression at all we have ever succeeded in making on him. . . .

Newala, *July 25th*, 1883.

Now that we have been settled here nearly a week I find leisure to write you a few lines. . . . Nearly all our people who remained with us when we sent the bulk of them back to Mbweni have followed us here, so we have still some fourteen couples at present, with the prospect of their swelling to twenty-five couples before long. But at that number . . . I mean to stop, and steadily refuse to take the charge of others on the old terms. Matola is

exceedingly pleasant and helpful. . . . My leg is really much better and possibly may quite heal up now; I have begun to walk again a little and get to church. . . . We are laying out our village in a sort of triangle, our own houses, school, &c., being the base, those of our people forming the two sides, and the space in the middle being occupied by the church and churchyard that is to be. . . . From our house and yard we can see the yellow band of the Rovuma dividing the great forest upon which our eyes rest, with its broad sands and islets and its shallow waters. Beyond, again, in hazy outline, we trace the distant hills of the Maviti, whom Goldfinch and I visited two years ago. We find it colder here than at Masasi, but we believe it to be very healthy. . . . It cost just 33*l.* removing all our property, effects, and ourselves from Masasi here, while our house here cost us 15*l.* We are forty-six miles from our old abode and E.S.E. of it. . . . We left Masasi with comparatively few regrets, so decided had been the rejection of Christianity by the Makuas there; and so little security henceforth is there likely to be *there* for converts. I will not say that we do not miss our stone church, our buildings, and our orchards, but we have a good hope of raising, in time, all these things here, where certainly a far more ready acceptance of the Faith seems assured. This last fact makes up, and more than makes up, for all we lose by leaving Masasi.

NEWALA, *July 29th*, 1883.

. . . Last night we were surprised by a *terrible invasion*. Let me tell you the exciting details. When all was silence and blackest darkness, and when we had all been long asleep, a fearful scrawking was heard in the fowl-house which woke up some of the boys directly. They, in dread alarm, seized firebrands and prepared themselves for the worst. The scrawking increased fear-

fully, and the unfortunate fowls beat their wings in futile rage against their bamboo prison. With hearts beating so loudly they might have been heard at Timbuctoo, the boys advanced stealthily to the walls of the fowl-house, and holding up their brands, which threw a lurid glare into the building, they descried the foe, all armed to the teeth and some hundreds of thousands strong. What was to be done? Mr. Porter was fast asleep, and I was only just waking up to the sense that another fearful calamity had overtaken us. The boys now added squeals and yells to the scrawking of the fowls, and made a perfect pandemonium; but it was time for action. On came the enemy in myriads, and now they swarmed into the kitchen and overran the sleeping places of the poor lads so rudely waked from their slumbers. But then the enemy were met, their van was turned, their flank was routed, while the rear-guard fled in terrible confusion before the burning brands of the tiny defending force. The fowls ceased scrawking and roosted again, the boys once more curled themselves up by the fire to sleep till morning, and I dozed off again, thankful that the enemy had not made their way up my four-poster. Now our foe was not a horde of Gwangwara or Maviti; we had only been visited by a vast armament of the so-called "travelling ants," whose heads carry two sharp prongs, which they dig into you when they get the chance, with the most dire effect, and who, it is said, travel immense distances both by night and day, thousands, and even millions, strong. They are a good half-inch long, and don't allow you to forget them in a hurry when they have once insisted on thrusting upon you their most disagreeable acquaintance. . . . We are sending down to Williams a pretty extensive order for beads and cloth. You have no idea how very particular the people are as to the kind of beads, the

colours, and the size. We have to write very careful orders to Williams, or we should be liable to get up a quantity of utterly unsaleable ones. . . . African natives are very independent, and they don't care either to sell their food or do work for us, unless we provide the special articles they require in payment for the same, so false is the idea that anything gaudy or showy will please them. . . .

CHILONDA, NEWALA, *July 30th*, 1883.

. . . What makes me feel very old is the fact that so many of those who began this African life either just about when I did or after, have already been removed from all earthly labour! But what are your particular reflections, I wonder? I wish we could exchange some conversation, such conversation as the short limits of a letter will not allow of. Though one is happy enough here, it does make one rather homesick getting no letters for four long months, and I don't think it tends to sweeten one's temper—this hope deferred making the heart sick.

NEWALA, *August 19th*, 1883.

. . . We have received *no* letters from England since those you wrote at the very beginning of February. . . . My time each day is nearly all spent in teaching, and doing the courteous to chiefs and visitors with whom I hold long converse sometimes, getting in a word for God (as Methodists phrase it) as and when I can. With Matola, however, I have much longer and more important conversations. We still feel what a great change it is having him for our host, rather than the drunken Masasi chiefs, whom we never seemed able to influence in the slightest degree. . . . On Sundays he (Mr. Porter) celebrates, as I cannot stand yet, but I do all the preaching, sitting in rather unpriestly fashion with my

leg stretched out on a chair in front of me; happily no one here thinks it odd. Sunday is a nice day altogether with us, and we both enjoy having Matola as our Sunday guest for dinner. He is full of information on native subjects and likes imparting it; he is also a good listener and keen to learn. Although we hope very soon to make him a full catechumen, his four wives will be an insuperable obstacle to his baptism, I fear. For his part he is willing to put three of them away, but as they threaten suicide if he does, he feels justly that he cannot press the matter. . . . We can only wait patiently and hope that a door may be opened for him some day, and that we may be enabled eventually, and yet before he is on his deathbed, to admit him by baptism into Christ's fold. . . . If the harmonium is lost there is some consolation in the thought, that had it arrived, it would probably be some months ere my foot could pound away at the bellows. We've some splendid peas and cabbages coming on [The soil is much better at Newala than at Masasi.—Ed.], which is satisfactory, as I am sure that fresh vegetables are more useful than anything else in the way of diet for residents in tropical parts. To explain how it is so is to go into technicalities about gastric juices, their supply, replenishment, &c., subjects on which there is no necessity to enlarge here, though you can't think how wise we are both becoming by the aid of Dr. Quain's "Dictionary of Medicine!" We are expecting our Reader Charles Sulimani from Masasi this week. We hear that the catechumens and others in the Yao villages there have been very steady in going to the Sunday services kept up by him. . . . But what makes things appear so much more hopeful *here*, is the fact that the chiefs are such a very different stamp of men, although I would not have you suppose that I wish to represent them all as paragons of virtue. The three principal

ones, however, are quite free from the influence of drink, and that is an enormous point. . . . As I may in future letters cursorily allude to them, let me here mention their names—Matola, Mlipa, and Mtuma. The two first are Yaos, and the last is a Makua, who just now has pinned his faith on to a certain huge bottle of tincture of the perchloride of iron that usually resides in our medicine cupboard. He believes that this drug is an infallible remedy for about half a dozen complaints which he declares himself to be suffering from. . . . I should be glad to go to the expense of about 2*l.*, if for it can be bought a thoroughly well illustrated book of natural history, containing good pictures (if possible coloured), of all animals, wild and domestic. . . . This is really quite a want here, and *the* thing that is more popular than anything else we have to entertain people with. . . .

NEWALA, *August 27th*, 1883.

. . . I was grieved to find that Argles of the Calcutta Mission had been so soon called away; his was a truly saintly character. . . . My leg is much better, and all thoughts of a return to England are farther than ever from my mind. . . . Our released slaves here are now reduced to about eight or nine steady-going couples, whom it is a real pleasure to have the care of, but no one thinks we are really safe from our last year's enemies. . . .

NEWALA, *August 26th*, 1883.

Yesterday we were overjoyed to get the long missing letters. . . . The pistol has arrived, and I duly presented it to Matola on Saturday night, and although he is very particular about not mixing up weekday matters with Sunday rest he could not resist the pleasure of bringing it down to-day to show to his friends. It is not etiquette with African chiefs to send words of thanks, but I gave him your and my father's message, and

while I am sure he was thoroughly pleased with the present, I also think he felt himself not a little honoured by my father's attention. I must say it was with a good deal of satisfaction that I gave it to him, as now that we see him daily and have a much closer connexion with him than heretofore, he rises steadily in our estimation, and we both agree in thinking him far, far superior to any other *heathen* African we have yet known. I think I told you he has early dinner every Sunday with us, and generally stays talking with us till it is nearly time for the afternoon service, which he attends, and then returns to his house and village for the rest of the day. . . . I have been preaching during the last five Sundays on the first five Commandments, and in default of a true Yao word for "Commandment," I used the common Swahili word, which I fancied would make itself understood, but no; Matola told me on Sunday that the other chiefs had asked him what it meant. Of course Matola knew, and could tell them, but next Sunday I must phrase it "the great word," and thus the Ten Commandments will be in Yao, "the ten great words of God." . . .

NEWALA, *September 4th*, 1883.

. . . To-day there arrived here all safe and well, and duly ransomed, the little boy, aged ten, who was carried off by the Gwangwara last year, and whom for some time we had thought dead—speared by the enemy. However, here he is with fine tales of the rare and scanty food, and of the hard servitude to which he was subjected. Two other of our people are also ransomed, so only five captives now remain to be brought back. Ah! when? . . .

[The letters of this period are much taken up with his anxiety, &c., on account of his mother's serious illness.]

NEWALA, *September 8th*, 1883.

. . . I suppose any son would love his mother dearly, if he only felt how his mother loved him. But I never think of our mother's love for us without the thought of the *unselfishness* of her love. No matter how, in the particular form which my Churchmanship has taken, I may have differed from the particular type to which from early years she has ever been attached, I still feel that whatever power religion has exercised over me is to be derived distinctly from her teachings in all the first fourteen or sixteen years of my life. And this is what I mean by the unselfishness of her love for us. She loved us so well because she loved Christ so well, she loved us for Christ's sake. I am quite certain of this, and it has been always to me one of the strongest evidences of the truth of Christianity, especially at times (of school-life) when I fear religion was a very small part of my life. I can conceive of nobody in the world, no priest nor saint I have ever heard of, being able to do for me what my mother thro' the holiness of her love did for me. . . . As to my going home. [The Committee of the Mission had advised him to come home for change.—Ed.] Plainly I am afraid to face the English winter with a plunge, as it would be, were I to start now and arrive in December. I think there is now no alternative but to wait till April or May next year. . . . My leg doesn't trouble me much as long as I am content not to walk much on it, but it has not healed up. . . .

September 8th.—. . . The papers of the last few months, which I am scanning, announce the deaths of several Oxford friends and contemporaries of mine at Oxford . . . Arnold Toynbee, senior bursar of Balliol,—my age,—I knew him well at Oxford. He was a great social reformer. He, too, has died quite young, and will be much missed. . . .

NEWALA, *September 10th*, 1883.

As to our work, it goes on but very slowly. People are not willing to *give up* for Christ, tho' ready enough (were we to allow them) to *take up* with Christianity, to come to church, to adopt externals, &c. Our school, however, thrives. . . .

September 15th, 1883.

. . . And now I must thank you for the tops, balls and toys. They really seem to have given a good deal of innocent amusement, and the boys have been playing with them quite vigorously to-day, which I was most pleased to notice. The trumpets, especially the little brass or tin ones, are very popular. If ever you are inclined to repeat the dose, cheap musical instruments of all sorts are as good as anything. . . . Humming tops would be liked, those you sent don't hum, though they spin very well. I read to-day of a top, price 2*s.* 4*d.*, that hums in chords! sold as a novelty somewhere in Cheapside. Swans and fish with magnets to draw them thro' the water—are these things of the past now in toyland, I wonder? Then I must thank you for the towels, two sponges, tooth brushes and lint; but you don't know what a stock of tooth brushes and sponges you are sending me. My dear mamma, I do assure you I desire to keep clean, but if I were to use all the sponges and tooth brushes you have sent me during the last two years, I should have to wash six times a day, in order to wear them out in a reasonable time. You really must draw it mild. Then, you threaten another towel! Very many thanks for the one you've sent, it is very useful, but why should I have another directly, it won't wear out all in a hurry, that one, it can't! . . .

Sunday, September 16th.

. . . My friend Johnson this week will complete his seven years in Africa—a longer spell than any one in the Mission has ever had, I believe. . . .

NEWALA, *October 2nd*, 1883.

. . . I'm still wonderfully well, tho' the ulcer doesn't heal up. We are getting on happily here. Don't trouble yourself to think we are on short commons; such a feast of watercresses, French beans, peas, turnips, and cabbages as we are getting now! . . .

October 16th, 1883.

The harmonium arrived in very good order on the whole, and Matola and I were able to put it together without much trouble. . . . Just now I am very busy building a new church and schoolroom here. It will be nearly as large as the Masasi church, but not of stone, and thus only about a sixth of the expense. . . . On this hill we are on sandstone, and the soil and the rock is the same—sandstone. At Masasi, our rocks were gneiss, and our soil was very unsuitable for English herbs, &c. . . . I consider this place even more healthy than Masasi, the air being so much more invigorating. Fancy dear old bracken (*Pteris aquilina*) growing on the slopes of these hills; it is so homelike, even though, as we brush thro' its tall-standing fronds, no dappled deer are startled from their cover. . . . An elephant was killed near where Williams is stationed, three weeks or so ago, which had been half killed in '81, and which had been unsuccessfully hunted from time to time ever since. At last it was killed by a man from Meto, but by the unchanging laws of African etiquette, the animal with its valuable ivory (sold at Lindi for 40*l.*, *i.e.*, 200 dollars) is the property of the man Abdullah Pesa, who first wounded it two years ago! You will laugh at this, but it is a fact nevertheless. Elephants are very rare in all these parts, and therefore, the identification of the animal is a matter of certainty. Williams sent me a bit of the flesh of this particular beast, by-the-bye.

He said he had found it palatable after a six hours' boiling. We were not hungry enough to try the experiment, and between ourselves, if I had been, I think I would have boiled my shoes in preference. Buffalo and eland meat are, however, delicious, and literally melt in one's mouth. No wonder natives are keen in hunting them. . . .

October 17th.—. . . We go on much the same from day to day, with little to break the daily routine, and with but slow progress to chronicle. But things *must* be slow here in Africa, and the conquest of the country for Christ is not, as we seem to think, a matter for a few years' accomplishment. . . . My leg continues much about the same. I've got a pair of crutches, but they cut my arms and hurt them, so I prefer walking about without them. . . .

NEWALA, *November 9th*, 1883.

. . . You will, I think, be glad to hear that we are at last giving our attention to the Abyssinian tube well, and find it a very easy matter driving it, after all. As yet we have only tried it near our house and regular watering place by way of practice, but so far with great success, obtaining a capital supply of the purest water at twelve feet. To-morrow, however, we start—a large party of us, for I have to be carried—to make experiments at a place just under the Makonde cliff, which we think could be made impregnable against an enemy if only water can be obtained. . . . We are very happy here and feel that Matola is a real friend. In every way he is most helpful, and if he feels it to be an advantage to him our being here, certainly we feel it no small advantage his being our host. . . My ulcer makes me a stick-at-home by necessity, but Porter gets about a good deal and so manages to extend to a considerable distance some knowledge at least of our teaching and work. . . .

November 9th.—We've got a new pet—a falcon, whom we regale daily with the heads of our daily fowls, and doesn't it enjoy them! You should see it picking out the eyes and gloating over them—as an epicure over his oysters—then the tongue and the gullet are evidently tit-bits. . . .

November 27th, 1883.

. . . Although we have been at work very vigorously at the Artesian well-tube and have been able to drive it to a considerable depth in various places, we have not yet succeeded in getting the desired element—water. . . .

December 19th, 1883.

. . . We had a porcupine for dinner the other day—it was very good, just like sucking-pig. . . .

January 23rd, 1884.

. . . I am glad to tell you that my plan for going home this year is not materially changed, though the Bishop's arrival and possible visit *here* may postpone it by one month or so. In any case I shall hope to arrive in England while the days are still long and sultry, as I have no mind to sight the cliffs of Albion first in chill October. . . .

January 23rd, 1884.

. . . We were much interested in all the little scraps of information culled from various quarters as to our new Bishop. . . . Oh! I was nearly forgetting the tomatoes; ——was quite right, they are just the vegetable that does better than any other out here. . . . The sunflowers, though, never showed any signs of life. Doubtless the seed had gone bad. . . .

Newala, *February 18th*, 1884.

. . . My birthday yesterday, and I was thirty-two! How many men have made themselves famous and done a whole life's work by that age! It makes one feel

ashamed of one's own feebleness and littleness, and scanty work and the like. I was thinking yesterday of Mendelssohn, when playing to Joseph Williams some things of his, and I think he was an instance of a man who by thirty-two had done and produced all those great works that have made him so famous a name. Did he not die at thirty-five or thirty-six years of age? We are just beginning our new potatoes, and a great treat they are; but the strong sun of the tropics seems to have drawn up all the strength from the roots, and while there is a profusion of green leaves and flower, the potatoes themselves are very small. . . . The harmonium *did* arrive quite safely and gave thorough satisfaction. Just lately I have been playing on it a good deal at odd times, by way of getting my hand in for some strumming on the Zanzibar organ, if I have to stay a month there. . . . Thanks for the charcoal powder; I tried it one day but with no effect, and I was not encouraged to try it again. It's of no use *drying up* an ulcer as long as the ulcerating process is going on. When my constitution gets braced up again by our English climate—or mayhap on the voyage—the place will heal up of itself, without having to rob any of your London chimneys of their—well, *soot*, though I think you called it charcoal. . . .

[When he arrived in England in June of this year, the ulcer on his shin bone was still quite four inches in diameter, though it had gradually decreased during the voyage home. Within six weeks of his arrival, the place had healed and he was playing lawn tennis!]

I am grieved to hear of the death of my kind friend——. . . . Only the day before I received your letter with the intelligence of her departure, Patrick Mabruki (*vide* "Central Africa" for Jan. or Feb., 1883) came up to me with some little native curios (combs, &c.), which he

begged me to take with me for her. He added that he wished me to write down some native stories at his dictation for her to read. I readily promised to do this, and then the next day had to call him up and tell him that the kind friend who, reading of him in "Central Africa," had sent him out, some eight months ago, a drinking cup, had completed her earthly pilgrimage, and was now in Paradise. When he brought me the combs, he also paid for some beads, which he wanted in order to make them up in *native fashion*, that she might know what sort of necklaces are worn by his people and tribe. . . . The matter is interesting, because the whole thing was the man's own thought, without the slightest hint or suggestion from me or any one else. . . . We were terribly alarmed yesterday, as just after the afternoon service two of our people, a man and his wife, were taken suddenly and violently ill. Diagnosis is difficult for amateurs, but the symptoms presented appeared to us to point to an outbreak of (Asiatic) cholera. But it at last turned out that the sickness, &c., was evidently due to the eating of some doubtful mushrooms, and the two, after good doses of laudanum, are quite themselves again to-day. It is curious, but nevertheless a fact, that the common English edible mushroom which grows here, is *the* one kind eschewed by the natives, who marvel at our intrepidity when, after a good "find," we bid the cook get ready the frying-pan, and afterwards sit down to a full and fair discussion of the delicious esculent. However, we think *we* know a real mushroom when we see it, and this very evening at tea have eaten a plateful, not one whit intimidated by what befel the aforesaid couple last night. Katie used to be interested in earthworms, though not otherwise (as far as I know) bitten with Darwinism. Perhaps you are fond of snails, and therefore I may tell you that in Newala (and Africa generally)

snails are often as big as a very large orange, and they make frightful havoc of young vegetable marrows, cucumbers, and the like. They are fond of convolvulus, too, and balsams—and indeed of pretty nearly everything we grow, whether as pleasing to the eye or to the palate. So you see, one recognizes a use in these snails. They come to tell us not to grow too fond of these things, and to snatch them from us when we are giving too much attention to them. . . .

February 12*th*, 1884.

. . . I have just started three more plaguey little ulcers all about the right leg—two above the knee, and another which occupies towards the old original one pretty much the position of the moon in regard to the earth. The analogy does not hold good on every point, as I am glad to say that the moon-like ulcer is not "crescent," but neither again (and here too the analogy won't hold) does it show signs of "waning." However, don't suppose I'm very bad; I get about, as much as it is necessary to do during the rainy season (full on now). . . . This is a jolly healthy place. One never has fever here; neither did one at Masasi of late years, for the matter of that. . . .

SS. "Mecca," off Kiswere,
Monday in Holy Week, 1884.

Here I am then, steaming pleasantly from Lindi to Zanzibar; time about 8 p.m., on a very good ship. . . . I need give you but few details of our journey to the coast, save to say that I travelled very comfortably down in the hammock-net you worked, and which had already proved so useful. . . . I shall be in Zanzibar probably one month and three days. . . . If all goes well, shall be in England on June 21st. . . .

[He staid in Zanzibar for the synod, which the new Bishop (Dr. Smythies) was then holding.]

Easter Monday, April 14th.

. . . We arrived in Zanzibar . . . last Wednesday. To our great surprise we found that the Bishop was not expected till *after* Easter. . . . My leg was so much better that I was able to take a good share in the Good Friday and Easter Day services in Bishop Steere's most glorious church—as indeed I am fain to call it, now that I see it for the first time after its completion. . . . I wore the Bishop's gorgeous vestments (not the mitre, by the way!). . . . My old friend Theodore is here, just going to be confirmed and married, and of course I see a great deal of him. . . . Matola [Matola had come down with the party from Newala.—Ed.] and our other guests seem much interested in all they see, as well they may be. . . .

SS. "JAVA," ANCHORED OFF LAMU,
May 16th, 1884.

. . . The last two days spent at Zanzibar were interesting to me, for on Sunday I was present at a Confirmation held by the Bishop in the Slave Market Church, whereat my old friend Theodore was one of the five candidates. . . . Later on in the day, I rode over on a donkey to Mbweni, in order to take part next morning at the wedding of Theodore, who was duly married to one Alice Msapamwana. . . . Some of my fellow passengers are interesting people. First comes H. H. Johnston,* the clever young artist, author, and botanist, whose book on the Congo and sketches in the *Graphic* on the same subject you doubtless have seen or heard of. . . . He is now travelling to explore and investigate the flora and

* Sir Harry Johnston, K.C.B., who (1897) has just published a new book on "British Central Africa."

natural history generally of the Kilimanjaro district. . . . He and I have made great friends, and I was quite sorry to say good-bye, when, on Wednesday, we left him at Mombasa, which is his *point de départ* for Kilimanjaro. Another passenger is a Dr. Joest, a German, who has travelled everywhere, and is now collecting curios . . . for the Imperial Museum at Berlin. Another passenger is a Frenchman of some repute and fame, a Mons. Révoil, also collecting curios. He collects for the Trocadéro, and is well acquainted with these parts and peoples, and has made some interesting discoveries in connection with the origin of the Somali people—always a great mystery. . . . We reached Mombasa at sunset on Tuesday evening. Mr. Handford,* whom I had not seen since the year 1877, came off, and was very genial and pleasant. . . . After two or three hours very pleasantly spent [at Frere Town] . . . we returned to the ship, and got under way about four o'clock. . . . The ship's doctor is a good hand at ulcers, and so he dresses my leg for me, and it is already much better under his hands. . . .

ADEN, *May 27th.*

. . . Should arrive in London June 21st. All well. I travel *viâ* Algiers.

[From the end of June till the end of September he was more or less at home.]

LEEDS, *October*, 1884.

On the whole I think it best to start right away for Africa in February. Do not try and dissuade me from this. If I were to be dissuaded it would be against my conscience, and if one deliberately does what is against one's conscience one can only expect retrogression in the spiritual life. You would not wish that, for the gratification of seeing a little more of me, I should suffer spiritual

* Of the Church Missionary Society.

loss; yet this is how it would be. I look upon it in no other light. . . . I do want to do what I feel I am called to do, and I feel a strong call to go out earlier. I am quite well and quite recruited. My work is in Africa, and I seem to hear God's voice, as it were, saying "Why tarriest thou here?" My dear mother, let it be so; and I am quite sure that if I go back feeling that you too wished only that I should obey what I feel is God's call, it would be an everlasting source of spiritual strength to me in Africa in the years to come. You can hardly realize this, but it is so. I am helped by *you* when I am in Africa just so far as you pray and desire that I should only live to follow God's will. This way, and this way only, does our love for one another become really heightened and ennobled. Human affection, even that between mother and son, is only holy and sanctified if it meets in the *love of God*, and our love for God can only be developed by our seeking to do His Will always and sacrifice all things that that Will may be also ours. Do try and look at it in this light, and then our parting in February will be a blessed, nay, also a happy one. . . . Earthly affection must be made heavenly *here* in this state of existence; and thus, and thus only, will it be able to live on and grow, when death comes to one or the other of those who share it. . . . You have taught me much in the past, let me now teach you this one thing—to sacrifice your will to God's in this and kindred matters; it is the only safe way, it is the only way that can bring us peace at the last. . . .

November, 1884.

The anti-slavery meeting [at Manchester] was a tremendous sight. The Free Trade Hall was crammed so that it is estimated that there were not less than 5,000 people present. We were obliged to hold an overflow meeting in an adjoining hall for the 1,500 who were turned away

from the doors. The great attraction at both meetings was, of course, Stanley, who, like myself, addressed both audiences. I spoke for about twenty minutes at the one meeting, and fifteen minutes at the other. Cardinal Manning and the Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford were the other speakers. I found that I was able to be heard very well, and considering that I came after Stanley I was very well and patiently listened to. Not only have I never addressed so large an audience, but also I have never even seen so vast a concourse of people gathered together. . . . Railway journeys, irregular meals, strange houses, new people, are all more or less trying. . . .

[On the 18th March, 1885, Chauncy Maples sailed for Africa for the third time.]

SS. "India," off Portugal,
Thirty Miles South of the River Tagus,
March 22nd, 1885.

. . . I have kept very much to myself . . . indeed, I am not sure that I am not becoming somewhat morose, and am surprised at my own quietness and reserve. The fact is I feel a great deal older than I was on my last voyage, when in company with dear Wilson and our large party, and it is only by an effort that I can be lively now with strangers. I certainly did enjoy this afternoon, which I spent entirely on deck, reading and watching the sea and land, and constantly going off into reveries and reviving old memories. . . . The piano on board is kept in the ladies' room, so I have not been able to attack it. One lady, however, played yesterday (and the strains penetrated to the saloon) Weber's "Invitation à la valse." I had never heard it played so rapidly before, and I hope I shall never hear it played so rapidly again. . . .

Near Cape Bon, in the Mediterranean,
March 26th, 1885.

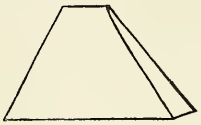
. . . I have been much interested in Simcox's "Beginnings of Church History," an old subject treated in rather an original way—the author brings out some fresh points and writes with a good deal of vigour. The chapter on the relation of the Empire to Christianity is especially good. . . .

SS. "India," in the Red Sea,
Easter Monday, *April 6th*, 1885.

Since I wrote you those few hurried lines from Alexandria . . . I seem to have seen and heard so much that will be of interest to you and the home circle, that I feel in spite of the heat of this Red Sea and the shaking of the engines, which seems greatly to have increased with our increasing speed, I must "make an effort" and give you some details anent my little tour through the land of ancient mystery and classic lore, and modern battles. . . . My friend Floyer and I repaired to the Consul (at Alexandria), a Mr. Cookson, C.B., who entertained us at lunch, and proved an interesting and interested host. . . . We then visited Miss Robinson's Alexandria branch of her great work for soldiers throughout the world, the main headquarters of which are, as you probably know, at Portsmouth. . . . From Alexandria to Cairo is a run of 129 miles by the train. . . . When we reached the great Egyptian capital, the moon was shining brightly on the many fantastic minarets and cupolas, that are so prominent and pleasing a characteristic of this great Eastern city. . . . As it would be necessary for me to start for Suez on Thursday so as to catch this steamer again there, I was obliged to be contented with only one day and part of a second at Cairo. Early on Wednesday morning, therefore, our plans were made for a drive to the Pyramids, and as much else as we could get in in the

course of a day. . . . Our way took us . . . through the suburb of Boulak, and then across the ancient river, at this time of the year rather low and keeping its own channel; the huge stretches of country which for so many months are submerged on either side of it, being at this time green with swelling crops and vegetation of all kinds. Our road took us for some little distance along its banks, and then we struck off in a westerly direction along a straight road planted on either side with one of the countless species of acacia in which all Africa abounds, and raised above the level of the inundations, so that at one time of the year its appearance would be that of a great causeway across a sea. At the end of this road the limit of the inundated part of the desert is reached, and a well-defined line of green ending abruptly in the desert sand showed unmistakably what was the "thus far" of the Nile overflow. From the point where the road left the Nile proper and struck across its alluvial and fertile plain to the Pyramids, must have been a distance of five or six miles, and all along it we saw, gradually growing in majesty as it seemed to us approaching them, the great wonders of the world, the three great Pyramids of Ghizeh, buildings, remember, that were probably scarcely more modern-looking when the king—the great Pharaoh, who "knew not Joseph"—oppressed the children of Israel, than they do at this day. . . . It was a long time before I was able, as I stood near Cheops' Pyramid, to realize its great height, exceeding, if I remember rightly, that of St. Peter's at Rome, but certainly that of our own St. Paul's, and most other, if not all other, buildings in the world. I think the reason that I failed to be impressed with its vast height was the fact that the atmosphere was so clear that as I stood near the base of the pyramid, its top did not seem to recede from me (as of course it does with its own

natural slope), but it seemed, but for its height, to be just as *near* to me as did the base, looking like a straight perpendicular wall rather than a line of gigantic masonry running off from the ground at a very obtuse angle. It was when I was neither very near nor very far from the pyramid that I realized best its vast proportions. . . . Cheops' is the largest of all, though no longer running up into a peak as does that of its nearest neighbour; its form at present is thus—



All round it are the remains of the other smaller pyramids, twelve in number, of which only the foundations are now visible. . . . Of the other two, the next largest is still, as all were at first, partly cased in alabaster. Fifteen miles away there are some other pyramids, . . . and formerly, pyramids, one cannot say how many, extended all the way from these Pyramids of Sagurrah to those we visited. Close to the Pyramid of Cheops is, as you know, the famous Sphinx cut out of the solid rock, and standing, even without its buried parts, at a height of more than forty feet from the sand. The countenance is like the modern Nubian type. Near the Sphinx there are the remains of a temple, remarkable for being made of huge blocks of syenite (red granite), which fit so closely to one another that, although compacted with no mortar, it would be impossible to insert the blade of a knife at their joints. . . . I picked up the shell of a beetle—the scarabæus—the same beetle which has been an inhabitant of Egypt from the earliest times, and which in stone, crystal, or composition, formed the chief charm and amulet worn 6,000 years

ago. Even at this day they are dug up and picked up constantly, and form the principal element in the famous trade in "antiques," which the Bedouins of the desert ply with so much profit to themselves. It was no "antique" that I picked up, you will understand, but simply the decaying body of a little creature that probably had died since I saw you last. . . . We repaired to a modern villa hard by, which had been built for the entertainment of the Empress Eugénie, when she "did" the Pyramids, and there we had an *al fresco* lunch to fortify those of us who intended to explore the interior of old Cheops' tomb. . . . We haggled and bargained with a select party of four out of the many importunate Bedouins who crowded round us for *backsheesh*, and committed ourselves unreservedly to their guidance. In a few moments we had left the outside world, and by the light of a couple of Egyptian lamps (alas! no, they were in fact two incongruities called composite candles) were plunging and stumbling and scrambling up the slippery, sloping shaft that leads from the mouth to the very heart of the Great Pyramid. We had literally to be dragged along. I don't know whether it was a kind of grim humour that caused the stout son of Ishmael, who had me firmly by the hand, to say, "I want you to be satisfied." When he said this I was creeping along in almost total darkness with my head bowed down to my knees to avoid hitting it against the low roof. It seemed as if we were penetrating to the very bowels of the earth rather than to the interior of the Great Pyramid, so long and difficult was the gloomy shaft that at last led us to the king's chamber, where stood the great sarcophagus that, as I suppose, once contained the mummy of Cheops himself. Although we had been ascending all the way along a tolerably steep incline which, but for the rude notches that served for steps in the stones, we could

never have climbed at all, yet when we reached the king's chamber, although in the very middle of the pyramid, we were not more than one-third of the way from the base to the summit. However, we were quite satisfied, and so after a visit to the Queen's chamber just below, we made our way back to the outer air once more Before leaving the King's chamber though, we were invited to sound its acoustical properties. This I did with so much effect that a breath to which I gave a slight though deep intonation, rolled away with all the force and power of a great thirty-two feet organ pipe diapason. . . . The Bedouins who dragged us through the dark passages of the interior of the Great Pyramid seemed to be able to talk a little of every language, and seemed quite puzzled to find that there was a language (Swahili to wit), of which they could not understand one word. . . . We . . . drove back the way we had come as far as the outskirts of Cairo, when we made a *détour* in order to visit the Boulak Museum. . . . You may remember that some four or five years ago, or perhaps earlier, an account appeared in the newspapers of the discovery of the entrance into a rock temple on the Nile, some way above Cairo. I remember then seeing sketches in the *Illustrated London News* of some of the more interesting relics, and amongst them the actual mummy of Rameses II. himself. That mummy is now in this Boulak Museum. . . . Rameses II.* was the very Pharaoh who reigned in Egypt at the time that Jacob and his sons went up there at Joseph's invitation. The name, date, &c., of the king was found inscribed on the outside cloth in the old cursive Egyptian character. . . . I sent you one or two photographs, . . . amongst them

* In a later letter he corrects this mistake, saying it was the Pharaoh who knew not Joseph and oppressed the children of Israel that is now believed to have been Rameses II.

is a most wonderful statue in wood, remarkable for the extraordinary power displayed in the life-like expression of the countenance, yet this statue (belonging, I think, to the Fourth Dynasty), is more than twice as old as any of the Elgin marbles preserved in the British Museum. . . . I like to linger over these pyramids in thought, and wonder whether the children of Israel were as much struck with them in their day as the children of Victoria are in ours. . . . When we got back to the Floyers' house in Cairo, there being still another hour to sunset, and the energy of two of us at least not being exhausted, we determined to pursue our sight-seeing a little further . . . and drove off to the citadel of Cairo, visiting on our way there one very famous mosque of vast and yet most elegant proportions, called the mosque of Sultan Hassan. It dates from about 1356 A.D., I believe, and is somewhat decaying now, but in its outer court it contains one of the noblest arches, I should think, that could be found anywhere. From the apex of the arch to the floor below must be not less than eighty feet, and it is at the same time of extreme breadth. In the inner part of the mosque the inlaid wood, though now in some decay, was such as is seldom seen. At the citadel the principal feature is the celebrated mosque of Mohammed Ali, not more than forty or fifty years old . . . it is here that the "holy carpet" is annually brought on its way from (or to?) Mecca. . . . I could not help wishing that this glorious and superb mosque had been a Christian church, yet we may hope that prayers offered up there by pious Moslems may have reached the Throne, and may have been accepted by the One God whom they, however imperfectly, worship. The sun was setting when we left the mosque, and we gazed for some while from the ramparts of the citadel on this fair city of Cairo. There was the old Nile flowing as it had flowed through the ages of

Egypt's ancient civilisation, when neither modern nor even ancient Europe had emerged into history. There were the Pyramids lifting their heads far away on the edge of the desert, and all around us were the minarets and cupolas and domes of this fantastic and fascinating Eastern capital. . . .

[The next morning he visited a Coptic church.]

We set out, driving through old Cairo, for the church of Abu' Sifain (or "Two Swords"), dedicated to St. Mercury, "Mercury" being, in this case, a corruption of the name Macarius, a well-known early Egyptian saint. . . . Out of a population in Cairo of four hundred thousand, it is estimated that one hundred thousand at least are Coptic Christians. . . . St. Mercury (Macarius) is a very old building, believed to date from the year 956 A.D. It is divided into three parts, screened off from one another, and on slightly different levels, with a side chapel of the Blessed Virgin, and a baptistery. There are, all round, some extremely old and quaint pictures of various Biblical scenes, the eleven apostles, saints, &c. The altar was placed as in all old Eastern churches, and like ours at Zanzibar, with the seats for the presbytery, and the throne in the middle for the patriarch. There is a large painting of the patron saint with a case of relics (his arm, I believe) just below it. On the lectern was a vellum MS. of the Gospels in Coptic, splendidly illuminated. . . . It is a characteristic feature of the Coptic Church that scarcely any service is held which is not immediately followed by a celebration of the Holy Communion. . . . The priests looked very simple creatures—unlearned, I should fancy—but, let us hope, sincere and true. Two little boys—acolytes, I suppose—were assisting the priests, dressed in white kanzus* (!!), embroidered

* The dress worn by the Swahilis at Zanzibar, and by the native Christians.

with Coptic crosses in red. All squatted on the floor, cross-legged, Eastern fashion, and only one or two of the congregation had books. The prayers were chanted in strange, but not wholly unmusical fashion, I thought. We noticed a very old inlaid marble pulpit, which was probably scarcely less ancient than the fabric of the church itself. . . . The church of Dair Abu Sifain happened to be close to the most famous mosque in Egypt—namely, the mosque of Anir. . . . We therefore went to see it. This mosque is the oldest in Egypt, and one of the very oldest in the world, having been built about the time of the prophet himself, and so being nearly 1,300 years old. The Mohammedans have a saying that when the mosque falls then Mohammedanism will come to an end. The architectural features of the mosque are not particularly striking, though it has something like 200 pillars surmounted by capitals, Greek, Roman, and Egyptian, rifled from temples and public buildings all over the country by the builder of the mosque—doubtless some of them formerly adorned Christian churches. One of the pillars, say the Arabs, was brought from Mecca by a miracle. Mohammed, they say, struck it with his whip (of which blow the dent is shown), and bade it fly to Cairo, which it promptly did. . . . Floyer had seen a great deal of General Gordon, and shewed me one very interesting letter—the last he had received from him. The occasion of it was interesting. Floyer, it appears, had volunteered to prepare him a seal with his name in Arabic characters upon it. For this purpose he chose an old coin, which he partially melted and refashioned. When the seal was completed, it was found that two words that had been on the coin were still quite legible there. The words were in Arabic, and were "The messenger of God." Gordon noticed them, and was much pleased, and in the letter in question commented

on them, saying he prayed he might always remember to be as the messenger of God to the Soudan people, and so forth. Gordon used this seal, I believe, on all the documents he signed while shut up in Khartoum. . . .

SS. "Goa," at Anchor off Kilwa,
April 27th, 1885.

You will like to know exactly how I spent the two brief days in Zanzibar. . . . On Friday morning I celebrated Holy Communion in the Slave Market Church, and immediately after breakfast, divesting myself of nearly all my clothes, and enlisting the services of Mercer, the organist, proceeded at once on the tuning of our fine instrument. It was very hot work, but as you know, I was very much interested in it, and the hours slipped by all too quickly. At 1 p.m. some dinner was sent to us in the vestry, and then we set to work again, and continued tuning till 6 p.m. Tea at half-past six, and immediately afterwards the Bishop carried me off to be closeted with him in close conversation till nearly 1 a.m.! Then I left him, and found my old friend Theodore waiting to talk with me (it was the only opportunity), and so it was 2.30 a.m. before I got to bed. . . . Next day the Bishop celebrated at 6.30 a.m., then breakfast, then to my tuning again, promising the Bishop that whether I had finished tuning all the stops or not, I would desist at 1 p.m. in order to see more of him and discuss plans further. So all that morning, from 9 a.m. to 1.30 p.m., I did what I could to tune the greater part of the stops on the swell organ, and to set to rights some of the mechanism of the instrument which had got out of order, and then, much to my chagrin, had to leave off, not having had time to tune the pedal stops, or to get in order a delicate stop, which, though not much out of tune, was almost dumb from dust and other evils induced by the four years of neglect that the poor organ had had to

submit to—neglect, I mean, of its internal economy, for it had certainly been played on nearly every day. It was with no little satisfaction that I felt I had mastered the tuning pretty thoroughly, and found my task quite easy. Thus I was repaid for those hours I spent at Willis' organ factory during my last two months in England. After another hour or two of conversation with the Bishop, he, Clarke and I set off, towards evening, for a walk towards Kiungani. . . . We returned to Mkunazini to supper, after which the Bishop and I had our farewell conversation, and when he had given me his blessing I said good-bye, and Clarke went with me to the ship. . . .

Newala, East Central Africa, *May 18th*, 1885.

It is just a fortnight since we arrived here. . . . Yesterday and to-day I have had fever. . . . I find my Yao is rather rusty, and I am apt in preaching to mix it up with Swahili. This will wear off after a month or so. As you will readily believe, I was delighted to get back here—to the pic-nic kind of existence, the open-air life, &c., and much more than these things, to my black flock, in spite of all their shortcomings. . . .

Masasi, *June 8th*, 1885.

The above address will show you where I am. I walked over here last week to spend a few days with my colleague and friend Porter, who is now in charge of our Christian converts at Masasi. The house where he lives, and in which I am writing this letter, is full five miles from our old houses and shamba, but it is Masasi nevertheless, and the people he has about him are the Yao and Makua converts of the time before the Gwangwara raid. This is my first visit to Masasi since I left it for Newala in July, 1883, and I am very glad to look up all the people and the place again. . . . Mr. Porter is carrying on the work alone here, but I shall try and send someone else to be here with him, who will take his place

altogether when he goes home next year. . . . In Whitsun week I took all the boys of the house and some of the adults into the forest, and we slept out three nights. I collected a large number of garnets, and also some of the beryl crystals, but I don't think any of the stones I picked up were so good as the two I had cut and polished in England last year. But we did not make a very diligent search, or do any digging where we found the beryl—we only picked up what we found on the surface. . . . We have had some trouble at Newala lately, the boys of the house giving way to temptation and getting too much to drink. . . . We shall be very glad to welcome more workers here; we haven't half enough for the work in these parts. . . . We have a great many sick people coming to Newala every day for medicine, most of them ulcer cases. Weigall is rather a good hand at doctoring, and knows more about it than I do, having gone through a hospital course before he came out here. . . . The quoits have arrived safely, and we have started them in the village as a game for our own people, hoping they will take to them. . . . There seems no present fear of the Gwangwara swooping down upon us this year, either here or at Newala, so we don't contemplate a move after all. . . .

NEWALA, E. AFRICA, *July 8th*, 1885.

. . . A very sad, yet very solemn and impressive, thing was enacted in our church last Sunday, namely, the solemn excommunication of an erring member of our flock. Here we are perfectly able to restore the ancient discipline of the Church, to the great and inestimable benefit of the body of the faithful. And it is on occasions like the one I am alluding to that the power of the Church as a spiritual institution is emphasised and realised. Our Christians are holding no converse whatever with the excommunicated person,

who in this way, by God's mercy, will probably be brought to realize the heinousness of her offence, and so be led to tears of penitence, which may at length issue in her restoration to Christ's kingdom, from which at the present time, though baptized, she is an outcast.

NEWALA, *July* 16*th*, 1885.

. . . It is very nice having the use of my leg again out here. I can walk about and see the chiefs and people in their own villages—an attention they always seem to appreciate. . . . We have now been settled at Newala exactly two years, and I think that in that time as much has been effected in the way of drawing the people towards Christianity as we could reasonably have expected. Nearly all Matola's men come regularly to church and class on Sunday, some three or four of whom are on the verge of baptism. No work is done on Sunday throughout the district; immorality or drunkenness are steadily on the decrease. At least half a dozen of the boys in the school can read and write nicely, and sum a little as well, while nearly every boy in the neighbouring villages comes with fair regularity to school. I have a small class for the native women of Matola's village once a week, and a service held for the Yaos every Sunday is usually attended by some seventy or eighty people. No doubt also our influence is largely felt in the outlying districts, and things which used to go on there are now given up in consequence of our teaching.

. . . Goats have been very plentiful here lately, indeed we have had fresh meat nearly every day. . . .

LINDI, *July* 28*th*, 1885.

[*Note.*—He was on his way down to Zanzibar, whither he was taking some of his boys to be educated at Kiungani College.]

. . . On my way down to this place I fell in with a good-sized slave caravan, and there are two other caravans with not a few slaves in them encamped outside the town. This is the time of year when they chiefly arrive at the coast. . . .

MKUNAZINI, ZANZIBAR, *Sunday, August 2nd.*

We arrived here safe and sound on Friday last. . . . I shall only be here ten days more, and then go off again to Lindi, and round to the Rovuma mouth in a boat as I have said. . . .

KIUNGANI, ZANZIBAR, *August 14th*, 1885.

. . . The Seyid has been much interested in the Newala garnets, and I gave a few to Sir John Kirk the other day to take to him. . . . Farler and I have been very busy revising the Swahili Prayer-book in preparation for a new edition shortly to be published. I go on board the *Mecca* to-night, and we sail at daybreak for Lindi. . . . I have been very well all the time I have been down here—even late dinners on the ships and with European residents in the town have proved innocuous. . . .

August 14th.

. . . Last Saturday I spent six hours inside the organ and completed the tuning that I had not been able to find time for in the brief two days I spent in Zanzibar in April.

. . . The four boys I brought with me from Newala have taken high places in the school and seem to be shaking down well. . . .

NEWALA, *September 1st*, 1885.

I arrived here on August 28th, quite well; next day I rested. On Sunday I got fever by 2 p.m., and had it badly all that afternoon, night, and most of yesterday; to-day I am quite well. . . . I came here *viâ* the Rovuma, and was ten days from Lindi to Newala. . . .

Masasi, *September 3rd*, 1885.

. . . It is when I think of you and my father getting into years, and the various concomitants of increasing age coming into prominence, that I sometimes think of a quiet rectory in the country, with a small charge and a commodious . . . house and garden where you and he could spend not a few of your months in these later years, and where you, who have certainly lived "laborious days," might not think it unworthy of a time of life far advanced in its seventh decade, to taste at least something of the "luxurious ease" which a Greater than the poet bids us younger ones be careful to avoid. In the last part of what I have just written, there lies that which would make it impossible for me to seek such a retreat, even though on grounds of human affection, and from a spirit of filial *desiderium*, I might be inclined to indulge serious thoughts of such a change of life as I have indicated. As it is now, you know that I neither have, nor could have, any thoughts of anything else than my present sphere of labour, where your prayers follow me, and where I trust God gives me His blessing. . . . But we *are* very well off. Did I tell you of Mr. Harvey's present of I don't know how many dozen of very dry champagne? It helped me wonderfully in my fever the other day. . . .

Newala, *St. Michael and All Angels*, 1885.

. . . After my return from Masasi I had ten days of sickness, fever, . . . &c., and my ulcer broke out again. I am now, however, quite well . . . and even the ulcer is closing up again, having responded fast to the rest and antiseptic treatment I have given it. . . . At present our party consists of four—two at Masasi and two here. I hope we shall be recruited shortly. . . . There are rumours of the Gwangwara being out on the

war-path again. . . . Whether they are true or false it is very unlikely that we shall sustain another attack this year. . . . At this season of the year we have no fruit or vegetables, but we have a great quantity of very fine watercresses which are certainly most acceptable during this hot weather. . . . I hope the river excursion was a success; . . . on the whole I think May and June are the months for the Thames, when the whitethorn is in blossom, and if it be early May, the hyacinths carpeting the woods and river-side copses with blue; we have nothing like all that out here, I wish we had. Scarcely a flower of any kind did I see all the way up the Rovuma, though Borassus palms and a few other noticeable trees prevented it being too ugly and too uninteresting. Then, too, there were the pelicans and hippos, which certainly do not haunt the Thames. I have read several reviews of Frank Buckland's life. . . . I shall much enjoy its perusal when you are able to send it. . . . I do not know whether it is the heat or whether it is the nine years of African life beginning to tell on me, but just now from about 10 or 10.30 a.m. to 4 p.m. I feel almost too exhausted and tired to do anything but sleep or rest. . . . I am beginning to write a series of papers in "Central Africa," to be called "Papers from Newala;" the "Introductory" which I am sending to the editor this month will explain to you their object and purpose. . . . There have been a large number of slave caravans passing through this district to the coast during the past three months. . . .

NEWALA, *September 30th*, 1885.

. . . Weigall started this morning for some villages near the Rovuma where we occasionally go preaching. He sleeps out and will return to-morrow evening. We have been able, from a variety of untoward circumstances,

to do very little of this out-preaching of late. I hope we shall be able to manage a little more of it again now. . . . We are looking forward to Mr. Taylor's coming, but are seriously afraid that Farler will snap him up for Magila. . . . It was a great thing my ulcer closing up again in a fortnight. I thought I was going to have the whole business over again. . . . Tell them [two of his nephews] that I saw altogether about a hundred hippopotami when I was on the Rovuma a month ago. . . . I am writing this letter in the cool of the "palace," *i.e.*, the new house or hut we have built in readiness for "his lordship."

NEWALA, *October* 23*rd*, 1885.

. . . I will now try to answer the question —— asked you to put to some clergyman. . . . I don't think there can be any doubt about its being really wrong to beg to be taken from this life because a great sorrow, even the greatest possible earthly sorrow, has come upon us. In the first place, we are bound to look upon the life God has given us, even in this troubled, fallen world, as a blessed thing, and a thing to be used throughout the whole length of it for His glory. Every day we thank, or ought to thank, God for it as a blessing. Our very prayers, the public prayers of the Church, recognise this, as witness the General Thanksgiving. Then again, if a great part of this life has been brightened for us by a very blessed gift (such as is that of a beloved wife to the husband), and if then that gift should be taken away, we must still try to say with Job, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!" Indeed, we cannot, I feel sure, do right unless under such a trial we pray *only* for resignation to God's will. Our Lord's words are so clear, "Except a man take up his cross." But to pray to be removed from life is to pray for the cross to be taken away, and then

what follows? If the cross is avoided, where will be the crown? Would any one who is a Christian consent to forfeit the crown, forfeit eternal happiness, for the consideration of the removal of a great grief which only lasts with the duration of this short life? . . . Again, I would urge the following. Is not this life a probation? Are we not being put on our trial every day, and is it not according as we stand the trial that we shall be judged hereafter? Who then is there that is conscious of his own shortcomings and imperfections—nay, of his *sins*—that would not thankfully accept a further time given him in which to make his calling and election sure, and prepare and fit himself for heaven, where surely all his hopes must be fixed? . . . The thought of you all at the Lakes this year made me think of Wordsworth. I hope you may have had my handsome copy of the poems with you, or have perused them since. Little as you care for poetry, I think you make an exception in favour of him, and if so it is the very best possible exception, for he is, as has said one of his more recent critics, "one of the very chiefest glories of English poetry, one of the chief glories of England being her poetry." I think I owe it to you, amongst a thousand other debts, my first love for Wordsworth, a love that I should be very sorry to lose even if I live to be your age. In some of his own words I may say of my love for his poetry,

> "So was it when my life began,
> So is it now I am a man,
> So be it when I shall grow old,
> Or let me die."

The fiddle is actually at Lindi. Well, it isn't a Strad., and it is not a Guarnerius; it isn't even a Jacobus Stainer, but it cost an honest 5*l*., so I trust it neither squeaks nor screams more than the very best Cremona

would certainly do under my inexperienced fingers. I think you are right; the solemn tones of a 'cello would perhaps have been more appropriate to a priest, but there are notable clerics who are fiddlers. J. H. Newman for instance, that "old man eloquent," within the walls of the silent oratory at Edgbaston even now, at his advanced age, awakes the echoes as his aged fingers stop the strings with something of the old skill he is said to have attained on the poet of all instruments in former days. Don't abuse my fiddle.

How the years go by, to be sure. People here begin to say that I am becoming a "very old man" ("mtu mzee sana"). I don't suppose you would think so, though. . . .

NEWALA, *October 23rd*, 1885.

. . . I find my correspondence rather increases, but my energy, alas! certainly does not increase in proportion; in fact, I begin to feel a middle-aged man. . . . If I had been with you at the Lakes I should certainly have pursued my boyhood's hobby—ferns. I would have climbed that great hill or mountain which has the slate quarry at the top [Honister Crag], with a truck run all down its side, in search of *Asplenium viride;* I would have spent many days hunting for *Asplenium septentrionale*, and *Asplenium fontanum*, and a number of other rare varieties besides. I fear, though, your strength would not have permitted you to join me in these rambles as in the days—twenty years ago—when we used to make short and easy work of a walk from Sea View to Wootton Creek. How often out here I go back in thought to those days, and days like them, which now really do begin to seem "long ago." I thought of you all as at the Lakes only yesterday when I whiled away half an hour with my life-long favourite poet. . . . Of course I read again—indeed, it is almost sacrilege to

open the volume without reading them—the Tintern Abbey lines, and "The Daffodils," which seem to bring, like a flash upon one, a revelation of the unseen, such as not unfrequently one is transported by in a Beethoven symphony or a Bachian fugue. . . .

I could wish to hear that up there at the Lakes you have met none of the familiar London faces, but that you only marked "Michaels" and "Cumberland Beggars" and the like, as it was with Clifford (say at the Feast of Brougham Castle):

> "Love had he found in huts where poor men lie,
> His daily teachers had been woods and hills,
> The silence that is in the starry sky,
> The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

What do *you* say? Do you find, as I do, that I sometimes gaze at a sunset or across a great stretch of boundless forest, and long and long to feel towards it, and to be taught by it, lessons such as it imparted long ago? I don't think it is right if it is so. I remember dear Charles Janson once saying to me that a beautiful piece of scenery was far more to him now than when he was a boy. I feel that is how it ought to be, only I feel sadly it is not so. There, that will do. If I say much more I shall grow maudlin, perhaps; as it is you will doubtless think I have transgressed the limits of legitimate sentimentality. . . .

NEWALA, *November 25th*, 1885.

Our Bishop is still here. . . . Mr. Last came and stayed three days, and then proceeded on his way to the Lujenda and Rovuma junction, Meto, Namuli, &c. . . . We are actually seven Europeans here just now, for when the Bishop went to Masasi he brought back Smith and Porter for a retreat. Soon Taylor and I will be left alone again, for Weigall will have to go and see

about house building at Chitangali before Christmas. . . . The Bishop stirs us up wonderfully. . . . It is gratifying to hear him praise our "table," *i.e.*, the cooking, &c. He said the other day, "Really, this is the most delicious coffee in the *world*." I suppose he meant in *Africa;* but he certainly said "in the world." Perhaps a fit of sheer enthusiasm carried him away, and made him employ the language of hyperbole. Tell me how you like "Papers from Newala" in "Central Africa." About Matola's admission into the catechumenate I won't write, as you'll see my full account of it in "Central Africa" soon. But it *was* a happy event, and we *did* rejoice, as you may well believe. . . .

NEWALA, *November 28th*, 1885.

. . . The Bishop is making some progress in Swahili. I generally interpret for him when he preaches; sometimes into Swahili, sometimes into Yao. Sometimes he writes his own sermons in English, and then turns them into Swahili (also in writing) at my dictation. Then in this form he preaches them. He finds it a very good way of learning the language.

[Before the Bishop arrived on this, his first visit to Newala, Matola had been carefully instructed as to his position, namely, that though Maples was Bwana, *i.e.*, master, the Bishop was Bwana Mkubwa, *i.e.*, the great master. Probably the chief was disappointed to find that the Bishop could not speak his language, for he said to one of the Europeans, "Bigger he may be in body, but he is not bigger in words." Bishop Smythies was over six feet high, and Maples barely of average height.]

He held a "retreat" for us all this week—three days of it. . . . Such an opportunity is, of course, a great advantage to us up here in our busy lives, that are

perforce taken up with so many secular details. I have had very little time for reading since the Bishop has been here, but there are plenty of good books to be read when the time for reading them is available. . . . I have nothing to do with the doctoring now, as there are so many here who know so much more about it than I do, and it is not work that I care for much either. . . .

November 28th.

. . . To-morrow, Advent Sunday, the Bishop will hold a Confirmation, at which two of our adult Christians will be confirmed. . . . We have just received letters from Mr. Last, who writes from Ngomano. One of his porters has been terribly mauled by a lion, which attacked him as he was following the honey bird, which was guiding him to a tree where there was honey. . . . I *never* have fever now-a-days. I am sure it is just a question of acclimatisation. . . . The German question is by no means at an end yet. So far it has not affected our position here. At Magila no doubt it has. . . .

NEWALA, *December 1st*, 1885.

. . . My two colleagues, Porter and Smith, at Masasi, are daily expecting another raid from our foes the Gwangwara, but we do not a second time anticipate any danger to life if they do swoop down upon our villages, though we fear the natives outside us may get a very rough handling. We went in procession round the village yesterday (St. Andrew's Day) singing the Litany, with intention that God would hear us in respect of the threatened invasion. . . . We killed in one of our rooms the other day a very curious snake, whose body was not round but triangular. . . . I was very much interested in all you wrote about your boys. If they do seem a little impatient of the exercise of maternal authority I

think you may be quite sure that they will think of it with love and gratitude in years to come. I can safely say that to this day, and I hope and think it will be so to the end of my life, the thought of what my mother was to me in my early years is the most powerful influence I know or ever have known. . . . I think you will laugh when I tell you that at the advanced age of thirty-three I am about to take a companion to help to solace my more lonely hours; but you need not smile, for the companion is only a violin! I fear, however, that we shall not get on, for probably my fingers are too stiff and clumsy, and that while I am seeking harmony only frightful discord will be the result. . . . Advent just beginning makes one think of the time when the great awakening will come, and when those we have been parted from so long will be with us round the throne, and when, at any rate, we shall be standing before a Judge who, while He is all-righteous, is also all-merciful. The word "separation" cannot have the gloomy associations that it has for those who so unhappily cannot realise the present existence of our departed dear ones in Paradise, waiting for us, praying for us, and doubtless also in part cognisant of our present conditions, our hopes and joys and troubles. Advent at least helps us to feel how short the time is here, and how soon we shall be with them again; is it not so? . . .

NEWALA, *December 16th*, 1885.

. . . I only got this precious violin (it was bought in Bombay) four days ago, and have just begun to see a little bit how to hold and manipulate the bow. As yet, I must confess, the sounds I produce are somewhat excruciating, and are hardly suggestive of that delightful world of romance into which the skilful violinist leads his hearers. . . . I was much pleased with Canon

Westcott's and A. L. Moore's Church Congress papers. Did you read them? Also Mr. Spottiswoode's, which was very good. . . . How do harp and violin go together? We might try that combination. But *fancy* proposing things to be done four years hence; isn't this what people term "tempting Providence?" Such a strange expression that, I always think. . . .

NEWALA, *December* 16*th*, 1885.

. . . I have often thought of the three boys lately in connexion with "our pets" here, *i.e.*, the various little animals which we try to rear—civet cats, tiger cats, a kind of ocelot, galagos, &c. Some of these little animals are very interesting, but they are very dainty in their feeding. One must have raw meat, another wants only milk, while a third squeals aloud if he doesn't have bananas. The one that only takes raw meat is generally made happy with the insides (I beg pardon) of fowls. We are very careful about him, because we want him when he "comes of age" to do good work for us in killing the rats with which our house is always infested. It may interest Fred and Co. to know that the animal I am now speaking of is at present very tiny, like a two-weeks-old kitten. It has a pointed head and nose like a fox's, is beautifully marked like a leopard, has very sharp claws, and a long spotted tail. I do not know the English or scientific name [in another letter he supplied the name—genet.—Ed.] of this pretty little creature, but I have often wished I could send it to the boys. I suppose Fred would say, "What's the good of wishing he could send it, if he doesn't do it?" and I am inclined to think there is something in that; though, at the same time, as you will imagine, it is practically impossible to send it, neither would you thank me, I expect, if I did. . . . Here's Taylor just come in to ask me to have a

game of quoits with him, and thus wishes to beguile me from this letter. Quoits seem to be rather "adapted to the clergy," and though a little mild and out of date, serve as useful exercise when we don't want to ramble from the premises. So I shall go when he has got them ready! . . . Matola's people seem to be getting on very well, and show a stronger disposition than ever to be taught, so that we feel in good heart about our work, and are not a little encouraged. No doubt the good example Matola himself shows them has a very great deal to do with it. . . .

NEWALA, *December 16th*, 1885.

I've just come in after one and a half hours' planting in the rain. It may interest you, now that *you* have some interest in turnips and carrots in that little garden of yours, . . . to know what I have planted this afternoon. Well, then, I've put into the ground, seeds of melon (three kinds), cucumber (two kinds), peas, tomatoes (three kinds), cabbages (two kinds), turnips, lemon, beetroot, besides about half an acre of potatoes (these I got a bevy of Makua damsels to plant). Yesterday I put in flower seeds, viz., phlox, cineraria, epiglossis, convolvulus, sunflower, marigold, zinnias, petunias, balsam, portulaca, amaranthus, &c.; but remember, it is only a few of these flowers probably that will take kindly to our African soil, and reward our care in planting them. But what do you think of forty large bushes of the Persian mulberry, all in full fruit just now up here? I planted them as cuttings just two years ago, and now we are reaping the benefit of my providence. But hold, I grow boastful, you will say. . . . Taylor has just left the room after we had been talking about Egypt—it amused him to hear that I was immensely struck by the Sphinx, and had not yet recovered from the blow!

NEWALA, *December* 18*th*, 1885.

. . . Just now we are having mangos from Masasi and mulberries here, but these only extend over a couple of months each year at the outside. . . . You will wonder, perhaps, what it is that I have enclosed. Well, the paper-like substance is really all that was left of the thickness of one of the deal half-inch boards which formed the lid of a packing case, after it had been eaten away by the white ants. Sometimes a box that appears to be all right and sound turns out to have been reduced to the thickness of a piece of paper by the ravages of the white ants. As they abhor the light they never eat right through, so that they may be able to work in total darkness. . . .

Feast of St. John.—Our Christmas . . . has passed very pleasantly. All our communicants but two came to the Holy Communion and communicated, either on the day itself or St. Stephen's Day, and our services throughout the day were very well attended. . . . As Weigall and our native reader were ill, most of the day's events, including the services, &c., fell to my share, Taylor helping when he could and as he could. . . . After church this afternoon I walked round our potato garden, and was glad to find the seed we sowed a fortnight ago already sprouting. But the petunias and asters and phlox don't come up, and so I suppose they won't come up at all. The sunflowers and zinnias, on which I have often dilated, never fail us, and are, with the convolvulus, very beautiful this year. . . .

NEWALA, *January* 17*th*, 1886.

. . . Yesterday Matola was lucky enough to shoot a certain kind of eagle that for eight years I have hoped to get, but hitherto it had baffled us all because of its always soaring so high. At last we have a specimen

which Weigall has very carefully and cleverly skinned. I am sending it home to you. . . . I should not be surprised to hear that no specimen of this magnificent bird has ever been taken to England, either dead or alive. In this case it would be of great value probably to scientific collectors, but I would rather that you have it, though it ought to be reported on to the Zoological Society as a bird in all probability new to science. . . . The eyes must be made a dark brown with black centre. . . . On my way to Masasi I shot the biggest snake I have ever seen in Africa, except pythons, which are, of course, very big but comparatively harmless. I had to give the contents of both barrels and then one more shot before the venomous beast was approachable. It was exactly eight feet long. This does not sound very big, but as a matter of fact is longer than any of the snakes you will see at the Zoo except pythons and boa-constrictors. I bought from Coggan a beautiful Martini-Henri rifle, which turns out a first-rate gun, being wonderfully well sighted. When I was taking aim with it at a herd of antelopes the other day on my walk to Masasi, I could not help thinking how you would have liked to be in my place just for the moment. At Masasi I found our little band of converts very flourishing, though I am afraid another raid from the Gwangwara seems imminent. . . .

Newala, *January* 21*st*, 1886.

I am afraid I shall not be able to write you much of a letter this time, owing to fever hanging about me. . . . Yesterday afternoon my temperature ran up to 105°, reminding me of some of the very bad fevers I used to have nine years ago at Zanzibar. . . . I cannot help feeling that "low spirits" and "mental depression" are upon the whole, and generally speaking,

things rather to be ashamed of than to be pitied for, but this only, I say, *as a general rule*. Sometimes we say, "Ah! so-and-so is so differently constituted; he always gets depressed when he is ill"—but probably there lurks under that expression "differently constituted" a great fallacy; it would be more true in most cases to say, "So-and-so has so little religion, he always gets depressed when he is ill." There, I have been led away into a sort of philosophical analysis of "low spirits." . . . I read through Thackeray's "London" the other day. You were right in foreseeing it would have a special interest for me. . . . When I have completed my ten years out here, it will depend very much upon circumstances whether I remain much longer; the health question will have to be seriously considered, and others too. . . . I only say this much that no one may be surprised if I should happen to return and take up work in England. Perhaps I should not even have said as much as this if I were not more or less influenced by the fever of yesterday. Did you read the account in the "Church Missionary Society Intelligencer" of the martyrdoms in Uganda? It was deeply interesting. . . .

P.S.—Feast of Conversion of St. Paul (*January 25th*). . . . Only to-day do I feel myself again, or I would have put in a line or two to Bessie, if only to tell her that last week the only thing I could touch—or rather swallow—was some of the soup she sent. I am very glad that it was so, for it took away some of the feeling of shame that one cannot help feeling when friends send "goodies." . . .

NEWALA, *February 6th*, 1886.

. . . I am sorry to say the eagle I wrote about has become a prey to the damp, and in spite of all our

precautions bred insects, which have caused its head feathers to drop off; it is therefore useless to send it home. . . .

February 16*th.*

. . . I see you have put my name and to-morrow's date in "The Life of Frank Buckland"—for which I have to thank you and my father—your birthday present to me. I have already read it, and, of course, with great interest. . . . I am now deep in "Gordon's Journals," a book certainly not less interesting than the former. . . . Just now we are enjoying English and native cucumbers, which are full in season; also Cape gooseberries, a fruit I have described, I think, on former occasions. I am sending home nothing by Mr. Porter except a bottled lizard to a professor of science in Dublin who trusts me to find for him some day a certain wonderful fish which is supposed to exist (by him) in lakes, ponds and rivers near here. He is wrong, and I am just writing to tell him so, but am sending the lizard to make up for his disappointment. . . .

February 17*th.*—. . . How well I remember this day ten years ago when you came up into my bedroom in the early morning and wished me happy returns of the day, and said sorrowfully that you felt it was the last time for many years, perhaps altogether, that you would come to offer me in person the greetings of the day. You gave me at the time a little silver pencil-case which I treasure carefully. It always reminds me of that day, to which I often and often revert mentally, you may be sure. . . . We have a particularly nice set of boys in our school up here just now—there are twenty-five in all—the head of them, a boy named Machina, is a perfectly model boy. I shall be baptizing him and some others at Easter, I hope. A little time ago we had thirty boarders,

but some get tired and hanker after the lazy do-nothing life of their own homes, and as we cannot force them to stay with us, we are obliged to suffer them to take their departure. . . .

NEWALA, *March 15th*, 1886.

. . . We have quite a menagerie just now. . . . It is very amusing watching the habits of the medley collection. The mangouste [mungoose ?] on being given an egg, immediately goes to a wall and, turning its back to it, takes the egg in its forepaws and throws it backwards, between its legs, hard against the wall so as to break it. It does break, whereupon the mangouste greedily sucks the shell completely dry. The funny thing is that whatever we give it that looks like food—say, an old bone—it evidently thinks is an egg and treats it in the same manner. To the feeble mind of the mangouste the whole world, when given to it in portions, is "eggs." It really is very ridiculous seeing it for hours together trying to break a round stone or a bone in the above manner.

NEWALA, *March 17th*, 1886.

At Easter I expect to baptize from fifteen to twenty boys and adults, whom now I am busy preparing. Most of them have been under preparation for two years or more, but just at the last it is usual to increase the number of times we call them together for instruction and preparation in each week. . . . Lately I have been reading Helmholtz's "Lectures on Scientific Subjects." . . . Had I been gifted with a mathematical head I think I should have tried to follow up in my leisure time various branches of natural science, but as it is—I mean without any knowledge of mathematics—I am obliged to be content with the beggarly elements of acoustics, astronomy, optics, &c. Perhaps it is better as it is, for such studies might have become a snare, and the queen

of sciences—theology—is *the* study I am pledged to by my office, and to which I certainly mostly incline. Certainly, however, the interest that attaches to this dabbling with the violin, which I have begun, is chiefly due to what little I have learned of the laws and causes which govern the production of sound from the vibration of a string. What I mean is, that *this* particular interest prevents me from feeling the first clumsy efforts at playing on the instrument as an intolerable nuisance and a weary piece of drudgery. The laws concerned in the production of "harmonies" and "overtones" as affecting the quality (timbre) of the tone produced, are all intensely interesting and can be thoroughly enjoyed even when all one does in the way of playing is to throw out a major or minor scale. . . .

NEWALA, *April 13th*, 1886.

. . . Had I been destined to a Zanzibar instead of an up-country life, I should by this time be either back in England with orders never to come back to Africa, or else in my grave. It is the climate after all, the salubrity of these two places, Masasi and Newala, [But it is only, *comparatively speaking*, that they are healthy.—Ed.] that has enabled me to feel so little the effects of a residence extending over ten years, in a tropical country. . . .

April 13th.— . . . *Fossils* you mention. . . . Only this mail —— sends me a post-card asking "Are there any fossils in your district?" to which I at once answered, pedantically perhaps you'll say, "No, we are on metamorphic rocks, and therefore it would be futile to look for organic remains. Hard by, it is true, there is red sandstone of the old Devonian sort, but if you have ever searched for fossils in that particular formation, you will not expect me to be over keen about digging in our red sandstone for what may be there." . . . I wish,

now, that between-whiles in my own schooldays I had scraped up a little botany; it would be very useful to me now. . . . Geology I always have dabbled in a bit, during the last fifteen years. . . . But our animals keep us going wonderfully; for instance, there are three wild pigs. They had a fearful set-to this morning in the stye and there was much blood spilled. The battle was initiated—I am proud to tell you—by one of the other sex; no irate boar began the fray, but an elderly sow, who considering her years ought really to have known better, made a most unprovoked attack upon a gentleman who, in the opposite corner of the stye, was munching his morning's piece of cassava. Of course the four others could not bear this sort of thing, so sides were rapidly taken and a fast and furious battle ensued. The frightful yelling actually penetrated to the church, where matins was quietly going on. After the service was over all hands were called in to separate the combatants and peace was at last restored. . . .

April 14th.— . . . I have this year planted a large number of young orange and other fruit trees, the fruit of which others will enjoy; for although at Masasi I did stay long enough to eat the fruit of many a tree I had planted from the seed, this is hardly likely to be the case a second time. . . .

An old chief of much importance at a town twenty-three miles from here has just died, and as a consequence of his death, a young chief, who is a Christian and was baptized by Johnson at Masasi in '80, inherits his sceptre and position. We shall watch his progress with much interest. We have already built a house at the town in question, and no doubt we shall soon occupy the station. . . . It is on the way from here to the coast and is a Yao community. There are already several Christian boys there who can read and write, &c., and

we hope therefore that Christian influences may extend rapidly there, now that this young man I speak of has come into power. . . .

We are going to have our adult baptisms on Easter Eve. We use the form for adult baptism just as it is found in the Prayer-book, with the exception that I shall insert just before each candidate kneels to be baptized, the renunciation of Satan (with hand uplifted and facing westwards), and the acceptance of Christ (turning to the east). Each candidate will be directed to do this, in accordance with the ancient and universal rule of the early Church. . . . This little ceremony is very solemn and impressive.

Newala, *May 7th*, 1886.

Two days ago a man brought us a present—a young antelope three days old, which he had caught in the woods. It was of the kind called kudu (or koodoo) and is a most beautiful little creature. We feed it on gruel and milk every day and expect it to be able to begin to eat grass in another week or so. It is most beautifully marked, and we make a great pet of it. It is already very tame. We tried keeping our porcupine with the pigs, but the pigs ate it, quills and all. The quills were soft, however, as the animal was quite young. . . .

Newala, *June 7th*, 1886.

The letters that miscarried . . . came a week ago to-day, and with them the following party of Europeans: the Bishop, W. P. Johnson, Wood, Pollard, Hainsworth, Wathen, and our native deacon, Cecil Majaliwa. All, with the exception of dear Johnson, very well indeed. He, poor fellow, seems very ill. . . . So large a party to provide for is rather a strain on our commissariat department, but Cape gooseberries and tomatoes in fine abundance certainly cover a great many deficiencies and

are much appreciated. On Ascension Day the Bishop confirmed twenty candidates whom I presented, nearly all of whom had been baptized at Easter. They will make their first Communion next Sunday—Whit-Sunday. . . . The Bishop's visit stirs us all up; he is so very earnest about saving souls, and devotes such infinite pains to the work of trying to bring home to lapsing Christians the error of their ways.

[Writing of a relation whose death he had just heard] . . . He was, I know, an unselfish, good man, who surely strove to do his duty in that state of life in which God placed him, and who ever maintained a lively faith in God's promises through Christ. He read, I know, a great many books of the day, books treating of the conflict between science and faith, if conflict really there be, and from conversation I had with him it was easy to see that what he read he never allowed to shake his faith and confidence in Him in whom his heart, and not his intellect only, had taught him to believe. How very little after all we know of each other; plenty indeed of each other's outside, but how very little else as compared with what God, ever looking, because He is able to look, at the inside, knows of us all. We see a little and guess a little from what we do see; perhaps we guess that little rightly, but what a little after all it is. But the consolation is, God knows all, and He knows what He will accept, and what He finds in men and women with whom we have travelled for long years of the journey of life without really getting to know what is best in them. . . .

NEWALA, *June 10th*, 1886.

I wrote my letter to the mother three or four days ago, and since then our plans are all altered, and I have some news that will surprise you rather. Dear Johnson is very, very ill, and while we are arranging for him to be

carried to the coast we have also to re-arrange our plans about Nyasa. The result is that I proceed at once with the Bishop and Wathen to the Gwangwara, and the Lake. . . . I feel I have lived all too long here in ease and comfort while others—so notably my dear, dear friend here, now lying so low, and so very weak and ill—have been bearing the burden and heat of the day; Therefore I hail this opportunity gladly. God grant me grace to serve Him more faithfully henceforth, so that at the last I may not be afraid to die in active service. . . . Of course, it is sad leaving all old friends here, never probably to return to live among them again, . . . but our Lord didn't aim at keeping near, in His bodily presence, that is, those whom He had convinced of sin, and whose sins He had healed. We read of one that Christ "took him and healed him and *let him go*." So I, too, must "let them go," and go where there are other sick souls, who as yet know Him not, to whom I may minister. Newala and I, therefore, are, you see, shaking hands with each other and wishing each other good-bye. We have got on very well together, and the parting is sorrowful. To part with Matola, too, will be a real sorrow. If I have helped him a little he has helped me much, and I am not likely ever to meet again an African chief at all like him. Meanwhile my regrets are only of a personal character. I leave Newala in excellent hands. Weigall and Wood will probably, after a little time, do far more for it than Weigall and Maples, though the now "dissolving partnership" has been a pleasant one while it lasted. . . . I am leaving the violin behind till I know where I am going to be, but it shall follow me eventually; *now* obviously is no time for fiddling.

[*Note*.—Matola died at Newala in October, 1895, barely

six weeks after Bishop Maples' death. The Bishop of Zanzibar, who was in the Newala district at the time, writes: "Matola, the chief of the village, died, and was buried on Tuesday morning. He was very ill when I first got here, and at times quite unconscious. A little time before I came he was so very ill that Mr. Simpson baptized him. He had been a catechumen for years (since 1885) and he at last put away his wives except one. The subject of polygamy and all connected with marriage is a great difficulty with us here."]

(*To his Mother*).

NEWALA, *June 15th.*

. . . My thoughts are, and will be on the march, more than ever with you. Tramping through these forests on a march of four hundred miles or so certainly is helpful in one way, one has more time to think, and more time perhaps for serious thoughts; thus I look forward somewhat eagerly for its own sake to this march up to the Lake. I wish you could even now know of our plans that I might have your special prayers; but I shall often feel that you are sustaining me by your prayers, although you will make them in the thought of me as still here. It is now especially, at this season of Whitsuntide, that I am asking for the gift of the Spirit that I may have "a right judgment in all things;" at the Gwangwara especially it is what I must pray for. Good-bye, then, from Newala. . . . Dear Johnson was carried away yesterday terribly weak and ill, and we hardly dare to speak of his departure. It seems so doubtful whether we shall hear of his safe arrival at the coast. Still, he was a trifle better when he started. . . . I fear that he will never gain strength enough to return to up-country work, but he has prepared the way and gone through privations and

hardships that none of us had either the physical or spiritual strength even to face, much less to go through. . . .

Chogowale, near Masasi, East Africa,
June 21*st*, 1886.

. . . Since I wrote there have been great changes with us. Poor Mr. Wood's sad sudden death last Friday, the day after we left him at Newala just recovering, as we thought, from fever. . . . When we were half way to Masasi a messenger brought a letter announcing his death. . . . This sad and sudden occurrence warns me to be careful of young men just coming out, so I have counselled the Bishop not to take young Wathen on with us. . . . The dangers and risks attending a journey to the Gwangwara are so great that the Bishop has taken the advice I and others of experience have given him, and has decided to take only a very few bales of goods there, and only a comparatively small number of people. In consequence of this we shall split into two parties at about 150 miles from here at a place on the Rovuma called Kanyenda's. I and thirty-eight people go to the Lake by a route to the south-west, through Mtarika's to the Lake at Makanjila's. The Bishop was much vexed at the alterations in his plans, and blamed us all for misrepresenting things about the Gwangwara to him. We could only protest that we thought we had made it clear to him that when we talked of it being "quite safe" to go to the Gwangwara we only meant that our lives would not probably be endangered. He had thought that we meant that they would not be likely to steal our property, &c., but this we none of us—who know the Gwangwara —could possibly have intended to say. . . . He (the Bishop) was fain to put everything in my hands and get me to arrange the start to-day. Of course, I am

disappointed that I am not going to the Gwangwara, . . . but I told him that I was ready to do anything he liked, and he elected to go to the Gwangwara himself, and to get me to take the larger party round the other way. Our joint caravans number seventy souls in all. . . .

MAJEJE, 66 MILES FROM MASASI,
Friday, June 25th, 1886.

. . . The Bishop and I are both wonderfully well, and are enjoying this walk immensely. . . . We have walked our sixteen and seventeen miles per day, coming in in the evening as fresh as when we started in the morning. . . . To-day we have been stopping here to buy food, &c., taking the opportunity this afternoon to preach at some length to the inhabitants of these charming hills, bolder in their outline, and, perhaps, grander even than our much-loved Masasi. Last night a lion disturbed our slumbers with his roaring, but he kept at a respectful distance. There are few flowers to be seen at this time of year, but on these schist and gneiss rocks the beautiful pink adenia flourishes and flowers everywhere. There are also some handsome aloe-like plants which bear a fine bright red flower, which forms a striking contrast to the dark grey and black rocks on which it grows. We have seen no animals since leaving Masasi, and have remarked no birds that were new to us. . . . I came to this place once before in 1882, . . . just after the Gwangwara raid. . . .

In the Wild, 210 *miles W.S.W. of* MASASI, *and perhaps* 150 *miles from the* LAKE SHORE,
Sunday, July 11th, 1886.

. . . Last week was rather a broken one as we had to stop a whole day at Mponda's bringing food and arranging for a guide to take us on from here to another Yao chief's town . . . while another day was spent in crossing

the Rovuma, &c. So since last Sunday we have not walked more than sixty miles, whereas our average walking for the week is from ninety to a hundred miles. We reached Mponda's, which is the last inhabited spot on the Rovuma right away to its source where Gwangwara villages are situated, last Friday morning. It was here that four and a half years ago Johnson and Janson, one of their porters having died, had to leave a box of provisions that had been his load, behind. What was our surprise to find that the faithful Mponda had taken charge of that box all these years, and actually produced it with all contents intact. . . . There were in it some twelve or fourteen tins of cocoa and milk which had kept quite good, and a large tin, inside of which were tablets of compressed soup; these had gone bad as might have been expected. . . . More than half my caravan are Christians, and all the rest are on the way to becoming Christians, so there is little to jar against one's feelings either in their behaviour or their conversation as they lie about in the encampment, enjoying the Sunday's rest and at intervals cooking their food. As to food, by-the-bye, I am living luxuriously on this march. Madan seems to have provided every possible thing one could want. For instance, my breakfast this morning was oat-meal and milk, fresh eggs, bought at Mponda's yesterday, biscuits, tamarind jam and cocoa. Presently I shall dine off stewed fowl, cassava root fried in cakes by way of vegetable, and a pudding to follow—this last, one of my own invention and admirably adapted to camping out entertainments; ingredients as follows—millet flour, sugar, eggs, milk, mixed and made in less than ten minutes, to be eaten plain or with tamarind jam according to the taste of the consumer. I am rather ashamed of writing these details, but I do it because I know everything interests you that helps in any way to set

forth how one lives out here. . . . I have just finished reading Dr. Edersheim's "Prophecy and History in Relation to the Messiah," and to-day I hope to begin Godet's "Studies on the Old Testament," but of course I do not find very much time for reading on the march. . . . I am thankful to say I am enjoying excellent health and this journey agrees with me vastly. . . .

Encamped in the bed of the Lusinyando River,
three-quarters of the way from Masasi *to* Nyasa,
July 15th, 1886.

. . . I had rather an adventure with an elephant which I would have narrated here if only to interest the three boys, but as a short account of the same will doubtless appear in "Central Africa," —— can read it to them when it comes out in print. . . . I am now on the same bit of road that Livingstone followed when he left the Rovuma exactly twenty years ago, and I came across the different hills and streams just where he marked them. This road is far from safe, being infested by bands of plundering Gwangwara who, we fully expect, will molest us before we reach our journey's end. While we were following the course of the Rovuma we saw a great many animals, though I did not get many chances with my rifle, the noise of the caravan always giving them warning and allowing them to get away. However, I got a good many guinea-fowl with my other gun, and with the rifle secured one large wart hog. We are in an elephant country just now; this morning we saw traces of them everywhere, but my friend of yesterday is the only actual specimen I have seen. Considering that my work out here is *not* elephant hunting, I don't think I shall be quite so ready to stalk these gentlemen again as I was yesterday. . . . To-day some of our men saw a large

herd of zebras. I, who was walking ahead, did not see them. . . . We are now, by aneroid barometer, about 2,600 feet above the sea. . . .

Four miles from Mwisombe's and about sixty miles from Losewa *on the* Lake,
July 19*th*, 1886.

. . . During the last four days we have been winding round and round and up and down in a very mountainous country where, at an altitude of 5,000 feet, I can tell you we find it very cold—too cold indeed for me to hold the pen and write after the sun has gone down; still one enjoys the different scenery. We are still on metamorphic rocks, but the flora is slightly different, and the streams we cross are now more of the nature of mountain burns. Fancy my joy yesterday when near one of them I came upon clumps and clumps of splendid *Osmunda regalis*, and—for the Royal Fern fears no rival—all round and about, tufts of marsh fern (*Aspidium thelypteris*) and its first cousin, mountain polypody (*Polypodium oleopteris*)—how the sight would have moved me twenty years ago. As it was it was a real pleasure to see these three old English favourites all growing together. How the sight recalled different occasions in bygone days when I have found all three of them—never, though, all three growing together. . . . I have had two days of fever, but I determined to walk on, knowing that this was the best thing to do, and so I am as well as ever again. . . . I got a flying shot at an eland three days ago, but missed it, to my great regret, as our men that day were *very* short of food, and one or two of them could hardly climb the hills at all for lack of it. . . .

Likoma Island, Lake Nyasa, *August* 2*nd*, 1886.

You will, I think, be pleased to hear that I arrived here safe and sound some four days ago, and that I

am in excellent health, bar a few ulcers on hands and feet. The Bishop has not yet appeared. . . . The party here . . . have been settled on this island since January last. . . . Our walk from Masasi I calculated as being just four hundred miles long, by the more or less circuitous route we had to follow on account of the Gwangwara. We left Masasi on June 21st and reached Chitesi's on the mainland opposite this island on July 29th, so that we were rather more than five weeks in coming. The Bishop and I parted on the Rovuma about July 1st. . . . I am charmed with the prospect of the work before us—so many people and villages along the shores of the lake for at least one hundred miles of its length. . . . There is a very good library here. . . . I left all my books at Newala and came away with very little property of any kind. . . .

Tuesday, August 3rd.

The Bishop came after all, yesterday. . . . He has got on very well on the whole up at the Gwangwara, and is quite well. . . . I shall be left in charge of all this work on and about the lake to forward it as best I can. . . . This island is about five miles long and about one mile broad and is hilly. Soil *not* fertile, yet we think fruit trees will grow here, so I shall get all kinds of seeds from our Scotch friends at Blantyre. . . . This island is thickly populated; . . . it is just as far from the mainland as the Isle of Wight at Ryde is from Stokes Bay. Chitesi's, just opposite, is a very large and populous village, with the houses built and crowded together as close as ninepins on a strip of land only thirty or forty yards wide, the lake bounding it on one side and a marsh on the other. [The houses are built in the manner described as a protection from the raiding of the Gwangwara.—Ed.] Most of the villages on the Lake

shores are inhabited by Nyasas, but there are some large Yao towns as well. . . .

Blantyre, Shiré Highlands,
August 21*st*, 1896.

I hope you have by this time bought a good map of Nyasa and the district south of it as far as Quillimane; if so you will be able to see where I am. Blantyre is the flourishing mission station of the Scotch Established Church (Presbyterian), and here the Bishop and I are at present staying as the guests of our very kind Scotch friends. . . . We left Likoma on August 9th in the "C. J."* We called in at various large Yao and Nyasa towns, . . . and reached Matope, about forty miles down the Shiré, on Friday 13th. . . . Thence we walked by moonlight and during the greater part of the next day till we reached Mount Zomba, where the three Buchanan brothers who are planters are stationed. . . . Here too we met the consul, Mr. Hawes, and had much conference with him.

Sunday morning was wholly taken up with services. In the afternoon the Bishop and I walked up to the top of Mount Zomba, 5,000 feet, and from its summit obtained a very fine view over the south country and the corner of Lake Shirwa.

. . . On Monday, bidding them good-bye we started for Blantyre, forty-two miles distant, reaching here about three in the afternoon of Tuesday. . . . Mandala, one mile from here, is the station of the African Lakes Company, presided over by the Brothers Moir. We dined there two nights ago, sitting down fourteen! . . . The Moirs have a nice piano, and I had to do what I could on it. . . . Mr. Hetherwick [of Blantyre] is a very good Yao scholar, *infinitely* better than I am; I have already learned much from him, indeed we have been absorbed in

* The mission steamer *Charles Janson*.

Yao the last few days. . . . Last Sunday upon Zomba, we saw such quantities of wild flowers—mallow, Michaelmas daisy, bramble, bracken, African marigolds, &c., &c., in glorious profusion and wealth of hue and colour—it did remind one of England. . . .

LIKOMA, LAKE NYASA, *September 6th*, 1886.

. . . It might appear that, living on an island as we do, our work is likely to be cramped and confined. But in reality it is not so at all; for, in the first place, the island is sufficiently large for it to take a very long day indeed to walk all round it, while also it is most thickly populated, the numerous valleys all round its shores affording ample scope for missionary work for more than one person and for many years to come; while secondly the *Charles Janson* enables us to go easily and rapidly to the mainland at any hour of the day or night. . . .

We Mapleses are certainly not good folk at being to others faults "a little blind." Don't you feel that?

. . . Certainly as we grow older it is a bad sign if we are not in some measure trying to get the better of a failing, by no means an amiable or light one; but I won't moralize further about it. . . . There is a great deal of cattle and many goats on this island, so that milk and meat are cheap and plentiful. There are no wild animals save hyraxes and galagos.* There are snakes of various kinds; plenty of crocodiles in the lake, making bathing quite unsafe; and fish eagles and divers in considerable numbers. The island is rocky and stony to a degree, yet there are a certain amount of trees, and in the rainy season, grass, &c. Little or no corn of any kind is grown, the natives subsisting almost entirely on cassava and fish. We are now building a church

* Also there were plenty of otters.

which we hope will be sufficiently near completion to allow of the Bishop consecrating it before he goes. . . . Our Scotch friends have promised us all kinds of cuttings and plants and young fruit trees; so we hope in time to turn to good account even the barren soil of this island; peaches, apples, figs, all flourish at Blantyre. . . .

Yesterday, Sunday, we got a congregation to the "heathen service" held at 9 a.m. under a tree, of nearly two hundred people. . . .

September 8th, 1886.—. . . The Nyasas who live on the island are rather a rough set, but I think when we get better known by them, there is no reason to suppose that they will not give themselves up to ameliorating influences, and even come forward for the instruction we are here specially to impart. I have long since learned to lay aside any hopes of finding a people in these parts who *en masse* will be earnest in coming forward to embrace Christianity. A great deal has to be warred down in their hearts before they can be expected to crave for what alone can secure them true happiness both in this world and in the next. Meanwhile we go round to their villages and preach to them, and exhort them, and entreat them. In God's own time the result of all this will be manifest, but we have no right to claim that the manifestation should be in our life-time. In coming here I have a new language to learn—the Nyasa tongue[Chinyanja]to wit, as it is spoken here. It is easy, and will not be hard to pick up I can tell. . . .

. . . We have a flourishing school of thirty boarders, many of whom can already read and write, although they have not been under instruction a full year yet. . . .

September 19th, 1886.

You will see what I have written to my father on the subject of the promotion the Bishop has been pleased to

bestow upon me, which will cause you to address your envelopes to me differently; just eleven years ago you changed Esquire into the Reverend, and now you will be changing the Reverend into the Venerable. Ah! my dear mother, ten or even six years ago I might have felt a little vain about being made an Archdeacon; but now I can only regard the distinction, such as it is, as one which my eleven years of work here verily have given me very little claim to. Mistakes, mistaken judgments, rash actions, shortcomings, sins—these make up the tale of my missionary labours in East Africa; rather than such good service as might warrant a Bishop in making me an Archdeacon. The Bishop I think was anxious that, in view of the numbers who are likely to centre towards this part of the Mission, there should be no mistake as to who was to take the supreme conduct of affairs here under himself. . . .

[*Note.*—In a letter to his father written at this time he signs himself "Your affectionate and 'venerable' son."]

SS. "Charles Janson."
October 11*th*, 1886.

One of the quietest times for writing is such an one as I have chosen to night; to wit, when we are lying at anchor in a bay on our weekly cruise to the villages south of us. . . . On Tuesday we call at two or three large towns, and preach as we can make opportunity to do so, and by Wednesday we reach the large town of Ngomanje's which, in our weekly cruise, is our furthest point south and some fifty miles south of Likoma. On Thursdays we run back to the island, and on Friday the steamer usually, though not always, takes a rest. Once a month she has to go over to the opposite side of the Lake to Bandawe to leave our mails and pick up those

that have arrived for us. . . . I was somewhat busy last week writing some reminiscences of Bishop Steere for Mr. Heanley's biography of him. I think I have already told you that all my fellow-helpers here are most ready and willing in every way to forward my wishes, and to accept my judgment and advice, so that I really do begin to feel a little elderly! . . . Yesterday after the open-air service, to which some two to three hundred people came, Mrs. Swinny and I played hymn tunes to the people as duets on violin and harmonium. . . . I was very much pleased with a pretty story, called "Our Little Ann," by the author of "Miss Toosey's Mission." By-the-bye, I wonder whether you have ever read *that* book. Our library here is a good one, but there are no light books, no story books, so one like "Little Ann" coming now and again is a great refreshment, though novels as such—except those by very famous writers—I have no liking for. Biographies, travels, like you, I am always fond of. . . .

October 12*th*.

To-day we called at the large Nyasa town where Janson lies buried, and found his grave kept in beautiful order. The chief of the town is rather a pleasant old man, not too fond of begging, like most of the others. . . .

November 3*rd*, 1886.

Whenever you happen to be sending me a box of things, a few bottles of sweets or some chocolates would be very acceptable, as there are so many children here who come about the place, to whom one likes to have sweets to dispense. We seldom get fish here. Although the natives are always fishing and casting their nets, they don't seem to care to bring their fish up for sale, as it is the only food they have to eat with their cassava porridge. Then, too, a whole party of them go shares in

a net, and consequently every "catch" is divided up amongst the shareholders, and so we seldom have fish, though the lake has plenty of good fish in it, and one way and another a good many are taken. . . .

November 2nd.

. . . The drunkenness of the people on this island is greater than I have ever known it elsewhere. . . . I am afraid we are little likely to wean any of the older members of the community from this vice. It is with the young that our main hope lies. . . . The white ants are more destructive here I think than anywhere I have found them. One hears them working away in the reeds that make our house walls in the silence of the night. The houses here will hardly last two years I should say. . . . We shall be able in future to procure sugar, treacle, coffee, and wheat flour in the quantities we require, from Mr. Buchanan's plantation at Zomba, and at very fairly moderate prices, thus: Coffee 6*d.* per lb., sugar 4½*d.*, and flour at 3*d.* . . .

Likoma, *November 21st*, 1886.

. . . I preached my first sermon in Nyasa to-day, extempore, and without using an interpreter. As I have done little towards learning the language in these three months and a half, you may imagine that it is an easy one to pick up, or I should not so soon have been able to give tongue in it. . . .

Likoma, *November 24th*, 1886.

. . . One of my chief recreations here is amusing the children, and especially the little girls, who are, many of them, very interesting. One in particular is a sweetly pretty child of about eleven or twelve years old. I don't think I have ever seen a prettier child, white or black. She has a mother living, and two sisters, who are all free, but she is a slave, and I am going to ransom her,

so that she may not be torn away from her mother at any time when her master sees fit to sell her into a caravan going to the coast. Of course if I ransom her I shall have the right to control her future a bit; that is to say, when she is older I shall be able to prevent any worthless fellow taking her in marriage, and shall, on the other hand, be able to marry her to one of our own boys, they both being by that time, I hope, Christians. In many respects I take things much easier here than I was wont to do at Newala. I meddle little with domestic arrangements, Mrs. Swinny is so good a housekeeper, though I could easily beat her at puddings if I wanted to. I never build here; Alley, our carpenter, is so good a builder. On the other hand, I feel the responsibility here far greater than at Newala, and I have the feelings, and idiosyncrasies, and fancies of a larger number of colleagues to consider and allow for. The position requires more tact and more powers of government. Still, if the years of life in Africa have not made me a mine of wisdom and good judgment, they have at least taught me something; and since I have come into this place *not* by my own seeking, I may humbly trust that God will give me a portion of that "right judgment in all things" which my present work requires. You say you don't like solitude. No, and I am sure I should not like it either. This island life in particular would be unbearable without the child life there is about it, and I should grow so homesick that I should have, I verily believe, to cut and run, for somehow or other one does feel very far off here—very isolated at times. . . .

LIKOMA, *December 8th*, 1886.

. . . Johnson, [Mr. W. P. Johnson, finding himself much better when he arrived at Cape Town, wrote to ask the Bishop whether he might return from thence to

Nyasa, and arrived at the latter place in October.—Ed.] I am glad to say, has been much better, and the steamer trips seem to suit him well. Now that he is here I seldom cruise, he being able to do all that can at present be done in preaching at the villages. . . . I feel specially anxious that the scores of little girls in this island who scamper about everywhere, and who have no one really to look after them or teach them any good thing, should have some lady who would make them her particular care. I am trying to do what I can with some eight or ten who now live here, and who have from two to three hours' teaching every day, which Mr. Frere and I conjointly impart. . . .

LIKOMA, *January 15th*, 1887.

. . . I think lately we have had some sure signs that the people in this island are more inclined to give heed to our message than a few months ago. Johnson's earnest preaching has had not a little do with this, I feel very confident. . . . There is a tree that grows here which is already famous in England (it grows all over Yaoland and near the Zambesi also) for the poison it produces, which is *the* medicine now for certain forms of heart affections, taking the place, I believe, of *digitalis*. The flower is a very pretty, well-shaped one, and the seed pods, whence the poison is obtained, are very large. [The Strophanthus; the Swahili name is *Komba*.—Ed.] . . . One great difficulty that always occurs, I fancy, at Mission stations where the work has only recently been begun, is found in the fact that the young men coming forward so much more readily, and being so much easier to teach than the girls, they get baptized much sooner. Then they grow up, and of course want to marry, and so often there are no Christian young women for them to marry, and they are obliged to marry heathen wives, which of course, to say the least of it, is a very question-

able thing, even if we *are* able to say that under these exceptional circumstances it is not absolutely sinful. At any rate, I am trying all I can to get the girls who are engaged to be married to various boys in the school, to come and be taught here and prepared for baptism, in order, if possible, to avoid, or at any rate lessen the evil I speak of. . . .

March 2nd.

. . . My legs are giving me trouble with ulcers just now, and so I do a good deal of sitting down, with the offending limbs in a horizontal position. . . .

[These March letters speak of the death of Mr. Swinny, one of the workers at Likoma. He died at Bandawe, the Scotch Mission Station on the opposite side of the Lake.]

(*To his Mother.*)

Likoma, Nyasa, *March 13th*, 1887.

. . . I send you . . . a hymn I wrote a few days ago. I send it to you, because I was thinking a good deal of you when I wrote it. I do not think it has any merits, poetical or otherwise, but you will like it for its simplicity, or for the sake of its author, or both. . . . I have always felt there is now-a-days in our Church, far too little worship directed immediately to the Holy Spirit, far too little recognition of the important bearing on the religious life of the doctrine of the Holy Spirit indwelling in us. . . . You will be sorry to hear that I am at present keeping to my room, in order to doctor a series of ulcers on both legs. 'Tis a *series*, but they are not *serious*, and I trust to be quite rid of them in a week or so.

Likoma, *April 2nd*, 1887.

. . . Many thanks for the oatmeal, Brand, &c., but you really must not send me any food again. We have all

things edible in abundance here, whatever it was in old days at Masasi or Newala. . . .

April 2nd.

. . . As to Père Lourdel, *versus* Church Missionary Society at Uganda, I could say a great deal, but it is difficult to put it in a letter. The fact of those glorious martyrdoms (and the converts to Roman Catholicism and the converts to Anglo-Catholicism met their deaths equally bravely) prevents one almost thinking of divided Churches. I should fancy, though, that the Roman method of baptizing, after scarcely any period of probation, must have very serious disadvantages, however successful the work of conversion seems to be. You must remember that Mr. Mackay, who is really the leading spirit among the English missionaries there, and who has been there from the first, is not a clergyman at all, not even a deacon. I know him slightly, having met him once or twice in Zanzibar, in '76. . . .

April 6th, 1887.

. . . The Gwangwara send us very polite messages, but they are still a terrible scourge to the villages and towns on the Lake shores. Quite recently two entire towns have been swept away by them. . . . This island looks so pretty now with all the greenness of the rainy season about it. With the rains come the fish, which we buy in plenty now, also milk in abundance, and rich. Indeed we do very well, and Likoma is by no means a place to lead us to starvation. . . .

Likoma, *June 12th*, 1887.

. . . We are having really coldish weather just now, so that even at midday the sun seems to have but very little power to diffuse heat and warmth, though as to light we have plenty of that, and of glare too, with cloudless skies and a wind-beaten, wave-stirred lake, with the "white

horses " and all complete, just as in the salt sea, with which you are better acquainted. Do you remember years ago how you took up and studied, in a more or less desultory way, geology? And so did I at an earlier period. . . . I now, after a lapse of a great many years, am (again somewhat desultorily) taking up the subject again, and am delighting in the flood of light that more recent research and study has thrown on early geological periods. . . . My master is Geikie, who I suppose is reckoned by far the most distinguished of living geologists, or at any rate of English ones. . . . I find it very interesting, though when I get those books on harmony which I asked you to send, it will be all music and sound with me again. Alas! in all these subjects I cannot go very far because of the mathematics, with regard to which in point of thorough muddle my brain would vie with any one's. . . . I expect though you will open your eyes and say—you certainly might—what have *you*, a clergyman, to do with such things? Though I think you understand me enough to know that this is only one of my moods. Fine reasoning and brilliant discovery in an abstruse and deeply interesting subject—geology—have aroused my enthusiasm, and I write fresh from the perusal of some of Geikie's lucid—I had almost said *pellucid*—passages. . . . I have had a great deal of boat sailing lately, and feel so glad that I can handle an open boat with a sail in a rough lake and a stiffish breeze. This accomplishment (a slight one in itself) has stood me in good stead lately. Our boat is the man-of-war's pinnace Mr. Swinny bought two years ago, and which will not last very much longer I expect. Our first adult baptism took place here yesterday. . . . We are still busy building. . . . I am just now engaged upon a house, seventy-six feet long, by sixteen feet broad. This is, for us, very large. . . . We have lately been arranging

for the catechumens and hearers to come to a sort of ante-communion service, which is in fact exactly the old "mass of the catechumens" of the early Church. . . . My Yao vocabulary is finished, and it will probably go down to Zanzibar with the Bishop, to be printed. Even you, I think, would find something to interest you in the "introduction," so perhaps I'll send you a copy some day. . . . I cannot think Likoma so healthy a place as either Masasi or Newala. (A little garden note.) We picked our first tomatoes to-day. . . .

(*To his Niece.*)

LIKOMA, *July* 11*th*, 1887.

We are at last beginning to get a little influence over the elder women and mothers, and some of them are coming forward to be taught. This gives one an opportunity of trying to rouse in them some interest in their own children spiritually. It is grievous to find how little regard the mothers have for the moral behaviour of the little ones. . . . They *never* correct them when they are naughty, and don't seem to care one bit when they do very wrong in the sight of God. In fact, you see, *we* have to be both fathers and mothers to these children in all respects, except in feeding them. This will show you how very much there is to be done here, and how everything has to be begun quite at the beginning of things. . . . This very afternoon I was grieving over a very wicked thing one of the children had done, to her mother. And the mother actually laughed, and told me not to be so sad about it—and yet that was the child's very own mother. When I tell you this, can you wonder that it takes so long to make many converts in this land? I think you will not. I'm very sorry to think that I have written you such a melancholy kind of letter, but it can't be wrong for us sometimes,

at least, to think a little of the great power of evil there is still in the world, for this helps us to pray more fervently "Thy kingdom come," and it sets us thinking what *we* can do, which we are not yet doing, to help to remove it. . . . I think I must have had seventy or eighty letters the other day, when the mails for four months came in together. . . . I am sure you will pity me for having to answer all these. The only way to do it is just to sit down whenever one can, and scratch off a few lines as I have done to you now. . . .

LIKOMA, *August 5th*, 1887.

The Bishop and Joseph Williams arrived safe and sound, just a week ago. . . .

August 9th.

As at present arranged the Bishop will leave us four or five weeks from now. He intends to walk by a direct route to Masasi and Newala, and to stay there a month or so before going on to Zanzibar. He told me the other day that he is looking forward with intense eagerness to his return to England. He certainly has spent a wonderful three and a half years out here, and has done an amazing amount of good and excellent work amongst us all. . . .

[The towns on the eastern shore of the Lake were so unhealthy for Europeans, that it was thought advisable no English missionary should live in them.]

September 8th, 1887.

. . . There are several teachers and their wives here now, ready to be "planted out" at the large towns on the shores of the Lake which the steamer regularly visits. Johnson, however, has the superintendence of all this work, and will have to see it carried through. . . . The parcels of toys (looking-glasses, tin trumpets, &c.) have all arrived safely, I am glad to be able to say; and

heaps of parcels from working parties, positively flooding me with girls' dresses. . . . The Bishop has been out for several expeditions in the boat. . . . He went with W. P. Johnson and self to Chisumulu, and we walked together all over the island, taking stock of its population, &c. We slept on the sand there, and came back the next day. . . . [Likoma and Chisumulu are the only inhabited islands on Lake Nyasa.—Ed.]

LIKOMA, *September 8th*, 1887.

. . . The Bishop leaves us three days hence . . . the day after he goes, Weigall and Bellingham leave . . . a week later I start with a party of fifteen porters for the Gwangwara. I expect to be away on this journey about a month, not longer, I hope. I am going there since the Bishop wishes it; but I have no longer the taste for moving about which I once had. A journey there, however, seems a necessity again this year, and I am the only proper person here now to take it for various reasons. . . .

LIKOMA, *September 18th*, 1887.

My old native teacher Eustace,* from Newala, has followed me here, and will settle here with his wife and child and sister (a little girl of twelve or so). . . . I think I have in my letters mentioned the baptism of six boys here. They are very good boys indeed, and it was a great happiness to me to see them baptized. The Bishop administered this sacrament to them, and the next day confirmed them. I am now about to prepare them for first communion, which I hope they will receive on Sunday week, just before I start on my walk. . . . The weather is beginning to be very hot, and our tempers with it! . . . .

* Eustace Malisawa.

At the Gwangwara's,
October 6th, 1887.

Without mishap of any kind, and after an enjoyable walk from the Lake of about 115 miles, I arrived here yesterday afternoon. I have not yet been ushered into the great man's presence, it being the etiquette with all African chiefs, with any pretensions to greatness, to leave their guests half a day or so before condescending to see them. . . . I am keeping both a journal and some journey notes this time. . . . As I am mentioning in those "journey notes" everything of interest that turns up, I will not reiterate here what you will read there. I have derived much pleasure, while on the walk, from reading Lady Burton's "Inner Life of Syria." . . . Just before coming away I was cheered by receiving the July letters. . . . I have been much interested in reading of the Jubilee day and all the great doings thereon, especially of the children's fête in Hyde Park. . . . For the first time since I have been in Africa I have picked blackberries, . . . and for the first time, too, I have seen real tree ferns. . . .

At the Gwangwara's,
October 6th.

. . . My special mission here this year is to ransom two or three women whom we have never got back since the raid [at Masasi in 1882.—Ed.], and if possible to get leave to go on to see the really greatest Gwangwara chief, Mhaluli, who has never yet been "at home" to any European. This man Sonjela has been visited twice by Porter, once by Swinny, once by the Bishop, and now here am I knocking at his front door, though meanwhile here I am stopping a jolly long while, by-the-bye, in the servants' hall, so to speak. . . .

October 7th.

. . . So far we have got on very well with Sonjela,

and he has expressed himself mightily pleased with our present—one bale of calico, one box of little bells, and Turkey twill, and one load of salt—really not a bad present at all, and so he ought to be pleased. . . . It is a curious reflection for me to think that here I am, five years afterwards, the guest—almost, I might say, an honoured guest—of the man who sent his warriors against us in that memorable year. . . . I saw the poor woman, whom I hope to ransom this time, yesterday, and she complains of being very badly treated. . . . Sonjela's three chief wives seem very sensible women and very well-mannered. . . . This walk has freshened me up wonderfully; walking always agrees with me. . . .

October 8th.

. . . We are now at Sonjela's, and he has sent a messenger to the other chief—Mhaluli—to know if he is willing to see us this year. . . . We had a fine ox given us this morning, which is now being roasted (not whole!) over slow fires, cut up in strips and salted, to serve as relish for many days for our porters on their march. I have been to an "at home" this afternoon. *Vide* my journal for particulars. . . . Parties of Sonjela's wives, and children, and sons, come in at all times of the day, and are very conversational in their way.

October 12th.

. . . The messengers only came back from Mhaluli last night. As he declines to see us, unless we bring him a very large present—*i.e.*, from five to ten bales of calico—we shall not go to him; hence I start back to Likoma to-morrow. The last two days here have been very unsatisfactory . . . still, I do think we shall get off without mishap to-morrow. . . . Songea (Sonjela) has been in his cups so often that I have not had proper opportunity to talk with him. This place is certainly a den of thieves and robbers, and I cannot but think that

any one of us permanently living here would meet with but scant courtesy. . . .

October 12*th*.

I hope we may still be able to ransom the poor woman I spoke of, but we have not got her yet, and Sonjela has not helped us at all in the matter. . . .

Likoma, *October* 24*th*, 1887.

. . . I arrived here on Saturday, 22nd, having walked from the Gwangwara to Chitesi's in eight days, at the rate of twenty and twenty-one miles per day. . . . [Chitesi's village is on the mainland opposite Likoma.—Ed.]

Likoma, *November* 14*th*, 1887.

. . . Our school thrives, and I am very well satisfied with the progress and behaviour of the bulk of the scholars. . . . I believe more than ever in training the young, though, of course, the elders must not be left out. . . . We are beginning to vaccinate the children here. The Vaccine Society—or whatever it is—sends out lymph now by every mail, but it is always a chance whether it has kept good on the voyage. Vaccination is probably one of the very greatest material blessings we can confer on the natives. . . .

December 21*st*, 1887.

. . . With our Scotch friends we have most friendly comparing of notes as to our different systems of teaching, . . . and altogether they are most pleasant and kind neighbours. . . . [He is alluding to the Scotch Mission Station of Bandawe, on the other side of the Lake—about fifty miles distant.—Ed.]

December 21*st*.

Some very exciting and serious news reached us on Sunday last from the north end of the Lake. The *Ilala* came, bringing Dr. Cross, of the Scotch Mission, to seek our aid in various ways—*e.g.*, by lending our steamer,

pinnace, &c., supplying guns, food, and ammunition to the little band of ten or twelve Europeans who, at the head of a native force, are endeavouring to drive the Arabs, who first attacked *them*, from the country. The Arabs, who trade between the sea coast and the country adjacent to the North end of this lake and the South of Tanganyika, have for a long time past been threatening the station and store of the African Lake's Company at Karonga's; and so Consul Hawes, Mr. Moir, some of the Scotch missionaries, Consul O'Neill and his brother-in-law, and two or three elephant hunters, went there to help to repulse the attack. On the 23rd ultimo the Arabs tried to carry the fort by storm, but had to fall back before the effective fire of the European force and their followers. For five days these were under the fire of the Arab guns, but none were killed. Then they had to abandon the fort owing to the sanitary conditions becoming so bad. . . . Under a native escort of 5,000 men, armed with spears, our friends escaped to a place thirty miles north, also on the Lake shores, where they are now encamped, very short of food and ammunition, but preparing for an attack upon the Arabs, in order, if possible, to rid the country of them altogether. . . . I was able to supply a large quantity of native food, some powder, caps, bullets, my Martini-Henry rifle, and 280 cartridges. I placed our pinnace at his (the Consul's) disposal, and have written to say that as soon as the *Charles Janson* comes back from the South, I will urge Johnson to allow her to be sent North (as the Consul desires) in order that she may lie off the place where the camp is, as a kind of city of refuge in case our friends get worsted and have to fly. . . .

LIKOMA, *December* 31*st*, 1887.

. . . To-morrow nine of our schoolboys and three of our girls are to be made catechumens. . . . Our most

hopeful work is certainly that which we do with the young. Hence it is, I suppose, that, after all, the schools and attention to them, take up most of my time. . . .

January 7th, 1888.

. . . The rainy season has been early with us this year. We had six inches in December, and although it is but the 7th of January the gauge already shows a rainfall of upwards of five inches. Of course this has started our vegetables again, and we are able to have a salad at least, nearly every day. Soon, too, our crop of tomatoes will be coming in, and they are, I think, without exception, the most useful vegetable there is. What don't they make? one might well ask; for, whether as jam, puddings, sauce, vegetables, salad, or garnish, they are alike excellent, and scarcely rivalled in any of these departments of gustatory science. I charge you, Katie, never *boil* your tomatoes when you serve them as a vegetable; nay, rather you shall gently stew them, and that, too, with such careful and kind anxiety, that none of their rich juices shall waste their strength or pass away in the noisy steam that a vulgar boiling would inevitably generate. You may also roast or bake your tomatoes as you would roast or bake apples, on hob or in oven; even so shall they prove most excellent. Or if a more novel mode of enchanting any *gourmet* who may be bidden to your table you would seek, you may even place your tomatoes under your joint (turning and roasting above), and let the gravy drop upon them as they gently cook in the place from which they may have ousted, for the nonce, the goodly Yorkshire pudding, which by this time of course will have become at No. 17 the indispensable and most grateful accompaniment of the "roast." Other ways there are of making this prince of vegetables take its regal position on your table,

but I feel that archidiaconal functions forbid the further revelations of culinary mysteries. . . .

LIKOMA, *January* 10*th*, 1888.

[*Note.* This letter contains a lengthy description of the fighting at the north end of the Lake, but, inasmuch as a full account of this fighting will be found in Captain Lugard's book, these details are omitted.]

What I am anxious about just now arises from a fear that the Arabs, who have not been decisively repulsed, may go round to the Gwangwara and incite them to harass us, either in the way of levying blackmail, or even through pressure on the chiefs (Chitesi and others), by whose permission we live here, to compel us to go away from the country. . . .

LIKOMA, *February 6th*, 1888.

. . . I really think I am becoming quite a successful teacher of singing. My last achievement is getting the boys and girls to sing "Glory to Thee, my God, this night," *as a canon*. I daresay you know the grand old tune *is* a canon, and can be sung as such. . . . I am now teaching them to sing the chants for the Canticles in parts; and also rounds ("White Sand and Grey Sand," &c.) in Chinyanja. The children enjoy the singing immensely. I have also translated "In Woodstock Town," and I am teaching them that. . . .

(*Letter to his Godchild.*)

February 1*st*, 1888.

I was so glad to get the other day your nice little letter, which showed me you don't forget your godpapa at all, just as he never forgets you. I wish you could come here and dig in the sand and play on the shores of our great big Lake here with the little black girls whom I teach. I am sure you would like to do so; and you

would not find their black faces at all strange after just a week or two, I feel quite sure. . . . But I am afraid you will never be able to come out here, so what is the good of telling you all about it. Why it's just like talking to people about strawberries when you've got none to give them, and their mouths begin to water all for nothing! I don't think you'll see me in England yet awhile, though I do hope to see you before you are quite old and greyheaded, and before I am quite bent double with age. . . . I am too busy to write you a *long* letter this time, but I send you lots of kisses. I hope you'll look about for them in the envelope, and you'll have to take the postman into custody if they've all been stamped out at the post-office.

LIKOMA, *February 8th*, 1888.

. . . In the *Spectator* I met with an admirable reply to Canon Isaac Taylor's brilliant but misleading account of "Islam and Christianity." Much that he said was, however, very true; and the *Spectator's* article gave him full credit for all the truth that was mixed up with the more abundant errors that bestrew his speech. . . . Have you ever read any of Richard Jefferies' books? He is really a great writer—a sort of prose-poet. . . .

February 7th, 1888.

. . . I am inclined to think that real storms on the Lake are far less frequent than they are popularly supposed to be. So far we have never had carried away any spars or sails in bad weather. . . . I think our work here makes decided progress, and I, for my part, never feel despondent about it, not expecting in my own lifetime to see great visible results. Indeed, twelve years out here are sufficient to correct all visionary ideas about mission work, and I begin to feel quite a veteran in the mission field. . . .

March 5th, 1888.

. . . I am *so* sorry to hear such poor accounts of your health. You certainly have a good deal to bear, but you should make a distinct offering of your trial to God—an offering for Christ's sake—and then it will be really blessed to you. Some, you know, offer to God their health, strength, and energies. You at least may offer up your ill health and weakness to Him, a much better thing to do than merely being resigned. . . . Resignation may bring cheerfulness to the soul, but the other is a surer way to it I am convinced. Therefore, . . . I say, *try it*. . . . Mind you read "Darwin's Life." Alas! that *such* a man should have lost his faith. Yet it was not his theory of evolution that caused him to lose it, remember. Evolution he always held to be compatible with a belief in a Creator; miracles were his stumbling block. . . .

Likoma, *March 14th*, 1888.

. . . The papers this time were to me very interesting, and I note three subjects in particular—Jenny Lind, the opening of Truro Cathedral, and Darwin's life. I think you probably know that I had, when at school at Wimbledon, some personal acquaintance with the "Swedish Nightingale" of other years. . . . On several occasions I spent Saturdays and Sundays at her house, her son, then at school with me, being one of my chief friends. I have a vivid recollection of walking round their pretty garden, she discoursing on the flowers, and telling me with interest all their names. . . . Darwin's life—the reviews thereof—was especially interesting to me. . . . It would seem that that part of his nature adapted to the reception and cultivation of religious truth got atrophied by disuse, and hence his discarding of Christianity. These things are great mysteries, and when we think of so great and really good a man as

Darwin was, we ought to avoid all appearance even of seeming to know *how* he stood in God's sight when his probation was over, and his soul returned to God who gave it. . . . We should believe that God's pity is more far-reaching than our intellects or our hearts can fathom, and that many who seem to know Him not, may, after all, have a truer knowledge of Him than some of ourselves. Another great point about Darwin was that he never did or said anything that could be construed into a desire to disturb the faith of others; if evolution has disturbed it, it is their fault and not his. I confess to having a good deal of belief in evolution, but it has never disturbed my faith in revelation—no, not one jot. Truro Cathedral—I read all the architectural details, as given so lucidly in the *Times*, with greatest interest. . . . —— has sent me a regular feast of good music. I revel in it, and sometimes play to J. A. Williams in the evenings for nearly two hours at a stretch.* This is a great refreshment to me, such, indeed, as music always has been, and always will be, I ween. . . . We have had a very meagre rainy season this year, if, indeed, as seems likely, it is almost over now. The island escapes a very great deal of rain; we often see it pouring on the mainland opposite, when not a drop falls here, and it is very tantalizing. . . . I have taken a fancy lately for trying my hand at verse, and especially at sonnets, which seem to me the best mould into which to cast fugitive poetical thoughts. Two on Lake Nyasa I sent to "Central Africa," where perhaps you will see them. . . .

Likoma, *May* 1*st*, 1888.

. . . I am alone, so far as white men (or women) go. I do not dislike this solitude at all, though I do not say it is really good for me. I have been giving much time to the study of harmony lately—always a subject I hoped

* On the harmonium; they had no piano.

some day really to work hard at—and that you may not think there are absolutely no practical results, I enclose you two hymn tunes, which you will value for the sake of the composer, if you don't care for the tunes themselves. . . . I am employed nearly all day with the boys and girls in the school. As to the latter, we get on very fairly well without Mrs. Swinny, but I am not so vain as to think I can be to them all that she was. Oddly enough, instead of diminishing the numbers, when she left, of the girls who board here, I doubled them. I could not refuse some who were so very eager to be taken in. The Ayah who lives with them manages pretty well, and I try myself to be very watchful. It is a very responsible charge, as you may imagine. Adults are pressing forward to be taught, and we certainly are making progress as regards them. . . .

Ascension Day, May 10th, 1888.

I am sitting under the shade of a great baobab tree, some three miles from our house, watching our boys and girls as they make holiday. They are all drumming away to their hearts' content, while the cooks are busy with their preparations on the shore. We began the day with Holy Communion, at which every one of our Christians communicated (seventeen in all). Afterwards breakfast, then matins, and then we came off here; the day beautiful and cool, and the bright lake scenery spread out at our feet. I wish you could be transported here just for the nonce. What a change indeed it would be for you. . . . It is only plain truth that in working out these hymn tunes [speaking of some hymn tunes he had sent home.—Ed.] I thought as much as to whether they would give you pleasure as anything else connected with them. Not because I think you are a superlatively good judge of music, or very competent to appraise or criticise the *harmonies* I have employed, but because as far as *tune*

goes, you are, or should be, able to judge as well as most musically educated people, and because my thoughts these months turn very constantly to you, as I think of your depression of spirits and "often infirmity," and am anxious, when I can, from time to time, to prepare little surprises to please you. Personally, I think my hymn tunes are much better in *their* way than my attempts at poetry are in *theirs*. . . . I feel seized with a desire to go on to the composition of sonatas, marches, fugues, &c., but as soon as the steamer comes back other thoughts and duties will engross my time and attention—and it is well that it is so. Accept, therefore, these eight or nine tunes I send as a memento of a time of solitude, to which I shall always look back with feelings of pleasure. . . .

[In another letter he writes, "I think many of these tunes will live long after everything else about me is forgotten. 'Tis a poor thing to be remembered just by a 'toon,' but I am no missionary and not a very creditable parson!"

The next letters are principally on the subject of his mother's illness, of which he had just heard.]

(*To his Father.*)

LIKOMA, *May 16th*, 1888.

. . . I could never hope to be able to express to you what my dear, dear mother's holiness and unselfishness and love have been to me; a sort of Bible in themselves all through my life, to point me and direct me to God. Doubtless it has been the same to you. . . .

(*To his Youngest Sister.*)

May 16th.

. . . As I look back in thought on the beautiful letters that during the past twelve years I have received from her out here, I marvel at the picture of self-forgetfulness

and of piety and of strong affection they have ever yielded. Perhaps because I am unmarried, the dear, dear mother is so much, so very much, more to me than any one else on earth. . . . I doubt if any of her children have been or are worthy of her. I am certain at least that I never have been, and I fear I never can be. . . .

(*To his Mother.*)

June 26th, 1888.

. . . This letter is but a poor return for your two long ones of March and April, which came together, but the steamer leaves with them in a few days, and I can't *make* time, and am a better hand at *losing* than at *finding* the same precious commodity. You say that I "dearly love a bit of humour." Well, I do, but far less than I did; and there is much that goes under the name of humour which in former years I should have enjoyed, and which rather sickens me now—*e.g.*, parodies on novels, poems, &c. Still, I don't ever expect to care as little for humour as you do—or Mr. Gladstone, or the poet Wordsworth. I put you in excellent company, and say of all three that you can hardly be said to know what humour is! . . . I wish you could see my class of twenty-eight adult catechumen women. I will, however, try to get you a good photo of them. We took them the other day and failed over it, and so we shall try again next week. . . .

Likoma, *September 1st*, 1888.

I know it is nearly ten weeks since I put pen to paper on your behalf, but . . . we have had no opportunity of sending off letters, for our steamer does not return; report says she has hopelessly stuck in the shallow waters of the Shiré. . . . On St. Bartholomew's Day . . . I had the great happiness of baptizing nine of our schoolboys and one girl, and two days later I baptized

another girl, whom I am about to marry to our under-schoolmaster here. This girl has been under my charge since October, 1886, at which date she first came to me as quite a child. Both these girls can read and write, and have intelligent knowledge of their Faith, including Gospel history and the Apostolic age of the Church. We have now fifteen baptized boys and these two girls, "the first-fruits (not of Achaia, but) of Likoma." This very day, three of these recently baptized boys were able to witness to Christ, for immense pressure was put upon them to join some bad ceremonies and dancing* which take place at this time of the year. They stoutly refused, and of course the people who tried to lure them away said that I had hidden them, had prevented them, &c. I called the boys and made them answer for themselves, putting no pressure upon them whatever, and they all answered bravely, "We don't want to go." Now, since the ceremonies I speak of are *the* great heathen festival of these parts, to which every heathen looks forward from year to year, and never by any chance foregoes, we have, I think, a good test of the genuineness of these conversions. One could not help feeling very proud of these boys earning so early the honour of being "confessors" of the Faith. . . . Joseph and I have been going on steadily together, he preaching mainly at the villages, and I keeping an ever-watchful eye over the village, our own people, our schoolboys, and our schoolgirls. A little waif has fallen into our hands, thrown aside by his mother when she was being carried off by the Gwang-wara, having found him too heavy to carry at the pace she was compelled to keep up. He fell into the hands of

* It is a necessary and difficult study with the missionaries to discriminate between the native dances and ceremonies that their converts may be allowed to join in still, and those which are essentially bad.

some people who were letting him die as a useless packet of goods, and so our cook, Stefano, who found him in that plight, offered at once to ransom him in my name. 'Twas accepted, and for 10*s*. little three-year-old became our child, and a great pet I make of him, having him put on a chair by my side at meals, &c. I am genuinely fond of a little babe like this, as I think you know. A child under eighteen months has no interest for me, but very soon after that age I begin to like the little ones. . . . My leisure time is still devoted to musical composition. . . . I hope to write (if I can) as many as fifty really good tunes, and then publish them. If I write seventy or so, and then weed them down to fifty, I daresay I shall turn out a creditable collection. You will say I write a great deal about this one subject, but it is to be explained, I think, by the fact that in all my life there is nothing *in the way of recreation* which I have taken up with such zest or enthusiasm. . . . The man who burnt to death the six people eighteen months ago now comes regularly on Sundays, and is actually in one of my classes for the more earnest ones, who really want to be taught and brought on. Of course, what he did was very shocking, even in a heathen, but then, too, we must remember that it was a heathen who did it; and we always have to remember our Lord's words, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." . . . A few things in my work here I believe I do earnestly, but they are very few indeed, and I have not at all learned to "redeem the time" as others—brother priests whom I could name—seem to do. I find too great an interest in outside matters, and these often absorb my thoughts and attention. . . . Shall I be here this time next year, or there with you at home? or—well, God only knows, of course, but I do seem to want very much to get home again. . . .

Likoma, *October* 21*st*, 1888.

Still no news! so in despair of seeing either of the steamers here, I am sending over a canoe to Dr. Laws, at Bandawe, with a letter asking for whatever (news) he can tell me. . . . I have some well-filled envelopes of letters, photographs, and hymn tunes all ready . . . to send off, but they will reach you when our regular mail service is re-established. I daren't send them across more than forty miles of water in a rickety canoe. . . .

October 21*st*, 1888.

At last the *Ilala* has come with mails up to August, for which we are very grateful. I have only had time to open and read your *August* letter. The *Ilala* goes away at midnight, and it is Sunday. . . .

Likoma, *October* 27*th*, 1888.

. . . I sent off a good deal of matter for "Central Africa" by last mail—accounts of our doings here; baptisms, marriages, &c.—so I won't tell you about all that in this letter. . . . We are having a terribly hot October, and I feel it, especially on Sundays, when I have (as now) no one at all to help me in the services. Yet I am *wonderfully* well—too well, my dear, for my own spiritual good, I fear. Illness *has* its uses, be assured of that by a brother who now-a-days doesn't know what it is to be ill, and feels himself distinctly at a disadvantage in consequence. . . . I have not done much with the violin: I am too old, and it would have taken too much time. I have occasionally, though, accompanied the hymns with it in church instead of the harmonium. I think you would think I looked rather odd standing up in cassock and surplice and playing my own tune (Higher Bebington) on the fiddle, in the chancel, and the children singing "Onward, Christian soldiers" to it. . . .

In a month from now, or less, we shall most likely have the rains again, and it will be a relief. I sigh for cloudy skies and cool refreshing rain. I wear almost nothing, but shall have, of course, to step into some proper clothes before the ladies appear; my present apparel would frighten any one away. . . .

LIKOMA, *October 28th*, 1888.

. . . I am dreadfully busy now, for when the *Ilala* came with the letters a week ago she also brought the news that two ladies will be here in three weeks, and how I am to build a house and get it quite ready for them in that time is a problem, I assure you. However, I am *very* glad that they are coming. . . .

[In another letter he wrote, "I have simply nothing whatever to furnish these ladies' rooms with—no tables, chairs, beds or bedding. It is to be hoped they are bringing some of these necessaries with them. I can feed them well, however, and doctor them if necessary.]

. . . Meanwhile I jog on. I do an immense amount of different kinds of work, but none of it well. I have come to the conclusion that there are only two things I do even at all well out here—(1) cooking—I think I do cook well—and (2) my recently acquired accomplishment, composing hymn tunes. Now, as neither of these accomplishments have very much to do with the work, I am beginning to think that I am little better than a failure out here after all, and I am seriously thinking whether it would not be best for me to stay in England the next time I go there. . . . Our schools go on satisfactorily, but work with adults is uphill work indeed. However, now-a-days one never expects great things or rapid conversions, and so one does not get discouraged because Christianity is not eagerly embraced or diligently

sought by the natives; it is, indeed, but the sowing time with us. . . .

Likoma, *All Saints' Day*, 1888.

. . . I am very busy and not altogether contented; secular details and management seem to fill up my whole time now-a-days. I have no time for reading or study or preparing for sermons or classes; all the work falls on my own shoulders. . . . *All* our building material comes from the mainland, and has to be brought over in canoes, and it is slow work collecting it. The Gwangwara have given us no trouble lately; they continue to send very civil messages for the most part. . . .

Likoma, *November 29th*, 1888.

. . . I want to tell you all about the Delta metal boat. It is just ten days since she arrived on the scenes here, and I have tried her several times. I am much pleased with her on the whole, and think her very roomy and convenient. I found, however, that without a great deal of ballast I could not make her obey the helm at all one way or the other, so that the first day I was out in her we nearly came to utter grief on the rocks. Even now that I have got her well ballasted, I find that the mizzen lug, when set without the foresail, pushes her up in the wind against all the helm I am able to exert. No doubt a few more trips in her will show me exactly what she will do and how to make her do it. . . . When I get the engines it will be possible to get about in her, simply all over the the lake. . . . We are just now a party of six here, without the *Charles Janson* people. That worthy craft we don't expect to see in these waters again till the middle of February, if then [she had run aground on the Shiré river.—Ed.]; but we have plenty of stores of all kinds, and we have a boat at last which prevents us feeling our insular position too deeply. . . .

[The *Charlotte*, a boat, for sailing and steaming, was designed by Chauncy Maples' brother-in-law, Stephen Terry, Member of the Institute of Civil Engineers. It is built of special bronze metal, is of the Mersey canoe type with centre-board, and yawl-rigged, and is fitted with compressed surface condensing engines.]

LIKOMA, *December 4th*, 1888.

. . . We have had another long sail in her (the *Charlotte*). We were a party of fourteen on board, and we had her well ballasted as well. She was drawing twenty-six inches aft and eighteen inches forward, beating to windward. There was a rough sea (? lake) on. She went very slowly, but made less leeway than I had thought likely she might do. She won't be thoroughly useful to us till we get engines. The two ladies are here, and prove a perfect success in every way. . . . What is lacking in the one is supplied by the other, so it is just right. . . . I have just been reading the "Minutes" of the Lambeth Conference, and was glad to find that on the question that most nearly touches us they adhere to the old rule of not baptizing polygamists. The little that can be said on the other side is probably much less than people in England suppose. . . .

LIKOMA, *December 4th*, 1888.

. . . Our work progresses slowly, but I am convinced it does progress. I am always fairly content to see little or no result of work done. As one grows older, one is less susceptible to fits of the ups-and-downs, depression, and the like, and sometimes I do feel very old. . . .

LIKOMA, *December 5th*, 1888.

. . . The newspapers this time told of the deaths of at least two people I loved and respected . . . Dean Burgon and Mr. Rigaud. Although I knew all that would be

said about the former, the various obituary notices and "In Memoriams" were none the less interesting. . . . One is not likely ever to meet again one so entirely original as he was, nor so humorous, nor so touchingly simple. . . . You will have noticed what I wrote to my father last time as to my sometimes thinking of giving up Africa soon; not for reasons connected with health, as I have said, but because I begin to think a change of sphere would be good for me. I don't know whether it will come to anything, and I may think very differently by this time next year; but, certainly, this is the first time during twelve years that I have ever turned my thoughts in this direction, and so I liked you to know about it. . . . I wish you could see Likoma just now; it is *so* beautiful always in the rainy season; the high lights, and the shadows on the hills and rocks, and the intense blue of the lake; it is sometimes quite like a fairy scene. Then, too, it is such a relief to breathe the cool air again, and yet, when the evening comes, the cicadas, frogs, and insects make such a chirruping as quite to disturb the singing in church. I am now most anxious to begin some mission work in the neighbouring island of Chisumulu, to start a school there, and possibly build a house for a European resident. . . . Whereas I have been in Africa twelve years, and never been bitten by scorpion or centipede, Miss McLaughlin has already been bitten twice by the former of these tropical pests. . . .

LIKOMA, *December 14th*, 1888.

. . . I send you a tune, "Salzburg," which is one of my favourites. It is named in honour of Mozart, and a small part of it is like a certain phrase in a favourite air from one of the operas—I think "La dove prende" (? "The manly heart," as it is known in English). . . . We are now six Europeans here. In three weeks the

Ilala will be here with two more. . . . So we shall be eight in all without the *Charles Janson's* people and W. P. Johnson. A goodly company—and five months ago I was quite alone here. How things fluctuate in Africa! We are rigging out a canoe with mast, *sail*, and outriggers. No natives ever *sail* their canoes on Lake Nyasa, so we shall be teaching them something really useful, I hope. . . .

LIKOMA, LAKE NYASA, *February 26th*, 1889.

. . . We are a very large party of whites just now, and sit down fourteen to dinner, including the three native teachers. We have never been so large a party before. As for my own departure, I feel more uncertain than ever, for I am quite well and need no change, so that really, considering the pressure of events here, I doubt if I am justified in going home this year. . . . We have had, as I suppose, nearly all the rain of the season now—twenty-six inches.

LIKOMA, *March 26th*, 1889.

. . . I have now been here at Likoma more than two and a half years, and in all that time I believe I have only had four touches of fever, none of which were serious at all. I certainly have enjoyed of late the great blessing of health. . . . Classes and talks and interviews take up my whole time. I never read at all now-a-days. . . .

LIKOMA, *March 29th*, 1889.

. . . I am declimatized for England and acclimatized here. Of this I am very certain. A cold winter in England I dread now-a-days, but here nothing hurts me, and I do with impunity things that would kill others; *e.g.*, last week I crossed in the *Charlotte* to Bandawe, and was becalmed, and had the full strength

of this tropical sun beating down on my devoted head for three livelong days, and was none the worse for it. It took me thirty-six hours going, and thirty-one coming back. Now half an hour of such sun is enough to knock up thoroughly any one of my companions here, except perhaps Johnson, if they venture out in it. . . . The war at the north end of the Lake seems interminable, and our friends the African Lakes Company have not succeeded in dislodging the Arabs, as they had thought to have been able to do by this time. . . .

Likoma, *April 4th*, 1889.

. . . Our classes increase, and very soon I shall have received as many as seventy catechumens who have received the cross; while at Easter, or when the Bishop comes (? July), we shall be baptizing some thirty to forty adults. So you see how difficult it is for me to leave, unless there is some competent man to fill my place. . . . We are busy building houses on Chisumulu island, and I think J. A. Williams will be going there next month. I have been much excited last week by the fact that the Portuguese had persuaded Chitesi to fly their flag, and I actually saw it flying there. I have, however, been successful in getting it hauled down again, Chitesi assuring me that he never intended to knock under to Portugal or to accept her sovereignty over his district. . . . The *Charlotte* is a most admirable boat, and proves the most complete success. In her we can go anywhere, and she will stand any weather almost; indeed she is better for good strong winds than for light ones. The centre-board, &c., reminds me of the old days of Colin's *Willow*. . . . My eyes are getting extra quick from practice on dark nights when I come in in the *Charlotte* belated, and have to keep a sharp look out for the rocks, &c. I make this sailing fit in with the

work I have to do, and it proves a great source of enjoyment. . . . Mr. Belcher has built a capital pier, and we are now contemplating a longer one, to which even the steamer will be able to come alongside. Probably this will be a pier and a pontoon landing-stage at the end of it. For the pontoons we shall use the light and cork-like stems of a particular palm (*raphia* is its botanical name). . . .

LIKOMA, *April* 11*th*, 1889.

. . . I, who am generally *so* well, have just had two touches of fever, which serve to remind me that one cannot be *sure* of going on many years or months without it. . . .

LIKOMA, *May* 17*th*, 1889.

. . . The two ladies both have a good deal of fever, especially Miss McLaughlin, but they are brave about it—ladies generally *are* brave in sickness. There's a compliment for your sex. . . . I have written seven double chants, which I will send you some time or other. We are going to use some of them here. You should read Holland's * Sermons, "Creed and Character."

May 22*nd*.—. . . 'Tis quite an epoch with us now, since we have just sent out into the world, so to speak, our first Likoma Christian boys, four of them having this day left school, and having been formally apprenticed to Mr. Belcher, on the steamer. Our choir is now reduced from twelve to eight boys, but others will be coming on, and more will be baptized when the Bishop comes. . . . Our new man, Dr. Hine [now Bishop of Likoma (1897)—Ed.], is a great acquisition. He is a thoroughly good doctor, and a very good preacher. He has great literary tastes and various accomplishments. We all like him very much. Johnson's large steel boat has arrived, and with her huge masts and

* Canon Scott Holland.

sails makes the *Charlotte* look very small indeed. Still, I far prefer the latter craft; she is much more handy in every way. . . . I am very curious indeed to know what people at home will think of my action with regard to the Portuguese flag. I am hoping it may lead to good and important results—a British Protectorate here, for instance, or something of the kind. . . . We have quite an imposing fleet here now, and the boats look very nice riding at anchor in our bay. . . .

[The British Protectorate, since established, includes Likoma Island, but not the mainland at Chitesi's.]

May 23*rd*.—. . . I, as little as any one I know, can lay claim to a bump of reverence, and certainly I follow no one in blind admiration, but certainly my Pope is the dear Bishop of Lincoln, who, to me, comes nearest to being Christ-like of any man I know. For my part, I can bring no man into comparison with him. . . . I now find by the light of further study and experience that the harmony to many of my hymn tunes is faulty, and so I go on correcting, smoothing, improving. The melodies have nearly always been more or less liked in whatever quarter I have sought criticism upon them, and therefore I am encouraged to go on and do better. I think I attempted rather too difficult harmony in some of them without being able to manage it well. Then I aimed too much at out-of-the-way chords and effects, and so many of them appeared to people too laboured. But much can be done, and I think in the end I shall be able to make most of them sound well. Part writing requires more study than I had given to the subject a year ago. . . . It is often a matter I blame myself for that I write to you in such a scrappy kind of way, so rarely dilating on any really useful topic, and so rarely on any very serious one. It comes about mainly by my generally

writing to you when I feel more or less fussed and flurried by the one hundred and more occupations that fill up my daily round here in Likoma. . . . Ah! Mkwemba's end has been sad. He was the man who burned four women two years ago. I told you that he joined my class. After a few months he went across the lake to some friends near Bandawe. He came back ill, said he was bewitched, and got three or four people tied up, whom he accused of working the spell against him. We tried to get to see him, but he insisted on being "not at home" to all of us; consequently we could do nothing for him. In vain I sent, in vain I even threatened and denounced. All to no purpose, he would not untie the people. At last he died (ten days ago), and as soon as he died, three people were put to death. We suppose he left orders for this to be done. So you see another terrible tragedy has been enacted close to our doors. I am sure you will be very sorry to hear all this. . . .

Likoma, *May 28th*, 1889.

My somewhat unusually long letter to my mother this time must be my excuse for sending you a rather short one. In that letter I have said all I need say in answer to your appeal—if you would allow it to be considered an appeal—to me to try and come home this year. Whatever I may do or not do before the year expires, it is clear I cannot start yet, and that being the case, I prefer not adding anything to what I have already written. . . .

Likoma, *June 13th*.

Nearly Midsummer Day with you, but about the very coolest time of the year with us. Indeed, on the water it is distinctly chilly by about half-past four in the afternoon just now. . . . J. A. Williams is on Chisumulu, in very good spirits and very well. I have already visited him

once, and I mean to go there regularly once a week. We still have nocturnal disturbances, in the shape of thieves entering our houses at night. When I was in Chisumulu a few days ago I left my house in charge of a teacher and a boy, yet these slept so soundly that a man actually got in, broke open a box, and took away some shirts, before they thought any one was in the room! Another disaster happened a few days ago. On Whit Sunday evening one of our catechumens, I am sorry to say, came and maliciously set fire to one of our people's houses, and it was reduced to ashes. Dr. Hine's house and the newly built dispensary very nearly caught fire also. Luckily there was very little or no wind blowing at the time. The chiefs are coming to-morrow to me to settle the matter. . . . I have recently read the "Lives of Twelve Good Men," and enjoyed the book immensely. . . .

[With regard to this incendiarism, he writes, at a later date:—"The house was occupied by our headman, Charlie Nasibu, and he had had a quarrel with the catechumen about a file. Charlie Nasibu was not to blame in the least. The catechumen was on the verge of baptism. Of course, now he will not be baptized for another year, and not then unless he is in a very different frame of mind. In many respects he had been doing well, but, unfortunately, the day of the quarrel he had been drinking, and doubtless it was under the influence of drink that he set fire to the house."]

June 19*th*.—. . . I . . . am attempting some more music—marches, minuets, &c. . . .

[On the subject of the religious instruction of children—chiefly on the "Sunday" question—he says:—]

June 30*th*.—. . . Again, I think children cannot be

taught too early what are the elements of a church service, and in what the worship of God should consist. Of how, that is, there must be (1) confession of sin, (2) thanksgiving, (3) intercession, (4) acts of faith, (5) acts of adoration and praise. It should be pointed out clearly and definitely in what parts of the service of the Church of England all these elements are found, how they succeed to each other, and how they go to make up in combination the due worship of God. Children, I think, require to have it pointed out to them that a church service is not a vague congeries of pious aspirations and utterances, but a definite business, if I may dare to use that word in such a connection, and a business which can be neglected with impunity by no true Christian. . . . Of my six Christian boys here who attend matins and evensong, two sing bass, two treble, and two alto, while I sing alternately all the three parts to keep them properly up, and to help to keep them in tune. I only accompany them on the harmonium on Sundays. . . .

July 27th.

. . . The Bishop has brought with him several interesting books, amongst them the much discussed novel of last year, "Robert Elsmere.". . . I have begun upon it, and find it absorbingly interesting. . . . I am thinking that in eight months' time I shall be starting homewards again, and indeed I do look forward very keenly to seeing you all again. . . . The Bishop has brought as one of his porters my old friend Charles Sulimani, whom you may remember, and whom, on Christmas Day, 1878, I baptized, naming him after our dear Charlie. A few days before reaching here this same Charlie was lying asleep (time about 8.30 or 9 p.m.), and the Bishop in his tent close by, when a lion came by and seized what he mistook for Charlie's woolly

head, but what was in reality a sooty cooking pot, half full of porridge, which lay near Charlie's head. A miraculous escape, verily. The lion dropped the pot and returned! But then a man saying his prayers close alongside Charlie saw the lion, gave the alarm, and the hungry lion fled frightened. Lions are certainly not to be laughed at, and we are all too careless about them when travelling, I expect. . . . [Strange to say, in all the years he spent in Eastern Central Africa, Chauncy Maples never even *saw* a lion.—Ed.]

July 28*th*.—. . . I do not feel so unsettled as to my return here as I did a few months ago, and I for the most part come round to the opinion that if I were to leave Africa for good I am little suited for work at home. Such abilities as I have—not great ones certainly—but such as they are, are, I know, more or less adapted to the work to which I believe God called me, and in which I have now spent, by His grace and mercy, thirteen years of my life. . . .

Likoma, *July* 28*th*, 1889.

. . . The Bishop is here, and more than ever pleasant, gracious, and kind. It gives us an immense lift, and that is certain. . . . I am very busy with candidates for baptism; forty are to be baptized next Saturday. . . .

Likoma, *August* 17*th*, 1889.

. . . We are just beginning to get our printing press into shape, and I hope in a month's time or so to send you some specimens of our work in this line. It will be a great convenience to us, this press, for it is a long business sending things to Zanzibar to be printed. . . . I often catch myself reckoning up the weeks till the time when I shall flap my wings and make a start of it homewards. . . .

LIKOMA, *September 2nd*, 1889.

. . . The present Consul of Mozambique—H. H. Johnston,*—whose books on the Congo, &c., &c., you are familiar with, is on his way to the north end [of the Lake —Ed.] on an important mission from the Government in order to try to settle matters between the African Lakes Company and the Arabs. He has asked for the loan of our steamer, and the Bishop has given his consent. Probably Johnston will pay us a short visit here. . . . The Bishop confirmed the Christians he had baptized . . . and since then he has visited the villages on the Lake shores where Johnson carries on his work, and has baptized ten of Johnson's candidates. I have been busy this week in drawing plans for the stone church which the Bishop allows us to begin building. It will be of brick and stone . . . the roof will be a pitched one, and will be thatched with grass. . . . I have got arches and pillars on the brain just now. . . . Miss Woodward has fever just now. She never has it very severely, but she has it far too often; once a fortnight is her average, but Dr. Hine's is once in every nine days. . . . I see that Aubrey Moore has published a volume of his essays and reviews, and it is *most* highly reviewed in the papers. . . . We have now got the engines and boilers for the *Charlotte*, . . . it is in the rainy season when there is no wind that they will be most useful. To sail to Chisumulu takes generally four hours more or less. If I start at 1 p.m. I get in before dark generally. On Wednesday afternoons you can think of me as sailing to Chisumulu. I go nearly every week, and always on that day or not at all. . . .

LIKOMA, *September 6th*, 1889.

. . . We have been much troubled by thieves lately. They break into our houses at night, and a good deal of

* Now Sir Harry Johnston, K.C.B.

our property has been stolen. I am obliged to sleep with a loaded revolver under my pillow. We caught one thief and handed him over to Chitesi, who wanted to cut his throat or burn him then and there. I, of course, would not hear of this, and so he has been made a slave instead. Of course if his friends like to ransom him probably Chitesi will accept the ransom money. A clear sweep of all the hangings, cross, and candlesticks from the church was made about a fortnight ago, and we are now trying to trace the thieves. . . .

September 9th.—. . . I am reading Sir E. Creasy's "History of the Ottoman Turks"—a difficult book to remember, but interesting, and of course well written; do you know it? . . . Just now is the time of year when the great annual dancing goes on here—a time of much licentiousness, and when a great deal of evil, drunkenness, &c., goes on. I am anxiously hoping that our new Christians and catechumens may not be led into it all; . . . anyhow it will be a time of real temptation to many of them. It is something like what a great fair would be in England, but here, indeed, there is nothing bought or sold, but pombé flows in rivers, so to speak. Our new Christians made their first communion yesterday. We had thirty-eight communicants at the early service. . . .

September 9th.—. . . Our Bishop is here, but in very feeble health, for the least exertion lays him on his back at once. . . . Probably he worked too hard when in England, and hence did not get the rest he certainly needed. . . . We have now got sixty native communicants in this island alone, so our work progresses. . . .

Likoma, *September 17th*, 1889.

. . . We have just had a most charming visit from H. H. Johnston on his way to the north end. . . . It was

he who secured Likoma being reserved as a "sphere of British influence"—so we have much to thank him for. . . . His varied interests and many accomplishments combine to make him one of the most interesting men I have ever met. . . . Thieves have been at us again. Just a week ago in the middle of the night or about 1 a.m., I was asleep in bed with my door ajar. I was sleeping lightly, and hearing a rustle I woke, to see in my room (it was broad moonlight) a man who had evidently just entered. My guns and pistol were not at hand. I started up just as I was, and the man rushed from the room as I leaped out of the bed after him. I got aside, and then saw two other men under my eaves. They did not immediately start away. I shouted for guns, and soon people were astir, then the men took to their heels. We fired four guns after them pretty quickly too. As yet we have no clue as to who they were, but I have sent an angry message to Chitesi about it. I am certain these night burglaries will never cease till we have caught and punished very severely one or two of the offenders. If I had had my pistol under my pillow that night I should certainly have fired at the man's legs, as things have gone already too far for us to take mild measures to prevent the perpetually recurring nuisance. On getting up the next morning I found I had lost my voice entirely from the shouting, and it took a full week to get it back. . . . Three of our Likoma schoolboys are going down with the Bishop to Zanzibar to the college at Kiungani. This is quite an epoch in our history. . . .

(*To his Mother.*)

Likoma, *October 6th*, 1889.

. . . Dr. Hine will be sure to call on you very soon after he reaches England. I have given him a handsome

monkey's skin for you; please accept it for yourself, and have a muff made of it or something that you can wear or use. Don't give it away; *I* could have done that if I had wanted any one other than yourself to have it. . . . Johnson is well and strong, but your unworthy son beats them all in this respect—he is *never* ill. I went to Bandawe in the *Charlotte* last week, and thus gave the new engines a fair trial. I drove them myself, and got on very well, getting some four and a half miles an hour out of the little boat. I started on Wednesday at 1.30 p.m., I reached Chisumulu at 4, and stayed with J. A. Williams till 11 p.m., then I went on board and got up steam, and steamed all through the night. At early dawn we were some ten miles north of Bandawe, having got a little out in our reckoning. However, just then a strong wind sprung up, so I let out the fires, and hoisted the sails. By 8 a.m. we reached Bandawe, but there was so high a sea on that we could not land, so we rode at anchor till 4 p.m., and then got ashore. I stayed with Dr. Laws till 11 p.m., and then bidding him good-bye I went on board again, and got up steam preparatory to another six hours of steaming. At 11.30 steam was up, and under a bright moon we tripped anchor, and shaped our course south-east for Chisumulu. This was my second night, and I was sleepy, yet for six long hours I had to watch the boiler and the steam-gauge and attend also to the man at the helm, who had steered so badly the night before. The Lake was as calm as a pond, and we got into Chisumulu as the sun was rising. We blew our whistle, and this soon brought J. A. Williams out of his bed to meet us. He got me a cup of coffee, and then Nature asserted her sway. I, completely tired out, fell asleep, and slept for four hours. In the afternoon, however, I got up steam again, and came on here with J. A. Williams, arriving in Likoma at 4.30 p.m.

on Friday. On Friday night a good long sleep took away all my fatigue, and now I am quite ready for a similar expedition any day. Ah, what a blessing is good health! What will you and my father think of me as turning engine driver? . . .

[The vacuum did not work properly at first, for the boat should have steamed about six miles an hour.]

At Karonga's, North End of Lake Nyasa.
October 16*th*, 1889.

I am, as you will see by the above address, tripping it on the Lake, and am now at anchor in the *Charles Janson* at the celebrated station of the African Lakes Company where all the fighting took place. We came here to bring up the Consul, H. H. Johnston. Here also we have met a Mons. Trivier, a French traveller who has just arrived from the west coast. . . . I have offered him a passage in our steamer down the Lake. He came from the Congo, and was accompanied by one companion and hardly any porters. . . . He seems an interesting man, and two or three years of travel have not rubbed off his French polish. . . . I do not despair of seeing eventually all the east side of the Lake under British protection. . . .

November 17*th*.

. . . The Magwangwara have been raiding in the Lake shore villages, and I have got all the teachers' wives up here for safety. . . .

Likoma, *January* 8*th*, 1890.

. . . In Easter week I shall start homewards, and I hope to be with you all by the end of June or at the latest by the first week in July. . . .

Likoma, *February* 6*th*, 1890.

. . . I am writing this while watching at the bedside of one of our own people who is ill with typhoid fever,

and who has to be watched night and day. He is a Christian, Musa by name, and as he is a really good man and fit to die, as one may humbly trust, I do not feel much anxiety about him. Also, thanks to Miss McLaughlin's excellent nursing, he is likely to recover, we hope. . . . We have lately had a sad case in which one of our boys died from swallowing a fish bone. . . . I am writing on only one side of the paper so as to spare your eyes. I am sure the Mission can afford the extra stamp that the letter may cost in consequence. . . . A fortnight ago I held a school examination here, the results of which were fairly satisfactory I am glad to say. We are going on printing our Chinyanja hymn-book, for which I go on writing translations of hymns. . . . The printing is being done admirably by Alley, who is my so handy *aide-de-camp* up here, as you know. . . .

LIKOMA, *March 3rd*, 1890.

The last, or the last but one, I hope, of a long series of letters extending over nearly five years—for really, I do believe that when the *Charles Janson* goes down the time after this she will be taking me down on my way "home." . . . The *Charles Janson* only came in on Saturday, and has to go away at once, so I've but little time to write to you, unfortunately, and I ought to have followed an old habit I used to have of getting ready a great part of a letter to you before the *Charles Janson's* return. But I have got slack about this as well as about so many other things. . . . Johnson has just had another very narrow escape for his life, and was badly hustled at one of the Lake shore villages. We half fear that if things go on like this the *Charles Janson* may get seized some fine day. Johnson has long felt that she ought to be armed, but the Bishop opposed this. . . . As to music, I have done no more lately

. . . but here is a list of my compositions, such as they are. Besides hymns (in all some seventy to eighty) I have written—

6 minuets and trios,
2 bourrées,
1 march,
1 aria (or song tune).

I want when in England to ask an unprejudiced and thorough musician whether any of these slight compositions have any merit. Some of them please my ear, and I want to know whether they do so justly, or whether, after all, they are only very poor stuff. . . . When I last wrote to you we were nursing one of our young men who was ill with typhoid fever. He died, and as one may say, his whole life was comprised in one year—*i.e.*, we ransomed him, baptized, confirmed, married, and buried him all in the twelve months. His young wife is a widow at something under sixteen years old, and had only been married to him three months. On the last day of his life, while I was watching by his bedside, after being delirious and incoherent for some hours, he suddenly raised himself on his bed into a kneeling posture, and to my surprise began the Lord's Prayer. I was quickly on my knees helping him, and he remained conscious while I said some more prayers. Two hours after that he died. . . . I was sorry you could give no improved account of poor Frisby's state. What a sad realization of her oft-repeated saying to us when we were children—yet one that she never intended—"You children'll drive me mad, that you will!" I often think of her, poor thing.* It is now 12.45 a.m., and I know you would not wish me to keep sitting up any later at

* When he came to England he went to see this old nurse at the asylum.

the risk of fever to-morrow, so I'll at once wind up my letter and say good-night and good-bye.

BANDAWE, *March 25th.*

. . . We are at Bandawe, detained by stress of weather, and as soon as we get back to Likoma the steamer will have to start at once for the south. . . . I felt very thankful that your last letter gave such a good account of the health of the dear trio [father, mother, sister—Ed.], which I hope will ere long be swelled into a quartette. I have been much interested in the review of a book called "Lux Mundi," a series of theological essays by the younger school of Oxford divines, my friends Gore, Scott Holland, Paget, Aubrey Moore, and the like. It is a book I shall devour when I get home. Things are moving forward very fast (politically speaking) in these parts, but the London newspapers tell you as much as I can on this subject, which has become all of a sudden the principal topic of the day, or rather was so, just at the time you despatched the letters I am now answering. We are over here at Bandawe mainly to inquire after our friend, Dr. Laws, who had been very ill indeed, almost, it was thought, at death's door. I am thankful to say he is now much better again. . . . I see that when I get home I am to be snapped up for meetings and deputation work, but at any rate I can abstain and refrain till the end of September, and have a quiet two to three months with you all first.

Speaking of some photographs he had taken, he says:—

LIKOMA, *April 14th*, 1890.

One of these groups represents the whole (black) teaching staff, now at work in my Archdeaconry, for the steamer brought up here for an Easter holiday all the

teachers and their wives. Johnson and I are much pleased with them and their work, and we have indeed much cause to be thankful both for their steady behaviour and the perseverance they have shown during the last two years and more. Cecil Majaliwa's ordination to the priesthood was, in itself, such a great event that throughout the Mission we have made extra holiday this year and extra rejoicing. . . . Our church was very full on Easter Day, and nearly every Christian here made his or her Easter Communion. . . . On the Good Friday we had the usual three hours' service, and to it all the Christians came. . . . Nor did they seem to get weary at all. It was rather an experiment bidding to that service the outside Christians, who had to come from their villages and wait about silent till twelve o'clock, and then three hours in church; but it was an experiment which in its result encourages us to do the same another year. . . .

April 14th.

. . . I managed to take a large party over there [to Chisumulu—Ed.] on Wednesday, and we made holiday there till Friday. We went in the *Ousel*, our large steel boat, which is now up here, and which for the next two months we are going to use for carrying hither from Bandawe the bricks Dr. Laws has kindly had burned for us over there, which we shall use in our church building. . . . My room is being besieged just now by a party of youths begging hard for fish-hooks; Easter-time has done this! . . . With fond love and in hope of a happy meeting not many months hence.

[On Monday, August 11th, 1890, Archdeacon Maples arrived in London from Africa. He took a quiet holiday with his family till the middle of October, and then began preaching and deputation work over England. Space forbids that I should quote largely from his letters written

to his mother while in Europe, though they are full of his usual keen interest in places, things, and people.

Writing from Durham, March 14th, 1891, after giving a long and enthusiastic description of the University and Cathedral, he says:

How the time goes on! But four months more and I shall be for the fourth time on my way to the country of my adoption! Yes, and life hurries on, bearing us all relentlessly on its full flood tide. Whenever I am alone (as to-day in this great dark tapestried room) the thought of the solemnity of life, and, alas! the thought of how miserably little one as a rule realizes it, is a very present one to my mind. We spend our time in criticizing others, in finding fault (very often), and all the time the only thing we ought to be concerning ourselves about—"What are *we* doing?" "How are *we* living?"—is thrust into a little corner of each day as it passes, or else is ousted altogether. A few more years only, and our earthly lives with all their calls, their opportunities, their chances, will be over, and our probation will be over. In view of this great fact, all other considerations seem worthless, and the one thing we have to do is surely to set about "to redeem the time" that remains.

[He spent the month of April on the Continent travelling in North Italy, with two companions, the Rev. Duncan Travers, and Dr. Hine. This tour was a keen enjoyment to him. He kept a diligent journal, for his mother's perusal.]

(*From a letter of Advice*, 1891.)

I must attempt something in the way of an answer to yours, though I fear I am but a poor spiritual adviser. I believe that the centre of help, and strength, and comfort, and consolation, and peace, in this life is to be sought

for and found in the Holy Communion, which is, as you know, the chosen means whereby to us Christians the Life which is our only true life is imparted. . . . May I say that my experience as a priest has led me to believe that one particular temptation to which unmarried people of your sex are specially prone, is to be too introspective. . . . I do *not* think self-examination can be easily overdone, but I am quite sure that the constant inquiry into the state of our feelings can be. . . . I say I do not think it is wise to multiply inquiries of this sort. . . . I certainly think that contentment to a person (be it a "he" or a "she") who is unmarried, can only come if some very definite employment of a thoroughly unselfish character be taken up and pursued with all the energy and steadiness that health admits of. . . . It seems to me that if we take up any form of work with the idea and motive of getting joy out of it, we *deserve* disappointment. No doubt joy does come out of good honest hard work, but this is always when the motive that impelled to the work was a higher one, free from the palpable taint of selfishness that hangs about all work undertaken for the sake of the joy which it is to confer upon the worker. Until we are resolved to look for *all* our joys to the "hereafter," and not to the "now," we certainly shall never be satisfied with this life and what it brings us. Remember that God is proving us, all along our course through this world, by the very disappointments He throws in our path. If we take these disappointments cheerfully, nay, I will say it, *thankfully*, we are thereby standing this "proving," and gradually become fitted, or at least less unfitted, for heaven. . . . I feel inclined to remind you, that God looks rather for what we are than what we *do*. Really it is the *first* question from day to day. "What am I to be to day?" rather than "What am I going to do?" Now if a person begins by

asking herself "What am I to *be* to-day?" a part at least of the answer will point to what is to be *done* in the way of work . . . To determine to be useful to others *because* to do this is to please God is, of course, a really high motive, and will bring its own reward. . . . The longer I live the more convinced am I that this Anglican Church of ours is, in spite of its many imperfections and shortcomings, still the purest and truest nineteenth century representation of the Church of the apostolic age. This being my belief, there is no wonder that I rejoice that into this Anglican Church I was born and baptized. . . .

[And then on August 11th, 1891, he started for Africa for the fourth time, travelling through France, and joining the *Ava* at Marseilles. Mr. Atlay accompanied him.]

MARSEILLES, 2 P.M., *August 12th*, 1891.

. . . We go on board in an hour's time. . . . On board (the mail from Dover to Calais) I met an old Charterhouse and Oxford friend whom I had not seen since 1873. . . . We talked away all the way from Calais to Paris, and this prevented me from feeling dull. . . . If I never see you—any of you—again in this life, I shall never forget God's mercy in allowing me to find you all, *three* times over, since I first set sail for Africa fifteen years and more ago! I do pray that you too may at least be not feeling more dull than I do just now. . . . I have read about one hundred pages of the "American Girl in London," and am vastly interested in it; its *naiveté* is charming. . . .

SS. "AVA," 30 MILES S.E. OF CRETE,
Sunday, August 16th, 1891.

. . . Atlay and I have both kept very well indeed, so far . . . I expect to have just two days at Zanzibar, certainly no more, and it may be less. . . .

Sunday, August 16th.—. . . I have often wondered

how that day when I came away passed for you. In imagination I long saw you and —— at the window, and the servants standing on the steps, and my imagination, or rather my memory, was busy on a little incident of August 11th, 1890, when, after our meeting had taken place, you preceded me upstairs to ——'s room, and, throwing open the door, said in tones I shall never forget, "He has come." Ah! these are memories that *abide*, be very sure of it. . . .

SS. "Ava," Gulf of Aden, near Obock,
August 22*nd*, 1891.

To our intense relief we passed out of the Red Sea at about 10 o'clock this morning, and are feeling somewhat refreshed by a strong breeze which greeted us as soon as we were well through the Straits of Bab-el-mandeb. I have never known the Red Sea quite so hot as we have found it this time. . . . On Wednesday and Thursday the thermometer stood at 98° for upwards of five hours in the shade, that is to say, under the awning on deck, while yesterday from about 12 o'clock, noon, to 4.30, it actually registered 107°, a far greater heat than I have ever experienced in the shade. . . . We have taken baths and shower baths in the afternoon, and have sat in them in order to do something to reduce the temperature of our bodies, though I felt rather nervous as to heat apoplexy, which may be induced if one is not very careful to let the water be on one's head at the same time that one sits in it. I have written all about the heat, for really the Red Sea this time has suggested no other topic for my pen. Even reading has been almost out of the question, eating has been impossible, drinking unwise, sleeping, often impossible too. One has simply panted to get out of the Red Sea all the time we were in it, and now, at last, I am thankful to say, we *are* out of it. . . .

ZANZIBAR, KIUNGANI, *September 1st.*

Here I am safe and sound with my companion Atlay, delighted to be amongst all the old friends once again. We start the first thing to-morrow in a German steamer for Lindi. . . . We hope to get to Newala on the 10th, . . . then on to the Lake. I am of course most anxious to see the Bishop, and think it very likely we may meet somewhere on the Rovuma. . . . The Bishop has written me two or three letters. . . . In them he says, amongst other things, that he has come round to the belief that there should be a division of the diocese, and that the Nyasa district should now be under a different Bishop. In other words, he himself has come round to see that the appointment of a coadjutor would not be a satisfactory solution of the problem before us. . . . I am very happy, and I do trust you are all cheerful, and that things are going on well. . . .

NEWALA, *September 13th*, 1891.

. . . To-day is Monday. We arrived here last Thursday, and we start for Masasi to-morrow morning. . . . We had a pleasant walk up here from Lindi, though in rather long stages of twenty miles and more per day. . . . Our party is all well, though we feel the cold up here on the high Makonde plateau. This station is now on its top, three miles from the old station where I built when I was here. . . . Matola, and all my old friends here, seemed very glad to see me, as I was to see them. . . . I had forgotten the Yao language so much that I could not on Sunday preach without an interpreter. . . . The Germans were all exceedingly pleasant at Lindi, especially a certain Herr von Behr, who is here to-day, and is going on to Machemba's and Masasi. . . . The large number of tropical fruit trees I planted here in 1885 are growing up into a splendid grove. . . . The

school is flourishing here fairly well, and Christianity is slowly spreading and making its way. . . . The Germans talk of establishing a kind of fort at Masasi for the purpose of protecting the country against the Magwangwara raids. I think it a good plan of theirs. I have been talking from morning till night—simply all day long. . . .

MASASI, *September 22nd*, 1891.

The above address will, no doubt, take your thoughts back, as it does mine, to years gone by, when I lived and described my life and its occupations to you, at "old" Masasi, as dear Taylor used fondly to call it. . . . For myself, I am thankful to say I have enjoyed my usual "bouncing" health, but my companions have both been laid on their backs with fever for the last four days. . . . The walls [speaking of the old Masasi station.—Ed.] are just as strong and firm in most places as when we built them in 1880 and 1881, and every stone and every brick seemed to kindle some old memory of those dear happy days when, at least, our people were contented to live under our rule. . . . With "the old folks at home" as you and the dear father will not disdain to be called, my thoughts are continually. . . .

CHAMBA'S TOWN, RIVER ROVUMA, E. AFRICA,
October 10th, 1891.

. . . We had, very much to my regret, to leave young Atlay behind [at Masasi.—Ed.], feeling quite sure he was not up to what I knew lay before us in the way of sun, fatigue, and other trials. Africa came out in him, so to speak, so soon, that it would have been worse than folly to have allowed him to accompany us to the Lake. . . . I had one very bad day of fever and diarrhœa, but in spite of it managed to do my sixteen miles of walking. If one can do this, it is the surest way of throwing off

the fever, but with a temperature of 102°, and all the fever pains, headache, aching of all the limbs, &c., it is hard enough. . . . We reached the Rovuma; we camped on its banks. . . . As we had expected, we soon saw numbers of various kinds of antelopes. . . . I soon began trying my new rifle, and after a couple of unsuccessful shots, at last killed an antelope of good size, which is called in Yao "mbawala," but which I have not yet identified as to its name in zoology. This provided meat for our whole caravan. . . . Very useful I found my rifle, for as soon as all the meat of the first antelope was finished I shot another, this time a "pallah," or, as we call it in Yao, "swala." Both these antelopes happen to be very good eating. . . . Yesterday we reached this place, I having again, in the early morning, shot another antelope, this time a hartebeest. It was one of a herd of some ten or twelve which we came upon as they were feeding together with some gnus, at which I also took aim, wounding one, but not bringing him down. . . . We are resting, and preparing for the long march of one hundred and fifteen miles to the south-west, which we have to take in order to reach Isombe's town. . . . A few nights ago we had lions very near us, and some of our party were woke up by their roars. . . . We leave the Rovuma on striking our camp on Monday, and very sorry we shall be to do so, for what with the animals and birds, the pretty reaches of the river, the hippopotami, the guinea fowl, &c., &c., it has been a very interesting part of the walk.

. . . With the exception of Unde's people and these people here [Chamba's town], we have seen little of the inhabitants of the Rovuma valley, who are, for the most part, Yaos. . . . Where we are now there is rather a dearth of provisions. . . . We have, however, some coloured handkerchiefs, which will probably extort the

required flour and Indian corn. We ourselves manage to buy a good many eggs, sweet potatoes, and even fowls, with our emptied biscuit tins and tea canisters—in fact, we have to-day done quite a thriving trade in these things. . . . As for yourself, as an old sportsman, I doubt whether you would have consented to pot the guinea-fowl as they sit in the trees; but we shoot for the pot—the cooking pot—and so we can't afford to be over scrupulous or fastidious, whichever it be. . . .

CHAMBA'S TOWN, *October 12th.*

. . . I have nothing worse than an ulcer to complain of. You know how soon and easily a mere scratch or insect bite develops into an ulcer in this country, and you know also how difficult it is to get rid of them when once they come. Mine was caused by a rather deep scratch on the lower part of my left leg, as I tore through the bush after an animal or a guinea fowl. I have bound it up tightly, and I do not think it will affect my walking powers at all. . . .

ISOMBE'S TOWN, YAOLAND, E. AFRICA,
October 21st, 1891.

. . . Our route from Chamba's has been exactly the same as that I followed five years ago. . . . We passed each day the remains of the sleeping booths of grass, leaves, and sticks, which were made by the Bishop's porters when he and his caravan passed along the road three months ago. We noticed that his day's stages were far shorter than ours, by which I judge that he was weak and ill, and sadly unfit for the trying journey. . . .

LIKOMA, *November 2nd.*

We arrived here on October 29th. . . . The Bishop himself, besides ——, ——, —— . . . were all on board

[the *Charles Janson*] to greet us, but not, alas! dear Captain Sheriff [of the *Charles Janson*.—Ed.], who, we learned, had been called to his rest some months ago. . . . The Bishop and I had many a long conversation that day and the next, and then he collapsed utterly with fever. . . . I have been rather shaky, too, but am better this afternoon.

LIKOMA, *November 5th*, 1891.

. . . I have had fever every day since I have been here; it is fearfully hot. . . . It is nothing serious, and I expect to be quite well by Sunday. . . .

LIKOMA, *St. Andrew's Day*, 1891.

. . . I am afraid my last letter home must have read like a long wail, and I know not how to prevent this one resembling it, for in truth we have a great deal of sickness here just now. . . . We have had no rain as yet, but clouds and thunder and a coolness in the air betoken its near approach. . . . The number of boys in our boys' school has encouragingly increased since my return; we have now sixty-three boarders. I shall this month be very busy with *individuals* in preparation for their Christmas communion. The only way is to see all the Christians privately and individually, then we do get really to know their trials and temptations, and so we can give them the particular spiritual help they each individually require. It is the way, too, to keep Christians from falling away, and falling back, and, as I think, the only effective way all the world over. . . . We have now on our communicants' roll here ninety-eight Christians, most of whom have been baptized on the island. One of our great troubles is not being able to get our barter cloth sent up the river to us properly. It only comes up in driblets, though plenty is sent out from home. Often we are quite out of cloth,

then all building and other work has to stop, as we cannot pay our way. As soon as we can get stone walls to replace the flimsy reeds which we have, for the most part, used up to the present time, our houses will be more durable, and not always be threatening to collapse, as they do at present. . . . To-day I began a vaccination class, always most popular in this island. I vaccinated before, about three hundred people, and I hope now to carry it on from Monday to Monday, vaccinating fifteen or twenty or more people each time, till all have come who will come. The mothers, in particular, are very keen about their babies being vaccinated, and the babies, except the very little infants, are all interested in it themselves! . . .

LIKOMA, *December 3rd*, 1891.

. . . Our steamer is away to-day on the other side of the Lake; it took some of our invalids to see the doctor [at Bandawe]. I daresay one or two of them may be sent home; we are indeed a seedy household just now. Dear Johnson, who never complains, is in a very weak and reduced state of health, and ought to have a long and thorough rest, though, of course, he will never consent to take it. . . .

December 8th.

P.S.—. . . Johnson is at last taking some rest, and feeling the better for it. I cannot report any better as to the state of my ulcer, otherwise I am very well. . . . [This was his old ulcer of 1882—1883, which had broken out again.—Ed.]

LIKOMA, *Holy Innocents' Day*, 1891.

. . . Our Christmas has passed away very pleasantly. On the festival itself we had eighty-eight communicants at the early celebration, a far larger number than we have ever had before, I am thankful to say. . . . When

my ulcer is better I will mention the fact in my letters, or if it gets much worse, otherwise and henceforward I will *not* mention it in my letters home. . . . I do not think I could get up any enthusiasm about the Holy Coat at Trèves, which it is certain cannot be what it professes to be. How can one send one's critical faculty to sleep altogether, and venerate a fraud? . . . How unfair it seems to me, when people who ought to do so, do *not* tell people of their serious faults. . . . I fear the church building will be a very great difficulty, increased a thousand-fold by our insular position. . . .

(*On a sorrow and loss in the Family.*)

Likoma, *December 30th*, 1891.

. . . "One taken and the other left!" *Why* "the one" rather than "the other" we can never know here, but we can and must believe that when it is so, the *best* is done, because HE does it. Only our own true Christian religion can really teach us this, and true Christians have learned it, and know how to say "Amen" to those acts of God which cause them the greatest pain, such as are the callings away of father, mother, sister, brother, son and daughter. . . . Our orange and lime trees are all just bursting into blossom, and their sweet perfume is very strong in the early morning when the dew or the night rains are still upon the trees. . . .

Likoma, *January 18th*, 1892.

Our steamer suddenly appeared, and going off at once, leaves time but for two lines. Terrible disaster at Makanjila's — three Europeans, including Captain Maguire, killed. Our steamer passed the *Domira*, but did not see her, or could have rendered assistance and saved lives. . . . My ulcer is nearly well again. . . . *Domira* came here yesterday, and gave us all the sad news. . . .

Likoma, *January 26th*, 1892.

. . . We have had an unusually wet January, nearly twenty inches of rain having fallen since Christmas, which is at least three times as much as we usually have in our rainiest month. . . .

February 3rd, 1892.

When the *Domira* called in here the other day on her way down south, she had on board one of Cardinal Lavigerie's "White Fathers," who had been for eight or nine years on Lake Tanganyika, and who was then on his way home for a change, so we found out that the idea that has been spread about, that the Roman Fathers *never* go home, is all a myth after all. He told me himself that he was merely going home to recruit. His home was in Burgundy, near Dijon. He was a very bright and cheerful person, evidently quite enjoyed seeing us, and comparing notes with Johnson and myself as to our missionary methods. . . . We did not waste our time in controversy, I can assure you. He said of us, as indeed I liked him to say, "You of your Mission are very near us in doctrine and practice." . . .

Likoma, *February 9th*, 1892.

. . . I am very thankful to say my ulcer has healed, and I have left off bandaging. . . . We have now had upwards of thirty inches of rain already, a heavy rainfall, and beyond the yearly average of this place, and yet, to judge from the *time*, there is still much more to come down ere the rainy season concludes. . . .

Speaking of the division of the diocese, he says:—

February 13th, 1892.

It would of course be false modesty to affect to think that my own name had not been thought of and talked of in this connection, but I wrote to England a few

months ago to say that in case of the post being offered me, nothing would induce me to accept it. My reasons are, for the most part, private, but so far as I was able to give them I made no secrets. . . .

February 18*th*.

. . . We hear by telegram forwarded from Zanzibar that the Bishop of Carlisle* has died, a loss our Mission will feel deeply. . . . I do hope Dr. Hine will be able to come back, for certainly our most urgent need here is a medical man. . . . A nice new book or two—biography, travel, or theology—would be a great treat just now. . . . Our printing establishment has had to be temporarily closed for lack of paper, and we know not how long we may have to wait ere we get any more. . . . We have now had just forty inches of rain this season, and as March is usually a wet month, we may possibly run up to fifty inches before the rainy season is quite over. . . .

Likoma, *March* 18*th*, 1892.

. . . I am in very fair health, though apparently more susceptible of fever than I have been of recent years. When, however, I am prudent, and take eighteen grains of quinine, and get under the blankets *at once*, I am generally on the mend in the morning, and all right again the next day but one. . . . Gore's "Bampton Lectures," I hear, are now published. I hope some one may be sending that book out to us. . . .

Likoma, *Easter Tuesday*, 1892.

Shall I begin this time with a wail of woe? Well, then, here it is! Another of my boxes turned up with the last lot of loads. It contained some of my clothes and about twenty-five of my books, all absolutely spoilt by

* Bishop Harvey Goodwin was President of the Committee of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa.

the wet, all soaked through and through, and the books, to a great extent, mere pulp!* . . . We had one hundred and eight communicants on Easter Day, and later on in the morning I baptized twenty-eight adult converts. Johnson was here with most of the Christians from the Lake side villages, but they all went away again yesterday. . . . It is deeply interesting to read that *Times* the mother has sent me, with the accounts of the young Duke of Clarence's death, and of Cardinal Manning's also. . . .

Speaking of a friend and connection—

Her manner always made me feel what somebody else's manner makes me feel with shame—how infinitely better our elders are than ourselves. I hope you heartily agree in this sentiment. . . . I see that my old tutor's† great work on the Old Testament is published, and is very highly reviewed. . . .

LIKOMA, *April 20th*, 1892.

. . . Our rainy season is just over, and we have a great deal of building in contemplation, since several of our houses show signs of toppling over, or tumbling about our ears. Our kitchen was all but over in this way two days ago. We rushed for long poles, and shoved it up into the perpendicular again ere it came smash down upon the pots and pans that were quietly and peacefully boiling and stewing their savoury contents, all unconscious of their impending doom! However, the doom was happily averted, and we didn't go to bed hungry that night. . . . As yet all these new doings and arrangements [for the British Protectorate in Nyasa-

* The steamer which had taken his luggage was wrecked. The boxes were subsequently recovered, but two or three were in the condition mentioned above.

† Professor Driver.

land.—Ed.] have not affected our position at all, and so we go on in the same quiet way, just as before the British flag began to float over Nyasaland. . . . We don't go in for acting up here, but we had a dancing man on Easter Monday whom our simple people thought infinitely amusing. My tune "Harewood Square" has become very popular here, and seems the favourite of our eight tunes for the Easter hymns. Our boys sing it all over the place, in season and out of season—rather too much of the latter, I fear. . . . We shall soon be parched up again, withered, dry, sandy, hot, unlovely. Likoma is jealous of her best dress, and only wears it for two months each year. Perhaps it is well, for we do appreciate it so when it is worn—and if never doffed it would soon seem common in our eyes. Our head teacher is to be married next week, and I have some other "matches" in view; for a veritable match-maker I fear I am, whatever people may think of me for it, by the force of our peculiar circumstances out here. It is a great thing to get our lads and young women happily married after a Christian manner. . . .

April 20th, 1892.

. . . For myself, I think the future prospects of the Anglican communion never shone brighter than they do at present. Agnosticism or English Catholicism seem to me the only two alternatives for intellectual Englishmen of our time. . . . Now that I have had nearly six months here, I begin to feel my usual self, and as little liable to fever as I was during my last long stay here. . . . I think our rains are now quite over. We have had just fifty inches this season. . . . We now count 400 "adherents" in this island—that is, out of a population of from two to three thousand. "Adherents" includes Christians, catechumens, hearers, schoolboys, and school girls. . . .

LIKOMA, LAKE NYASA, *May* 20*th*.

Never, I think, since I have been in Africa have I written to you by means of an amanuensis, but necessity has no law. . . . For nearly a fortnight I have been laid on the shelf with an attack of purulent ophthalmia, from which recovery is a slow process. I am introducing into Likoma a money currency, and have just received from H. H. Johnston a hundred pounds in specie. . . . This coin will, I hope, alternate agreeably with our old barter goods of cloths, beads, &c. . . .

June 7*th*.

. . . I am just racing through "John Inglesant" again—I think, for the third time. . . .

LIKOMA, *June* 19*th*, 1892.

You'll be glad to hear my eyes are quite well and strong again. . . .

LIKOMA, *July* 14*th*, 1892.

. . . Will you thank Aunt Emma for her kind thought in sending me Dean Burgon's "Life"? I am sure to be "vastly" (Dean Burgon's favourite adverb) interested in it. . . .

[One of the Mission workers was very ill.]

When I resume the pen, I fear it will be to tell you he has passed away. This is the first white man whose death-bed I have attended. Fancy that, when I have been in holy orders seventeen years!

July 21*st*.—Yes, he has now gone from us, dying somewhat suddenly at the last, while all of us (save Miss McLaughlin, who was nursing him) were saying evensong in church. . . .

July 23*rd*.—It was a burial two days ago, and to-day we celebrated a marriage, for such is life. . . . Atlay is *all* I could wish both as a friend and a fellow-worker. He is quite a man after my own heart.

August 8*th*.—Your book, too, has arrived.* I shall *devour* it, and let you know my criticisms.

. . . I'm wonderfully well, building brick archways in the sun with my own hands. . . .

September 6*th*, 1892.

. . . Our school has greatly increased lately as to numbers, for we have now between eighty and ninety boys, all of whom are boarders here. . . . We are just now re-opening our printing office in the "new premises," and a very nice place it is, where we hope soon to be printing book after book, and all of them in our native dialect. . . .

Likoma, *August* 24*th*, 1892.

Look at the date—St. Bartholomew's Day, our great Mission anniversary. Eighteen years ago on this day Bishop Steere was consecrated our Bishop, and a few months afterwards he put up in the Union at Oxford that simple notice on a scrap of blue paper that attracted first Johnson's attention and afterwards my own. And now it is eighteen years afterwards, and almost (there are but three days to run out) ten years ago he was laid in his grave behind the high altar in his own grand church at Zanzibar. . . . We are building, building, building, till the whole station looks changed—stone walls and houses everywhere. . . . Still *the* building—the church, ah! that has not been begun yet. We must have a special man for that, who can spend absolutely his *whole* time on this particular work as long as it is going on. . . .

(*To his Mother.*)

October 25*th*, 1892.

About ten days ago a most welcome mail turned up. . . . Of course I had intended writing to you all, at

* A story his sister had written.

some length in answer this time, but as it is you'll have to be contented with the merest scrap by way of answer, for two days ago (Sunday, nineteenth after Trinity) a great calamity befell us, and almost half our houses have been burnt to the ground, including the church, the library with its 1,400 volumes, the dispensary and its medicines, my new house, &c., &c. In all, eleven houses were burnt to the ground. I have written an account of the matter to "Central Africa." . . . We saved scarcely one of the books out of the library, though very few of my own volumes perished there, nor did I lose anything that was in my house, or anything out of the church. Still, a calamity it was, and very uncomfortable is it to be burnt out in this way. . . . Only we men were burnt out, the ladies' quarters escaped, and so did the bulk of our new buildings, so we have much to be thankful for. . . . I am quite well, but dead tired. . . . Our large schoolroom, to which I have several times alluded, . . . makes a really fine temporary church, a great improvement in every way on the one out of which we were burnt on Sunday. . . . Your July letter is dated 16th. I have forgotten to mention, by-the-bye, that these letters, or rather those of August 14th, that came with them, have reached us in the shortest time I ever remember, namely, just two months from August 14th to October 15th. . . . Thanks for the poor little London primroses, that tumbled out of the envelope as I opened your letter. [This letter was sent in May from England.—Ed.] In answer to your query, I seem to be quite fever-proof again. . . . Now for the June letter. Then there was your golden wedding. It is a pleasant thought for all of us that you have reached that, and been able to celebrate it on earth with us all, for I will say "us," though I was so many thousand miles away on the day. . . .

November 9th, 1892.

Another disaster has occurred! Just thirteen days after our first great fire, on the 5th November we had a second conflagration, when eight more of our principal houses perished, including the ladies' quarters, girls' school, kitchens, dining-rooms, &c. No lives lost and very little property, but yet a fire causing the greatest possible inconvenience to us. . . . Our ladies will all have to leave us *pro tem.* . . . Crossing the Lake yesterday and to-day I read G. W. E. Russell's "Life of Gladstone," in which you had put my name, on February 17th, your last birthday gift to me. . . . [He was sailing over to Bandawe on this occasion, and in another letter, speaking of this book, he says, "I have *no* politics, but I cannot withhold an unbounded admiration for the man.—Ed.] . . .

(*To a Sister.*)

November 16th, 1892.

. . . You'll have heard of our two great fires. . . . We have sent away what (if you are a reader of Rudyard Kipling's books) you will know as our "mem-logs," for, poor things, they were burned out, and now we three, Atlay, Pullinger, and self, are doing what we can to build up our poor station again. We lost in the two fires nineteen houses out of thirty; perhaps at a value of £250. . . . Most fortunately our principal new buildings . . . were saved, and in them, more or less "cabined, cribbed, confined," we are puddling now. . . . It was most fortunate that our printing office, with all its expensive plant, was not destroyed. . . . We are going to start an English newspaper for the Lake, and print it here. I'll send a copy home. It will be a sort of "occasional paper," appearing three or four times a year. . . . Gore's "Bampton Lectures" have been

another intellectual feast of which I have partaken lately. My adult classes for women thrive now-a-days. I had 200 women listening to an instruction on Jacob and Esau this morning. They were very attentive, and, with all their faults, are wonderfully natural, and free from many sins which civilized and cultured people are prone to. I instance "pride" and "self-conceit" as two in particular. . . . Now that the ladies are gone, we have bidden adieu to tablecloths, and are "pigging it," I fear, in all the severe simplicity of a free, if careless, bachelordom. . . .

December 31*st*, 1892.

. . . Crouch and Pullinger spent a great deal of time on Christmas Eve making our church look well, and our altar certainly shone out resplendent, and we spared not the candles. I am not a keen Ritualist, but I liked our illuminated altar and chancel, and the green festoons, and the increased elevation of the altar daïs, &c., and found these things not without their helpfulness. I hope others, many others, felt it too. We sung plenty of carols, and poured out ecstatically that combination of fine poetry and fine music which a Wesley and a Mendelssohn have joined geniuses to produce. "Hark! the herald angels sing" sounded well, and was joyfully sung in Likoma church on Christmas morning, believe me. Then in the evening I gave a dinner party to the teachers and a few others—Christmas pudding, lights out, and the pudding ablaze, burning "brandily" and "bluely." The waiting boys cut out of the room in a funk. Mince-pies and crackers eked out the feast, and roast beef led it off. Afterwards we adjourned to my baraza and had a sing-song. Crouch scraped away melodiously on his violin, and we executed in solos and chorus "Hearts of Oak" and a dozen others. There, don't say we can't keep a Christmas in fine style in Nyasaland. We *can*. . . .

Ah! me, what drones we become, how all the "leap" and "spring" and "sparkle" of life dies out as one grows older; yet it is not so with you, I protest. . . .

(*To his Father.*)

LIKOMA, *January 6th*, 1893.

I must send you a few lines, though it is now past ten o'clock at night. ("Aren't you going to bed, Chauncy?" you would be saying if you were just leaving me behind in the drawing-room, with a flat candlestick in your hand. And I should answer as I always did of old, you remember: "Not just yet, I sha'n't be long," and perhaps after, I stole up to bed noiselessly an hour and a half later.) Our letters are being sealed up for the steamer; they must be put on board to-night, for she leaves to-morrow at daybreak. . . . I do not write to the dear mother this time, I simply dare not, but IF she is still with you she will see my letters. . . . I am busy just now with this new venture of ours, "An Occasional Paper for Nyasaland."* We hope it may do good, and we feel that, though missionaries, it is good to do what we can to show sympathy with our fellow-countrymen out here who are pursuing other callings. Also we think this publication may prove a useful means for mutual support and sympathy in our relations with our native friends. We want also to discuss matters of peculiar interest to us all, and to put plain unvarnished accounts of our doings before people who watch us very closely, and who are apt to judge of us and our ways unfairly through lack of trustworthy information as to our goings-on. . . . When you read it . . . please remember that it is intended for readers out here, and must be criticised from that standpoint. . . .

* Afterwards published quarterly as "The Nyasa News."

LIKOMA, *January 25th*, 1893.

. . . A stray paper that has reached us from Fort Johnston of date October 28th, contains the important news of the appointment of Hornby to be our Bishop. . . . I must end now as the *Domira* is in, and I have guests to entertain.

(*To his Mother.*)

LIKOMA, *February 3rd*, 1893.

. . . All the newspapers about Tennyson are deeply interesting. . . . I am very well in health still, but I feel more and more to require long periods of rest in the daytime, and for many hours seem to have little or no brain power. Each afternoon, for instance, there are about two hours in which I am fit for nothing, though not suffering from headache or any other actual pain. I cannot now-a-days do a really hard day's work, and this often makes me feel that I am, as a matter of fact, very lazy. . . . By-the-bye, in referring again to Tennyson, it seemed to me that all the circumstances that attended his death were indeed as truly *poetic* as anything in this prosaic nineteenth century could be. A veritable "passing of Arthur," the "vates sacer" lying there with the full moonlight shining in upon his majestic figure and wonderful visage in the still early morning hours, and the stretch of moorland outside, and he quietly, quietly passing out of life, silently "Crossing the Bar." The pomp of the obsequies in the Abbey a week later were somehow in not an altogether pleasant contrast. . . . And now once more I must close my letter to you, and as I do so I cannot help wondering how many letters in all I have penned to you from Africa. Enough at least to make a book of a good many hundred pages, pretty closely printed, I should say. One might almost calculate it thus: Thirteen and a half

years, say fourteen letters a year, the letters averaging two pages of print (some, of course, would be much more and some less), that would make three hundred and seventy-eight pages of print, but I expect that would be really a good deal under the mark, and that the average number of letters per year and the average length (in print) of the letter is under-rated, too. Anyhow, if all my letters to you were to be thus printed in a book, certain it is that no one in the world but yourself would ever be able to get through it, for very weariness of soul at its intolerable dulness. . . .

LIKOMA, *February 28th*, 1893.

. . . Four days ago we actually had another great alarm with fire, for our kitchen roof took fire. . . . Most fortunately, however, no other building took the contagion, and so the plague was stayed with only the loss of this one building. . . . Though my ulcer has never quite closed up, I am in other respects quite well. I should be glad indeed if we could open some new work somewhere in the hill country to the north-east of the Lake, or even amongst our old acquaintances, the Magwangwara. . . . Our staff of native teachers grows in importance and strength, and Christianity and education is creeping further and further into village after village on the mainland opposite. . . .

March 16th, 1893.

Yes, why not? yes, I *will*—will break off reading this fascinating volume of W. Sharpe's, "Life of Browning" to wit, and pen you a stave. I know you love Browning, and so do I. I mean, I think the *man* is so fascinating. I do not know much of his poetry—I have not even read his longer poems, "Ring and the Book," &c., but, for all that, from what I *do* know of his poetry, I hardly like to think that we have had a greater than he since

Shakspere. . . . It is the charm of the *man*, his beautiful sunny life, his true faith—say what others will, who would like to claim him on their own hazy side of negation or doubt. Oh! you must read the book, and that wonderful letter about death towards the end of it. . . . And this book, by-the-bye, is one of about forty volumes, all charming, that Mr. Russell has selected for us and sent as his gift . . . just the cream of good writing skimmed carefully for us and forwarded most generously to our remote abode. . . . By-the-bye, Bishop Smythies wrote me a very nice letter the other day, very frankly telling me that while he had a great admiration, &c., &c., he did not think I had quite the gifts for a Bishop. It was all very nicely put, and he was quite right. His reasons, although he was too considerate to give them, would be, I am sure, much the same as those I gave you in England for believing myself unworthy to fill the high office. . . .

Likoma, *April* 1*st*, 1893.

. . . To-morrow (Easter Day) I baptize in our church here fifty-three candidates, the largest number ever baptized at any one time in any one station in our Mission, I believe.

Speaking of the difficulties and discouragements of missionary work, he says:—

Likoma, *April* 10*th*, 1893.

The fact is, no one but a priest ought ever to have charge of a Mission station. Only the closest dealing with souls is of any avail in this country of the Devil's power. . . . Yes, I should value the thought of some of your last petitions at the Throne of Grace for these poor wandering sheep of mine. . . . You, without intending it, preach me the best sermons I ever read, in your

letters ; sermons on patience, on trustfulness in God, on kindliness, on charitable feelings to others, on Christian faith and fortitude. And you do all this without ever mentioning one of these words, or being the least aware that you are doing anything else but writing a most ordinary letter. . . . As I write all this, I cannot but reflect that perhaps you will never see what I have written. . . . We are just now busy printing the second number of the "Occasional Paper." . . . It has been taken up very warmly in the country, and the Commissioner (H. H. Johnston) is himself most kind about it, promising to write for it, &c. . . . [This was written to his mother, and as she was very ill at this time, he doubted whether she would be alive when the letter reached England.—Ed.]

LIKOMA, *April 15th.*

. . . Here's Mr. Atlay, who has just received a large consignment of dolls. What *is* he to do with them? he asks. "Build a dolls' house for them," say I. "No thank you," says he. And then some one else sends us a huge consignment of disrated, well-thumbed Christmas cards. Yet let it never be said that we are ungrateful for things that really *are* useful. [These African children do not care for dolls. Ed.] . . . Things are moving on very rapidly here.* We have not had Major von Wissmann to see us yet, but he is coming, and has sent me several nice letters, and is most friendly. . . . I like these Germans. Most of them are thorough gentlemen, and all of them very well informed. . . .

LIKOMA, *May 18th*, 1893.

. . . The chief piece of news in all your letters this time was that of the dear old grannie's peaceful end to her long and famous (from the point of view of the

* With regard to the European occupation of Nyasaland.

family) life. . . . [Old Mrs. Chauncy died at Bath in her hundredth year. Her great-great-grandchild was three or four years old at the time of her death; thus there were five generations in the family all living.—Ed.] My ulcer never closes up, and never has closed up since it began to open in November, 1891. . . . You'll be amused to hear that the first books that reached us in answer to H. H. Johnston's appeal were three volumes on the Anglo-Israel craze. . . .

[Half of the new Bishop's party had arrived at Likoma, and were nearly all down with fever directly.]

Whitsun Monday, *May 22nd*, 1893.

. . . I, too, after a bronchial attack which confined me to my bed and room for five days, had immediately to get up and minister to four and then five sick people at once. . . . We were just beginning to get on nicely with our *new temporary* church, but now that Mr. Pullinger has fallen so ill, I don't know who is able to take it up and finish it. All this sickness is very disheartening. . . . I feel flurried and worried—but you'll agree that all this sickness and the responsibility involved (we have no doctor) is enough to cause it. I do my best, and doctor and diet them all, but, alas! my classes and more priestly work suffer terribly in consequence. The only other man who knows anything of the language (Atlay) also ill. . . . I often think that if Johnson were not here I should go, but now we have both been out here and associated so long, that I know I should never leave the Mission so long as he lives. . . . I will not write to him [his father.—Ed.] this time, for I fear if I were to do so, I should only begin grumbling, as I seem to be doing in this letter! Anyhow, between the grumbles you also get my news! . . .

Likoma, *June 15th*, 1893.

It is getting on for a fortnight since I received your always most welcome letters along with the Bishop, Dr. Hine, and Mr. Kerr. . . . Very thankful am I that Dr. Hine was of the party, for the Bishop got ill directly, and requires a good deal of attention. . . . His first fever which he got almost directly reduced him to great weakness, and there were some ugly symptoms along with it. Happily he is much better to-day, and *possibly* may be able to hold the confirmation, to which everybody is looking forward, next Sunday. . . .

June 16th.—Alas! there is no chance of the Bishop being able to confirm my candidates on Sunday, poor things, and they had really been so looking forward to it! . . .

Likoma, *July 3rd*, 1893.

. . . Our Bishop, I'm thankful to say, is quite well again now. . . . He held the confirmation here on the 21st June. . . . We have now got the *Ousel* up here, as well as the *Charlotte*, while the new boat, the *Sherriff*, [given by the Bedford school boys.—Ed.] is plying on the river between Fort Johnston and Matope. . . .

Likoma, *July 5th*, 1893.

. . . Our state here is a somewhat curious one at the present time. No less than six of our party are in bed, including the doctor. I, as usual, perfectly well, and having to cater for all the sick people and do what I can for them. Meanwhile Atlay, who has long been my right hand man here, has this day left for Chisumulu, there to rebuild the houses, and pick up the threads of work we had to drop for various reasons some four or five months ago. The Bishop went with him, and I expect *him* back to-morrow. . . . The strain of so many Europeans

at one station, and so many of them ill at one time, is almost too much for me, and there are so few of them who can help me in the hundred and one odd bits of work in the way of "serving tables" that *some one* must do; *e.g.*, getting the bread properly baked—five large loaves every other, and sometimes every day . . . necessitating that I, myself, should spend an hour or so actually seeing it done properly. All this is very hard at my age, and in my position; and then when it causes or obliges me to neglect great and important work which again only I, of all those here, can do, it is distressing to me in the extreme, and I begin to dread lest our native Christians will begin to go back and back, because I have not the time to give to hearing all their troubles and advising them upon them. . . .

LIKOMA, *August 7th*, 1893.

Your last letter reached me when I was down at Fort Johnston, whither I had gone in company with the Bishop. . . . I believe the little change it gave did me good, besides being good for the station and everybody! . . . By-the-bye, I was really glad you did not object to my putting the polygamy question so undisguisedly. If any good service is to be done, the truth must be said about the subject, and one does not write such papers for the drawing-room table. These are not the times when we ought to shrink from calling a spade a spade, are they? . . . [This with reference to an article he had written for the "Nyasa News."—Ed.]

August 7th.

. . . I send you this time a copy of the first number of "The Nyasa News." It contains about three times as much as did the first "Occasional Paper," and is, I hope, an improvement in some respects. . . .

August 31*st*, 1893.

It is now more than two years since we said good-bye in the drawing-room, and here I am, answering a letter to you that came with others that speak of your having taken "quite a new lease of strength." I feel very thankful for this, though I do not allow myself to begin to think of another meeting in this life. If I go on as I am doing now I should hardly feel it right to go to England next year, though the year after I might take such a journey possibly. . . . I believe the inhabitants of this island will soon be taxed (3*s*. per house per annum) by the Administration. . . . Dr. Hine is already beginning to study the Yao language in preparation for his departure to Unangu. I rather wish I were going there for a permanency. We are getting too much in the world, and too civilized here for my tastes. It draws one away from one's real work, all this entertaining of Europeans, the calling of steamers, &c. . . .

August 29*th*, 1893.

. . . You know I really *am* (many affect it) very fond of young children. While I have been writing this letter no less than two young mothers have been into my room to coax a tiny dress out of me for their infants in arms, while little James (aged three), my prime favourite, is even now sleeping peacefully on my bed in the next room, whence I shall presently snatch him to go through a course of bread and jam (tamarind with the stones in) at our table when we lunch. . . .

Likoma, *September* 14*th*, 1893.

. . . I am about to start on a new venture, and to plant a station in Yaoland, at a populous place called Unangu, ninety miles from here. Dr. Hine is to be the boss there, for, as I have told him, he is by far too good

and able a man to go on playing second fiddle to me here. . . .

September 20th.—I have less time than ever to scratch off a letter to you, as I go off to-morrow with Dr. Hine to the Yao country. . . . The German steamer *Hermann von Wissman* arrived here yesterday—her first visit to us. . . . I expect to be away on this little expedition just over a fortnight. . . .

LIKOMA, *October 20th.*

. . . I am only just recovering from an attack of influenza, which has quite prostrated me. . . . We have had our first visit here from one of the gunboats, namely, the *Adventure*. Captain Robertson brought her last week. He staid three days. . . .

[Two gunboats had just been placed on the Lake by the British Administration.]

LIKOMA, *November 4th*, 1893.

. . . The "Nyasa News" for November will tell you a good deal of our news. . . .

We have been having a good deal of trouble lately with quarrels and the like, and it is at times like these that the latent heathenism in our first-generation-Christians seems to spring into active life. The worst of it is, there is a kind of morbid enjoyment of a quarrel that speaks very sadly for the state of the Christian heart.* . . . Our station is now thoroughly built up again, and if we don't have another fire we shall do very well as regards house room, &c. Our new temporary church is a very great boon. . . .

LIKOMA, *November 8th.*

. . . My ulcer is *quite* healed. I think the walk to Unangu and the colder air there were the chief means of bringing about the cure. . . .

* This state of things is not altogether unknown in Christian England, I fear!

Writing of the slavers and slave dhows on the Lake, he says :—

We all feel that if any one is to be punished it ought to be Jumbe, of Kota Kota (on the west side of the Lake), for he is subsidized by the Government or by Cecil Rhodes . . . for which he is supposed to show loyalty to the Administration and do what he can to keep the petty chiefs in control and the country quiet. As a matter of fact, he, at the present time, is doing more than any one chief, to help the slave trade. Now this is really known to H. H. Johnston, but the fact is he is obliged, for the present, to wink at it more or less, for he has got his hands so full with the Makanjila business and further troubles in the neighbourhood of the Shiré. . . .

[Jumbe was afterwards brought to book, and his power broken up by the Commissioner.]

Likoma Island, Lake Nyasa,
December 3rd, 1893.

. . . Well, this large party of six [a reinforcement of workers] arrived six days ago, all well. . . . Robinson [the much-needed doctor] stays here. . . . He seems thoroughly keen about his medical work. The ladies are getting into their quarters, and on Monday will begin their school work, I think. . . .

Likoma, *December 27th.*

. . . "Ruskin's Life," by Collingwood. The author was a scholar of University of my time, and I knew him fairly well, he being in the same Shakspere reading as myself. . . . Our next number of "Nyasa News" will be very largely taken up with missionary questions. . . . The Government newspaper or "Gazette" is just being

started.* . . . The gunboats' officers and blue jackets made themselves very pleasant on Christmas Day, and we all liked their being here. . . .

December 27th.—. . . At the Holy Communion (on Christmas Day) there were about 130 communicants (native) and 12 Europeans. Afterwards we had a large native gathering for outsiders under our "preaching tree," at which the boys sung the carols, rather well, I thought. . . .

LIKOMA, *January 14th*, 1894.

. . . The enclosed photo of our new church (temporary) is for you. It has just been taken by Miss Palmer, who is an enthusiastic photographer, as also is Mr. Glossop, whose health so far has not been very first-rate. It certainly is hard for people to get acclimatized out here. . . . [Chauncy Maples did not live to build the permanent church which he had had in his mind's eye for several years.—Ed.]

LIKOMA, *January 4th*, 1894.

You are in my thoughts to-day, and, though no mail has come in and none is going out just now, let me, in this comparative leisure time, pen you a few lines. The *Charles Janson* will be back to-morrow, and will almost certainly bring us a mail with your October letters, to which I look forward, as you can imagine, with alternate hope and fear. You have prepared me for the news [of his mother's death.—Ed.] I *may* get now almost by any mail, and I feel I am ready for it when it comes. . . . We are busy now getting the February number of the "Nyasa News" printed. . . . Remember always, in your criticisms, that we write primarily for people out

* The "British Central African Gazette."

here, and, secondly, so as to catch the ears of influential people in high place at home. . . . Now that so many Europeans are flocking into the country we missionaries are bound to do what we can to keep up a high standard of morality, and to use our efforts in every possible way to prevent its getting lowered. Englishmen do deteriorate so terribly fast when away from home in a savage country. . . .

LIKOMA, *February 2nd*, 1894.

. . . Our Bishop starts for England in three days, invalided home, and as *we* think—though he does not—never to return here again. . . .

February 4th.—You ask of Neema. She is happy, and doing fairly well. Her husband, a catechumen, will be baptized at Easter. He is good-natured, and they never quarrel. She had a little child—a girl—born to her, but it only lived a week or two; and I buried it in her house, two feet only below the soil. . . . The little one was baptized clinically by me about two days before its death. Her other child, James, is a great pet; he is now three years old and three months. . . . James always comes to meals with us, sitting in a chair beside me, and solemnly munches away at whatever I put before him. . . . I suppose you heard all about her (Neema's) husband deserting her and relapsing into heathenism, and of her marriage with her present husband. The dear father and mother could not understand it all, and thought it contrary to God's law, &c.; but it is not so really, and though such a re-marriage is not what one would *recommend*, it is, as a matter of fact, allowable; nor are the Sacraments denied to the innocent party if he or she elects to marry again after being deserted. The last Lambeth Conference ruled this very clearly as to the innocent party. . . . In a heathen country like this

there is no such thing as permanent widowhood, except in the case of very old women. . . . The question was, does the Church *compel, under all circumstances,* the innocent party, in cases of desertion or return to polygamy or adultery, to remain unmarried? The answer is that the Eastern Church very decidedly gives leave for re-marriage to the innocent party, that the Roman Church as decidedly forbids it, that our Church reluctantly allows it. We therefore here, were indeed thankful to be able to avail ourselves of the wise ruling of our own Church, in accordance as it is really with that of the Churches of both East and West in the earliest times as regards this subject. . . . People's passions cannot be ignored, nor does the merciful ruling of our Church ignore them, and I am very thankful indeed it is so. Remember, people at home are not judges of morals out here, nor can they know what is possible or impossible as regards restriction and the like. . . . Do not make the common mistake of so many goody-goody people at home, namely, that our Mission converts are *very saints.* It is a mistake only second to the mistake of our detractors, who like to say that all Mission converts are scamps and rogues. Our converts, as a matter of fact, are very ordinary men and women, better, very much better, for their Christianity, but by no means wholly emancipated from all heathen notions, and by no means free from very great temptation to revert to heathenism if not carefully guided and helped. . . .

February 19*th.*—. . . It is curious the letters I get from Germany (Stuttgart, &c.) asking for the "Nyasa News"—the editor of "Ueber Land am Meer," for instance—all very civil letters in very good English. They send me their papers, and ask leave to translate and transfer to their pages some of our paragraphs and articles. . . . I have about fifty candidates preparing for baptism, rather a

larger proportion of women than men. When will they get confirmed? . . .

My Dearest Mother,—

I will not now let *any* opportunity pass without sending you a line or two. . . . Now that there are more steamers on the Lake we have many more chance opportunities of posting letters, and the present is one of them. I am practically left alone with all the Lenten-work on my own shoulders, so far as Likoma is concerned, though I hope Mr. Wimbush may be back again before Good Friday to take a share in some of the Holy Week and Easter services. On Easter Day I hope to baptize fifty people,* or perhaps one or two less—I cannot quite say whether all the fifty will be ready by then. I am busy with these candidates every day. We go through each article of the Creed in instruction, and they also learn to say it by heart; then they are taught some short private prayers—it is a very difficult thing for uneducated African adults to learn to say *anything* by heart; but they do manage to commit to memory the Creed and these short prayers. Each candidate comes privately to me once before his baptism and confesses all the sins of which he has been aware since his or her infancy; and thus are our candidates here prepared for baptism. The instruction takes place every day throughout Lent except Sundays and Wednesdays, on which days there are special services with sermons; on Fridays, too, during Lent, we have a special service. I am often with you in spirit and thought; and try to imagine myself at your bedside. We shall never meet again on earth, I know that; but we look for another home—that is eternal in the heavens—to which may God in His mercy bring us all.

* By a coincidence just about the same number were baptized the year before.

Once again my dearest mamma, let me with fondest love subscribe myself,

Your now middle-aged son,

CHAUNCY MAPLES.

March 8th, 1894.

This was the last letter Chauncy Maples wrote to his mother. She never received it, as it arrived two or three days after her death.

(*Letter written to a Friend on the loss of her Sister.*)

March 28th, 1894.

. . . And so a great trial has come to you, and God has called your sister home—another voice from Him to you bidding you more and more fix your heart, your thoughts, your desires, on Him, and your whole trust and confidence in the land beyond the grave. By this time—nay, much earlier—you will have got accustomed to contemplate with a softened calm of spirit and with a thankful heart, your dear sister at rest in Paradise—praying for you left on earth, it may be, as you are praying for her "eternal peace" with Jesus. Easter is but just passed, and Easter thoughts are dominant: "Oh! death, where is thy sting? oh! grave where is thy victory?" And we know that the sting of death is past, and that the grave has no victory, and all because He is risen. One cannot, my dear Miss Richards, write to you at such a time, and with thoughts of your sister's passing away from earth, in any other than a gladsome strain; nor, I am very sure, would you wish me to mourn with you, rather than call upon you to rejoice that her suffering is over and that she is at rest in Jesus. I write all this, momentarily expecting the German steamer to call here with our mails, which for me, more likely than not,

will bring intelligence that my beloved mother, too, has been called home. She too is, I thank God, a very saint, and I am determined I will not grieve if they tell me, as these letters will, that I shall never see her again on earth. We believe in the "communion of saints." Let us strengthen and sustain each other by mutual reminders of this our faith. . . .

LIKOMA, *March 28th*, 1894.

. . . We get such a lot of visitors passing through here, and I often entertain a party of sixteen or eighteen at dinner (including our own staff, of course). The Frenchmen who pass through (Roman Catholic fathers, Belgian officers of the Congo State, &c.) never know English, so I converse with them, either in my very broken French, or in Swahili. The Germans nearly always talk good English; but it is not an unknown thing at my table to hear all these languages talked at once—viz., English, German, French, Swahili, and Chinyanja. . . . Verily we've become quite polyglotic of late. . . . No, we do not baptize the children of mixed marriages (except when *in extremis*) until the second party becomes Christian. This has always been the rule in the Church, and we are rigorous in keeping to it; infant baptism can only be safely encouraged when it is certain (morally) that the children will be brought up in the Christian faith, and there is no sure guarantee for this when only one parent is Christian, especially, too, if only the father is Christian. . . . Do you know, I wear absolutely only one garment—viz., a long thin white cassock with nothing under it: then there are socks, and a pair of shoes, and my sun hat, and these complete my wearing apparel—very inexpensive and adapted to my constitution, so thoroughly Africanized have I become! Our doctor here has just performed two or three VERY difficult surgical

operations entirely successfully. I always help him, and administer the chloroform, being now (if I may say so) quite an adept at that part of the business. The doctor did an operation a week ago which took him four and a half hours to perform (from 11.45 to 4.15), and I was administering chloroform the whole time; it was a tremendous operation, and the patient all but died in the middle—one part of the operation (the tying of the jugular vein deep-seated in the neck) has only been done in England during the past five years. Our doctor had seen the operation, done twice at Guy's, but had never done it before himself. The danger is of the knife slipping and the vein getting pierced while it is being lifted. Out of the three cases at Guy's one terminated fatally through this accident; and in our case here the accident occurred, and we thought it was all up; the doctor, however, kept his nerve, and managed to stop the vein and tie it before any air got into it. Had air entered, immediate death would have been the result. . . . Oh! we *were* relieved, for the patient was a very dear fellow, one of our best Christian boys here, whom I have known seven years, and trained up from his very early boyhood; he is now quite convalescent. . . . There is something very noble about a surgeon's skill, and I must say I enjoy these operations immensely. . . .

Likoma, *April* 11*th*, 1894.

. . . Pearson's book ("National Life and Character") arrived by post this time—many thanks for it. Lugard's book (mind *you* read it) has been lent to me by Dr. Cross, he of the north end, who himself figures in the book, and is one of the oldest members of the Livingstonia Mission. . . . I am busy on the "Nyasa News" for May, which I think will be a goodish number. People seem to appreciate the "notes," so I am giving more

of them this time. Contributors' MSS. are increasing in numbers, so there is little fear of the magazine having to be dropped now. The "notes" are not to be signed this time, but I think you will detect your brother's style, and be able to pick out unerringly which are his. Remember that anything signed Y. Z. is by me. I hope you won't think my "fowl" verses vulgar. . . .

(*To his Nephew.*)

LIKOMA, *April 25th.*

. . . I used to think when I was your age I'd never grow to be an old fogey, and yet somehow when I read your letter about Winchester, it seems so far off and distant—distant in time I mean, from my own school-days—that I verily believe I'm an old fogey already! . . . You ask about my going back to England —certainly not yet awhile. I'm thankful to say I enjoy excellent health, better by far than any one here, and I should not feel it right to leave unless I could leave some one in my place fit to take it, and just now there does not happen to be any one. Eighteen years of African life has so accustomed me to the tropics that I feel far more at home *here* than I ever could do in England were I to return there and try to settle down. I say *try*, because it would only end in a miserable failure. I am made for Africa, and African soil must one day provide a resting-place for the worn-out bones (not that they are that yet) of your uncle Chauncy. Of course, though I do hope some day to go back to England to see you all. . . . Here at Likoma . . . there are a great many people coming on well—though that last expression is more suitable to geraniums or roses, by-the-bye; what I mean is, there are a good many people in the island who are really anxiously looking forward to becoming

Christians next year: we always baptize at Easter. . . . A new man has just joined. . . . As soon as ever he arrived, as soon as the anchor of the *Charles Janson* was down, he got fever, and he has had it ever since. Oh! this glorious climate of ours! . . .

LIKOMA, *April 23rd.*

. . . Last Sunday nearly sixty more women were admitted catechumens. Our new church is already almost too small for our requirements now that the number of Christians and catechumens go on increasing so fast; yet we certainly can't attempt to build *the* church till we get a proper builder for fine work. The "Kreutzer Sonata" I suppose you *have* read. Have you? I want to know this rather. I did, long ago; no, by-the-bye, *not* long ago, in '92 I think it was. Such books are not good for *young* people, but I think they ought to be read by people who set themselves really to *think* and to study great social questions, such as the marriage question.

LIKOMA, *May 16th*, 1894.

. . . Dr. Robinson is having his first attack of fever, and having it rather badly. This month of May lays us all low you see. ["This is the only time in the year now-a-days that I myself get ill, but this is the second time this month I've had fever," he writes later on in May.—Ed.] I feel we must not speak of dear mother's death as "the worst." Indeed, when we have learned to look back on it, as we shall be doing soon, I feel, may we not speak of it rather as "the best"? Yes, I think we shall. 'Tis of no use trying to cast an anchor in this world. We must be in full sail still, ploughing the waves onwards, and for our anchor we must look beyond the veil, as our dear mother has, I know, been doing now for so long. . . .

Likoma, *May* 31*st*, 1894.

I had hoped to write you a decently long letter to-day in answer to two of March dates received from you three days or so ago, but yesterday I had fever, and am shaky to-day. . . . Just fancy, the *whole* of Bishop Hornby's party has now melted. There were seven, and now not one is left at Nyasa—and all in one short year! Three have died . . . and four [including the Bishop] invalided home. . . . There's food for reflection! . . . Our work grows apace, and we are beginning to see the fruits of it. . . .

Likoma, *June* 5*th*, 1894.

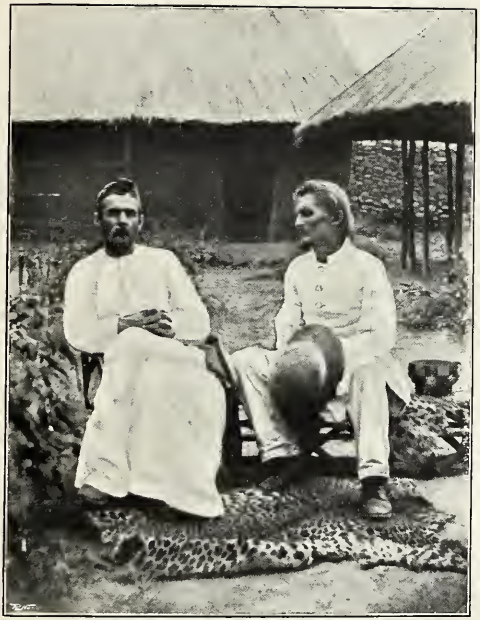
. . . I think I never felt happier in Africa than I do now, never more tied to the life here, never more unwilling to be severed from it. . . . An important (local) matter has cropped up. The whole Gwangwara horde have sent an embassy to me to say that they want to leave their present abode, which, you know, is within German territory, and come over the Rovuma so as to be near us. . . . I have promised them, therefore, that if they come into Portuguese territory, and within any hail of Likoma, we will start work amongst them; and they actually say they will do this, and want to do it. . . .

[The ambassadors brought an elephant's tusk as a present to the Archdeacon. This ivory has since been worked into the pastoral staff made for Bishop Maples, and now is used by the present Bishop of Likoma.—Ed.]

Likoma, *June* 13*th*, 1894.

. . . How do you like the enclosed?—taken only a few weeks ago—the most recent photo of two who in life, and, I trust (almost), in death will be found "not divided."* Dear old Will doesn't he look the spiritual giant he is, in

* This was a photograph of Archdeacon Maples and the Rev. W. P. Johnson, taken at Likoma by Miss Palmer.



ARCHDEACON MAPLES AND REV. W. P. JOHNSON.

[*From a photograph taken by Miss Gertrude Palmer, at Likoma, in* 1894.]

[*To face p.* 362.

this photo? . . . A Bishop? No, indeed, not I—never, never, never anything more than I am, will I be. As a priest I fail, and what would it be if they gave me a mitre? . . . My *only* gift is the being able to get on well with all my young men and fellow-clergy, . . . but then it is a natural gift, not a supernatural one. To me it has come easily; I have made no effort. Still it is nice being liked, and having people loyal to you, and being confident that you can get them to do what you want. I have this feeling, and I have this confidence, but when I have said this I have said all. I am terribly lacking in spiritual gifts, and doubtless through my own carelessness and neglect of cultivating the side of one's life that one is bound always to be cultivating if we are to find true acceptance at the last. . . .

June 15th, 1894.—. . . I think it is the one thing people out here would say of me, when I die, that this gift was not denied to me,—the gift of being able to manage and attract men (I'm speaking especially of my European staff). I think, do you know, that people would say that in this one respect I am thoroughly successful. . . . I have not, however, been equally successful with ladies. . . . I sometimes think they chafe a little under a certain abruptness of manner, not to say severity, that I am very conscious of having. You know I'm not a bit of a ladies' man, and I don't think I ever was, and so I am really very wanting in some of those gentler courtesies of bearing and behaviour that are naturally valued by those towards whom they are shown. Africa makes me rather hard, and I have lived too long outside the pale of civilization to have retained much thought of or attention to such things. . . . We are so thankful to be able to chronicle the fact that no less than two hundred adults have been baptized here (at Nyasa generally, not *only* in Likoma, or even principally here)

already this year! This means really a very great deal. . . .

(*A letter of Advice.*)

LIKOMA, *July 4th.*

. . . You have, as you say, to endeavour always to keep before you the thought of your responsibility to God alone, and to obey your conscience, always remembering that that faculty when carefully obeyed becomes ever a clearer and a clearer guide in proportion as the will acts upon its dictates, come what may. It is when one is doubtful as to what one's conscience tells us, that we should not be slow to seek some good spiritual guide who is capable of making things clearer, and helping us to be confident in the line we are taking. So long as you do realize that to God *alone* you are responsible, you are not likely to give over your conscience into another's keeping (as the phrase runs), and as some wrongly think that Roman Catholics (for instance) do. . . . You speak of your faith in God as a loving universal Father as being very strong and ruling your life. Ask Him then to show you more and more clearly that His Son is indeed the revelation of Himself, and believe it; you can never really know God as your Heavenly Father except through Jesus Christ. The Fatherhood of God as a vital belief, as a moral dynamic if you like, can only be realized when we have attained to it through the knowledge of Jesus Christ. Remember that Christianity is not so much a set of dogmas as a *life*, and that the Christian religion is the religion of a Person, and that that Person *is* the Religion Himself. In other words, Christianity is *Christ*. When you know Him truly *within you*, then you know God the Father, *then* you know God the Father as Love, then you know Him in His attributes truly. But I do not think that any other

of the religions of the world can teach the Fatherhood of God, though this one and that one may profess to do so. I can speak from some experience of one at least that fails to do this—the Mohammedan faith ; and if you study Buddhism, you will see how utterly it falls short of anything that can be called a revelation of God in any true sense. You should read "Lux Mundi," and then again Mr. Gore's Bampton Lectures of 1891, called "The Incarnation of the Son of God." I have read of Lilly's "Great Enigma," but not the book itself. I met Mr. Lilly when in England, and talked a little on the subject of conscience in heathens. He is a writer who pleases me very much. You should read Dean Church's "Cathedral and University Sermons," especially the last six in the volume. In point of style, analysis of motive, and the like, they are only surpassed, if indeed they are surpassed, by J. H. Newman's. . . . If Old Testament questions cause you doubts, read such books as Canon Driver's "Sermons on Old Testament Subjects," Sanday's "Lectures (Bampton) on Inspiration." . . . There is nothing in this world I like better in those I love than that they should tell me exactly how they feel or have felt towards myself. Do not for one moment think that I should ever feel hurt or offended. . . .

LIKOMA, *July 7th*, 1894.

. . . I am getting our doctor to write an article for the August "Nyasa News" on malarial poisoning. Possibly Dr. Stivens may be interested to read it, as also H. H. Johnston's article on "Alcohol in Africa," which is interesting and more or less technical. Do not build on my going home this year or next. I see no prospect of the possibility of my doing so. . . . —— seems to be getting cheerful again. No doubt she has many trials; it is therefore a blessing that her disposition is naturally

a hopeful one. What a frightful thing pessimism is! It crushes everything if one gives way to it. . . .

LIKOMA, *July 18th*, 1894.

. . . I am enjoying splendid health, and feel quite as vigorous as I did three years ago. These last three years do not seem to have told at all on my health, so far as I can judge. We are just finishing the building of the new European hospital, which will be a great boon. It is small, intended only for three beds; the native hospital is more than double the size. . . . By-the-bye, . . . to comment on what you say as to myself being possibly invited to the highest office in the Church—that of Bishop. . . . Nothing would induce me ever to accept, and so, my dear father, you will never see your youngest son a Bishop, whatever else betides. . . .

LIKOMA, *August 2nd*, 1894.

Since I last wrote to you, we have heard the sad news of Bishop Smythies' death, news that has affected me not a little. . . . As a missionary Bishop he has been really great. . . .

[Before he wrote the next letters home, he had received the long-expected news of his mother's death.]

LIKOMA, *August 20th*, 1894.

. . . I thank God for her always that we have had such a mother. . . . And now I thank Him, that she is at rest, dear, sweet, holy mother! . . . How I think of her now whenever I am alone.

August 23rd.—. . . Things in the political world out here are going on pretty actively, and will do, I suppose, so long as Cecil Rhodes goes on finding the funds for all these developments. . . . Three out of ten of us . . . now gone before. I am wondering who will be the next.

We have all lived a good long time, and are past our prime. Your ties, being a family man, bind you to life more than mine do. I have very little desire to live long, though not discontented either with the present.

LIKOMA, *September 3rd*, 1894.

. . . What are my chances of getting to England? Well, you see how it is with us, one after another, all our men seem to be either dying or getting invalided home. . . . Here is Atlay, who has only been back here three weeks, getting quite seedy already, his legs covered with ulcers. . . . I am thankful to say *my* ulcer is already nearly well again. . . .

LIKOMA, *September 11th*, 1894.

. . . I am glad to tell you that I do trust, unless circumstances change very much out here, to start for home directly after Easter next year. . . . You will understand that I do not consider that my health in the least requires that I should go to England, and so this plan is made solely that I may see you [his father] again. . . .

LIKOMA, *September 11th*, 1894.

I must send you a few lines ere starting for Unangu to-morrow. Life is always uncertain, and rather more so when one goes travelling. . . .

[Unangu is in the Yao highlands on the east side of the Lake.]

LIKOMA, *October 13th*, 1894.

I got back here safe and sound from Unangu, having been away three weeks. My presentiment did not come true [he had thought he should not return safely from this journey.—Ed.], but we had an adventure nevertheless, about which I will tell you some day. We stayed at Unangu three days, and then went on to Mtonya, forty-five miles south of Unangu. . . . On my return here I

received a telegram that surprised me not a little and perplexed me still more, for I hardly know how to answer it. The telegram runs, "Archbishop selects you for Nyasa Bishopric; do you accept it?" . . . [I have stated elsewhere the course Archdeacon Maples took with regard to his answer.—Ed.] Within seven weeks from now I hope to start for England, and to be with you all before the end of February. . . . The only thing that really pleased me when I got that telegram, was the thought of the pleasure it would give my father to know that the offer had at least been made, whether I accept it or not. . . .

[On the 21st February, 1895, he arrived in England, a few weeks later he accepted the Bishopric. On June 29th he was consecrated Bishop of Likoma in St. Paul's Cathedral, and on July 11th, 1895, he sailed again for Africa for the fifth and last time.]

SS. "Irawaddy," *Monday, July 15th*, 1895.

. . . So far we have had lovely weather, and are getting on well towards the canal. . . . I agree with you in thinking the "Wages of Sin" a very powerful book indeed, and exceedingly well written from almost every point of view. . . . In truth, life is a hard thing to live well, and does not get easier as one goes on, I find. . . . You will be glad to hear that I feel very well, in fact, and, to borrow Uncle Gussy's expression, "in a high state of preservation." . . . Now that I am once started I do not mind so much, for partings have become so much a matter of course in my life. . . .

Gulf of Aden, *July 22nd.*

. . . Ah! how quickly those few months of mine in England this year flew by. But it is the future—the future life I mean—that we must more and more set our hearts and thoughts upon, remembering that the "things that are *not* seen are eternal."

CHINDE, *August 6th*, 1895.

I hope that a telegram from Zanzibar will have informed you that we caught the German steamer and came on at once, but as you will see by the above address it is *Chinde*, and not *Lindi*, where we have come. I found on arrival at Zanzibar that a telegram from Newala had come to stop me going by that route on account of there being a difficulty in obtaining porters. [This, on account of tribal war.—Ed.] It was *very* disappointing, but there was no help for it, and so we came on here. . . . I am much shocked to hear of the death here, on July 8th, of Mr. Fotheringham, the head of the African Lakes' Company, who has always been such a good man and competent manager. . . . He will be greatly missed, and is already deeply regretted. The country can ill spare such men as he was. . . . We expect to be here about two days, and then proceed up the river (the Zambesi). All being well we shall be at Blantyre in less than three weeks, and possibly at Likoma the first week in September; we have certainly lost no time *en route* so far. . . . I had at Zanzibar the inside of a day only. . . . Several of the Chinde people have already been off to see me, offering me hospitality, &c. There is a hotel started here now. . . . One hears of so many deaths. Dr. Steele, of the Bandawe Mission, has been called to his rest recently; he was a nice fellow, and a regular contributor to the "Nyasa News." . . .

CHINDE, *August 12th*.

Here at Chinde we have been waiting six days, purposely, for I was pressed to stay over the Sunday and hold some services, and naturally felt I could not refuse; so yesterday, which was Sunday, I held three services (Holy Communion, matins, evensong), at the last of which forty Europeans attended. They said it was the largest gathering of whites that had ever been assembled

together here. You will read in "Central Africa" some of my remarks *à propos* of what I hope to get established here, so I won't enlarge on the subject. We leave Chinde to-day, and hope to be at Blantyre, perhaps, in eight days from now. From London to Chinde took us only twenty-six days, and I believe this is *the* record passage. . . . This morning I am to breakfast with the Consul again to meet the Portuguese, "Intendente," as he is called—practically the "Governor" of Portuguese Chinde. All the time I have been here I have been the guest of Mr. Irwin, of Sharrer's Co. . . .

CHIROMO, *August 20th*, 1895.

Here we are, you see, at Chiromo, on the confines of British Central Africa, and it has taken us just seven days from Chinde to come here. We stopped for the Sunday at Port Herald (forty miles lower down the river), and I was thankful to hold three services on board for the few passengers and the two men stationed at Port Herald. . . . After the services, I consecrated a bit of ground at Port Herald as a cemetery. In the afternoon we went on our way a few miles, and stopped for the night at a wooding station, and the next day (yesterday) we came on here, and arrived just after dark. We shall remain here all day and go on to-morrow. . . . Perhaps we shall be kept at Blantyre eight or ten days, but I am thinking of walking on to Fort Johnston, so as to catch the German steamer there, and thus get on quickly to Likoma. Arrived at Likoma, I expect to remain there, and on the Lake, till about the middle of October, and I daresay I shall go to Unangu with Mr. Wimbush, and perhaps to Mtonya and that neighbourhood. The steamer in which we are travelling will not be able to get beyond this place, so if we go on up the river we shall have to get on in boats. . . . Our fellow

passengers on board are Miss Rayner, . . . there is Mr. Stuart, a lay missionary of the Livingstonia Mission, and a German engineer for the *Wissmann*, named Andersen; that is our party, there are no others. Some of our party have amused themselves shooting the huge crocodiles, as we passed them lying on the sand banks basking, but I think this poor sport. . . . I suppose Ken. [his nephew.—Ed.] will bring out a rifle, and he may find crocodile shooting a novel kind of excitement; I believe I did myself once, but those days are long gone by now. A piano arrived at Chinde just before I left, and as they sent some music with it, gavottes, marches, &c., I was able to play to an interested—shall I say an admiring?—audience. The river is already very low, and, consequently, we stuck several times.

[The following letters were received after the news, by telegram, of his death had reached England]:—

Blantyre, Monday, *August 26th*, 1895.

Just a few lines from here to tell you how I am progressing. I walked from Chiromo, starting on Tuesday (late afternoon) and arriving 5 p.m. Friday (23rd), the distance being about seventy-three or seventy-four miles. I found myself in good walking trim, and am very well. I preached in the Blantyre Church yesterday morning, Hetherwick taking the evening service and preaching one of his excellent sermons. I have seen Mr. Buchanan,* and have had a long talk over Ken. and the coffee.

Mpindi, *August 29th*, 1895.

Since I wrote . . . a few days ago from Blantyre, I have been round by Zomba to see the Commissioner and spend a day with him, and now I am down on the river, waiting at Mpindi for the boats to come

*Mr. Buchanan died a few months after this letter was written.

up from Matope and take me on to Fort Johnston, where I shall catch the *Domira*, and so get on to Kota-Kota and Likoma. Young Alston is here,* whose father and mother, as you may remember, I went to call on in London. He is a very nice young fellow whom the Commissioner much likes, and who is on the way to Fort Maguire, on the Lake, where he is to be stationed. At Zomba, where I arrived at 8 p.m., having left Blantyre by *machila*† at 9.30 a.m., I found the Commissioner exceedingly pleasant, and, I think, glad to welcome me. He was able to give me very fairly recent news of Likoma, having only lately returned from a tour round the Lake, spending two days at Likoma. Apparently Dr. Hine was still up at Unangu, but all the others were quite well and cheerful he said. Zomba itself was looking lovely with all its flowers, of which the Commissioner is such an ardent lover. I was only there from 8 p.m. one day till 1 p.m. the next, but we had a good deal of conversation on all sorts of subjects, and I was more struck than ever with the Commissioner's cleverness and accomplishments, and his power of doing so many things, as he does, so very well. He is certainly a very remarkable man indeed. . . . Lions have been a great pest lately, and have proved a great danger in many places in British Central Africa. I myself have seen nothing of them, I'm glad to say. It is the sleepy time of day, and I don't feel up to writing any more just now.

[Mr. W. P. Johnson, expecting that the Bishop would travel, as indeed he had intended, by the Newala route, had arranged with the African Lakes Company, that their steamer, the *Domira*, should meet him at Mluluka, on the east shore of the Lake, on the 20th September.]

* See page 28. † *Machila*, a kind of hammock carried by men.

Fort Johnston, Sunday,
September 1*st*, 1895.

We arrived here at 4.30 p.m. this afternoon, and by an extraordinary piece of good luck, our boat the *Sherriff* arrived from Likoma just three hours or so afterwards, and so, instead of waiting here twelve or fourteen days, as we anticipated, we shall be able to start to-morrow. Our steamer it appears is still undergoing repairs, and so our two boats, the *Sherriff* and the *Ousel*, are making regular trips up and down the Lake, taking our stuff and letters up from Matope; they say that the *Charles Janson* will not be ready for another three or four months. I wrote to the father from Mpindi, about three days or so ago, and we have come on quietly here in the *Livingstone*, a new, shallow-draught steamer, belonging to the African Lakes Company. The boat boys report that all are well at Likoma, and that Dr. Hine is still at Unangu. Gold prospectors seem all moving up in this direction, and they seem to start in from Kota-Kota. Joseph Williams desires to be kindly remembered to you. I shall drop him at Kota-Kota with Mr. Sim. I ought to be at Likoma in eight or ten days from now, all going well with me in the boat. . . . Will you write to Horace Waller, please, and ask him to send me some copy for the "Nyasa News"?

With much love to the father and yourself,

Always your very affectionate brother,

✠ Chauncy Likomensis.

The next day, September 2nd, he started in the *Sherriff*, as has been already related, across the Lake to Kota-Kota.

IV.

NOTES AND MEMORIES OF CHAUNCY MAPLES.

BY WORKERS FOR AFRICA AND AFRICANS.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF BISHOP MAPLES.

BY ONE OF HIS WORKERS.

Six weary travellers clambered down the sides of the *Charles Janson*, and were rapidly rowed to shore. We had reached Likoma at last, after nearly three months' travelling. It was the evening of November 27th, 1893.

The sun was sinking in a blaze of glory, and lighting up a figure in white standing on the shore to welcome us. I see Archdeacon Maples now, as I saw him then, spare, and of middle height, with his piercing grey eyes, which seemed to read us through and through. He gave me the impression of being very anxious to see what his three new workers were like. I do not remember anything he said, beyond a few simple words of greeting. He took possession of the doctor, and with those rapid strides of his (I never knew any one who could keep up with him easily), led the way to the Mission Station. I thought his dress slightly comical, but then I was fresh from England. A strip of Turkey twill served as a sash for a white cotton cassock which bore evident signs of being "rough dried." But very soon this well-known costume spread more awe and consternation in my mind (if I was getting into mischief!) than the purple

of a Cardinal! On his head he wore a grey pith helmet, lined with very bright green, and surmounted by a calico covering (which never quite fitted). It was kept in its place, or, to be truthful, slightly over one ear, by very obvious tapes.

Before six months were over we newcomers had gone over to the majority. The smallest village child would have laughed at our Sunday best; but first impressions are interesting. The Archdeacon's first thought was to escort the ladies to their quarters. He looked so proud and pleased over his preparations that I murmured as hearty a "thank you" as I could muster when he threw open the door of a sort of wigwam, made of sticks tied to a bamboo framework, and roofed with grass, and told me it was my home. The world by this time was rapidly sliding into darkness, and I could only dimly descry a rickety native bedstead destitute of furniture, a table made of packing cases very thick with dust and cobwebs (we were not expected that week), and a pail of water, for my ablutions, of the sort usually found in stables. "It is quite new," he said cheerfully, "and made on purpose for you (referring to the wigwam), but if you like the old one over the way, you can move into it to-morrow." Then he strode off, to point out to Miss Woodward the beauties of her residence, which was a full size larger than mine, and had the luxury of a verandah roofed with grass or "baraza" as we call it. I nearly sat down on my mud floor, tired and weary as I was with long tossing on the Lake, and wept, but the gong sounded, and after a hasty brush up, Miss Woodward and I sped over to the large hut a few hundred yards from our quarters, where the members of the staff took their meals in common.

Two lamps were burning on a long table already thronged with faces. A huge tin teapot—in the spout of

which, as I afterwards learnt, cockroaches reposed at night to meet with a watery death next morning—stood, with an army of big white cups, on one side. Below it sat the native teachers.

Little schoolboys, with bare feet, paddled in and out, plunging into the darkness to return with some dish, which they invariably set down crookedly at one end of the table. The Archdeacon took the head, Mr. Wimbush the foot, Miss Woodward presided, and the rest of us fitted in between. We never began without the Archdeacon, and he very seldom kept us waiting. More often than not he came in carrying the baby Jamusi. Like many of our greatest and best, he had a warm corner in his heart for children. It made a pretty picture, the chubby face pressed close to his, and the tiny black arms clasped round his neck. Jamusi would be deposited on a chair close up to the Archdeacon's own, and his plate kept supplied with good things. Often, if the meal proved tedious, Jamusi's head dropped lower and lower, until finally the curly pate sank quite on to the tablecloth, and our little visitor was wrapped in peaceful slumber.

We usually had three courses—soup, roast fowls (or goat), varied by rissoles of Chicago beef, or a potato pie, the potato being "desiccated," the part that wasn't potato being tinned salmon (this was a Friday dish). Our vegetables were either pumpkins, yams, tomatoes, or, now and then, for a treat, "love-lies-bleeding," a nice old-fashioned flower, whose leaves, when young, taste like spinach. The third course was often a fruit tart, or, on other days, a banana fritter. The "menu" was not half bad, but it lacked variety, and we seldom had fresh fruit or salads. The Archdeacon thoroughly enjoyed dinner, not the food part—he was no great eater—though he would jokingly say, that the whole of British Central Africa looked to him for cooks, as his

fame as a trainer had spread far and wide. It was the only part of the day he allowed himself any social intercourse with his workers.

I shall never forget those meals—they were an education in themselves. He would talk on every subject under the sun, sometimes forgetting to carve as he did so, seemingly oblivious of the hungry countenances of his fellow-workers, who occasionally grew somewhat impatient at the delay. History, music, poetry, philology, botany, geology, and metaphysics—the list was endless. Your part was to listen, and draw him out by a question or two. As a rule, all other conversation at table was suspended and every head was turned towards the Archdeacon. I never expect to meet a man of such varied attainments again. I often wondered if it would be possible to puzzle him. He was not above taking an interest in light literature as well, and often and often he has convulsed the table with laughter by a joke newly culled from *Punch*. I shall never forget the keen enjoyment he derived from "Mr. Pooter" (whose absurd sayings he was never weary of quoting) in that ridiculous story of Grossmith's "The Diary of a Nobody." The only other book that ran it close was "An American Girl in London." And he was almost impatient with me because I would not allow that some of his favourite passages were funny, or, at any rate, as laughable as those in the "Diary."

He was not only a wide reader of books, but also of human character. Though quick to notice faults, he was the first to appreciate good qualities. You felt, too, that he was a man of ready sympathy. Nothing was too trivial, if it interested you, for him to take an interest in it as well.

If he had to reprove, he liked to come out with what he had to say, then and there, regardless of your feelings and the surroundings, but once said it was over and

done with; there was no alluding to your delinquencies afterwards.

He set us an example of ceaseless energy; no one, for very shame, could be idle in Archdeacon Maples' company. He threw his whole heart into whatever he happened to be doing, which, probably, was the secret of his success.

Sometimes, as we sat at dinner, the steamer's whistle would be heard, and the Archdeacon's face would light up, and a place was hastily cleared for Mr. Johnson. He and his old college friend would sit on the Archdeacon's baraza after dinner, talking until past midnight, and settling questions relating to the Mission. I do not think either of them ever undertook any important work without discussing it first with the other.

Archdeacon Maples loved music, and took a special interest in his choir of little schoolboys. He hardly ever missed an afternoon (and at 2 p.m., the hour he chose, the day was at its hottest) without giving them a singing lesson. I sometimes went to help, and when he saw me appear, he always thanked me for coming, and seemed specially pleased, but he never enjoined it upon me as a duty, which he well might have done.

I used to marvel at the energy he threw into it, singing all the parts himself, treble, alto, tenor, and bass, so as to help the boys and men to pick it up, all the time working the bellows lustily with his feet, and playing the air, times without number. He spared himself no trouble.

The boys were very fond of the tunes he had written for them. When he had gone to England, and I was "choir-master," they always begged for his, if I let them choose the chants and hymns.

While he was with us he never let any one but himself preside at the harmonium. The only service unaccom-

panied during the week was the choral celebration on Sunday. The huge congregation drowned the instrument, and he found he could keep them better together without it, but he started the musical portions for them from the altar himself.

And now I come to my recollections of those last sad weeks at Likoma. Even now I can hardly bear to write of them. We knew our Bishop was hurrying back to us, but we were not sure whether he was walking overland as he first intended, or coming up by the river. We were all looking forward to a joyful meeting. The first heavy cloud was caused by the death of Mr. Atlay, slain by the Magwangwara. He had hardly been laid to rest when our little community was stirred by a still greater shock. The boat bearing our Bishop and Mr. Williams had been capsized, and both the white men were drowned. The news reached us on Wednesday, a week after the accident happened, Mr. Johnson sending a hasty note across from the mainland in a canoe. Miss Woodward and I, according to custom, had retired to our quarters directly after dinner, and Miss Woodward had locked up for the night, when an unusual knocking was heard, and Mr. Glossop begged to be let in. He broke the sad news to my companion, and she in turn to me. My first cry was—and even now at times I feel inclined to re-echo it—"Oh! it cannot be true!" He, so strong and full of life, with all his plans for the future, on whom we all depended, lying cold and still at the bottom of Lake Nyasa.

With his wonderful personality, he seemed essential to the very existence of the Mission; no one could ever take his place. But calmer thoughts followed. Nothing can happen unless it is God's will. Unknown to us, our Bishop's work on earth was finished, and he, safe in our Father's holy keeping. But oh! the aching void of those

first few days, as we tried to realize what his loss meant to us.

Little Jamusi ran about the station as usual, but no voice lured him into the dispensary and persuaded him (sometimes with the aid of a lump of sugar) to repeat with his baby lips the hymn we were preparing as a surprise for his "Archideeki." There was no face to light up with pleasure as Jamusi lisped the words "Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me"—the last hymn the Archdeacon translated into Chinyanja, and gave me in manuscript before leaving.

I hardly know whether the child ever quite realized his loss, but I have a vivid recollection of the heart-rending sobs which shook his little frame when he saw Archdeacon Maples sail for England. The plaintive cry floated across the water, and was heard even on board the steamer, as the anchor was weighed, and her head pointed South. I am told by those on board, that it quite unnerved the Archdeacon, and he had to go below.

The people of the island, like ourselves, were stunned by the magnitude and suddenness of the disaster. They could hardly believe it.

The women he had taught, and prepared for baptism, came into our quarters by twos and threes, and sat sorrowfully down on the mud floors of our huts, trying in their simple way to show their sympathy.

They spoke no word, but the tears coursed slowly down their dark cheeks. They had lost in him more than a father.

The *Wissmann* came in on September 15th and brought me a letter from Bishop Maples. It was inexpressibly sad to see it lying there.

If only he had waited, he would have arrived in the steamer with his own letter—but God willed otherwise.

The letter lies before me as I write, dated June 9th,

11.50 p.m. He had just been to Norwood, and after alluding to the kind hospitality of his host, he goes on to say "I did so enjoy preaching in that *beautiful*, most *beautiful* church" (the church of St. John the Evangelist, which must have been one of the last he visited before leaving for Africa). And then he adds:—"I hope to be in Likoma by the end of September, if all goes well with me in my journey across country from Lindi with Mr. Farler." And then, after mentioning the names of a party about to start for Likoma, he writes "But I hope to reach Nyasa before any of them, except Mr. Wimbush and Mr. Brooke, who have already started."

Before the end of September our Bishop had reached a "better country." The long journey had ended; he was in a city whose Maker and Builder is God.

GERTRUDE PALMER.

January 9th, 1897.

REMINISCENCES OF BISHOP MAPLES.

When going out to Nyasa in 1888 I felt I had one friend in Likoma, for I had seen Bishop (then Archdeacon) Maples in England, and had heard so much about him. We arrived at Likoma one moonlight night, and I have a very vivid recollection of the scene on the beach with the hearty welcome from Archdeacon Maples. During the first few days we saw a great deal of him, for he was continually running over to the girls' school to help us in every possible way in the beginning of our girls' boarding-school. Having taught the girls himself before our arrival he always took a keen interest in them. He was one who did not seem to consider any necessary work drudgery; he had often taken an alphabet class,

which most of us consider very tedious work. After our arrival Archdeacon Maples continued for some years to give the more advanced girls daily religious instruction, and for a time he gave them singing lessons. He never seemed tired of taking choir practices, and would sing himself always. Before our arrival the Archdeacon had kindly written out a little timetable, also a few rules to help us. He impressed on us the necessity of looking after things ourselves. I was much struck by his measuring out the girls' food himself when we took two of the girls over daily to receive it. He taught us to look carefully after everything, saying it was often the European's own fault if things were stolen. Few men have as much patience as he had in listening to details in school work or about school children. He realized how necessary it was to stop at once the quarrelling amongst the girls. All the girls felt he was their friend; and on his return to Nyasa in 1891 the girls were wild with delight. I have seen no other European receive such a hearty welcome from the natives when returning to Africa. Besides introducing us to the children, Archdeacon Maples wished us to know the mothers, for he took a keen interest in the women; and there have been larger classes of women under instruction in Likoma than anywhere else in the Universities' Mission. As the sad news of the Bishop's death spread over the island, women from various parts came to show their sympathy with us.

Archdeacon Maples liked meal time to be not only a real rest from work, but a pleasant time. Often, when tired or depressed, he would make an effort to start and carry on some interesting conversation about a book or a famous person. He would tell us not to look at the clock, that he did not wish us to hurry away from the table; even when very busy he would not shorten this time.

On Sunday afternoons we had tea out of doors, and this he always tried to make a specially pleasant time. He used to say he felt then that the greater part of his work for the day was over. It was a busy day for one man. At that time the Celebration was at 6.30 a.m.; preaching out of doors at 9 o'clock, after which catechumen's class, and then matins at 11; at 2 p.m. catechizing the school-children.

He did not like us to say, "It was so," but rather, "I thought it was so." If he found he had been mistaken in any assertion he had made he always told us afterwards, and expected others to do the same.

M. W.

Of Bishop Maples as Bishop I knew nothing, for, alas! he never reached us. To us he was, and ever will be, "the Archdeacon," the moving spirit of the Mission on Lake Nyasa. Bishop Smythies was scarcely there, owing to the size of his diocese, Bishop Hornby through illness had soon to retire, so that the Archdeacon had always been the principal builder by the shores of Lake Nyasa. One might recall many anecdotes, and especially his own gift of telling them, but to us his brightness, with his untiring energy, must chiefly remain an inspiring memory. One would think of his work under two heads, his influence over the band he was called to lead, and his influence over the natives of Africa, to whom his life was so singly and simply devoted.

It is often the case that a man who excels in one fails in the other, Bishop Maples singularly succeeded in both. From the first he struck me as a man whom one could follow. Firm and masterful, he was withal sympathetic and frank. He was a keen judge of character, and had a gift of making a quick and

accurate estimate of men. Yet he possessed a broad and catholic power of sympathy, which was no doubt the secret of his ability to lead, while his frankness, among other personal gifts, made one love as well as admire.

Next, as to his influence with the natives. They all speak of him as a true father—as one who sympathized with their own views and best aspirations, and dealt so tenderly with their failings and weaknesses, a father in the native idea of the term, that is, one who was to govern and correct as well as love.

"Blessed is that servant whom his Lord when He cometh shall find so doing!"

A. G. B. G.
One of the Staff at Nyasa.

[Editor's Note.—The following letters were written to me by two native teachers at Nyasa. They were written in Chinyanja, their native tongue. It will be understood that both Eustace and Augustine call Chauncy Maples Bishop, in anticipation. These letters require no comment, but I should like to draw attention to what in Augustine's own simple words seems their key-note when speaking of Bishop Maples he says—*He was one to make people happy.*]

Translation of Eustace Malisawa's Account of Bishop Maples.

Kiungani, *January 19th*, 1897.

Account of Bishop Maples on leaving Zanzibar for Masasi and Newala—

When he arrived here in Zanzibar* he remained for half a year, and then he was ordained to the priesthood

* In 1876 Eustace was then a boy at school at Kiungani. He is now (1897) studying for the diaconate.

with Mr. Johnson, he (Bishop Maples) to the priesthood and Mr. Johnson to the diaconate. Bishop Steere had sent Mr. Johnson on first to Masasi with the people from Mbweni, and Bishop Maples followed him after nine months. And he chose six of us boys at Kiungani to go to Masasi with Mr. Williams, and we arrived at Lindi with the people from Zanzibar (the porters). When we arrived at Lindi, other people from Lindi were taken to carry the loads, and we arrived at Masasi (after) a journey of seven days. We met Mr. Johnson and a European, neither a priest nor a deacon, but a layman. Later on Bishop Maples said to Mr. Johnson, "You must go back to Zanzibar." At first he refused; afterwards he agreed, and he was carried in a hammock, and Bishop Maples sent a person with him, the first Christian of Masasi, Charles Sulimani, because Mr. Johnson had ulcers on both his legs; therefore they, Bishop Maples and Mr. Williams, stopped alone. Notice these people from Mbweni were not baptized, and they were taught by him, and they were converted and became Christians till only a few heathen were left. And they built a very nice stone church; they planted mangoes and cocoanuts; and there began to be Christians at Masasi. And he went to the chief of Masasi, Bishop Maples said to the chiefs named Che Namkumba and Che Mkuti, these two chiefs, he said, "Look, we have come on purpose to tell the words of God, we have not come to stay idly, but to teach the words of God." And the chiefs said, "Our gods are beer, and to hear cases, and to cultivate." Then Bishop Maples answered and said, "If you refuse to accept God, God will bring dreadful things on you and this land where you live. Perhaps God will send war, perhaps sickness." And the people refused. Afterwards Bishop Maples said, "Let us go and see the people of the country that we may be reconciled with them and

make friendship." Then we went and prepared for our journey, with Mr. Williams and Kiongozi, Barnaba Mwatuka and people from Mbweni. We went and we came to a chief of Newala named Matola, a good and honoured man. We stayed with him and when we came away he gave us a goat, and a person to show us the way; Matola gave us a man named Liwewe. In the journey to Mawia the people were afraid of the Angoni; on the road they were much frightened. Bishop Maples said, "Do not be frightened."

We arrived at a chief's named Che Liganga, a Yao. After a little while, we saw Bishop Maples fall and vomit. And Mr. Williams said, "Let us return because Bwana is ill." We went back, but there was no food; in that country food was scarce. And we arrived at another chief's named Akundonde. We met a great man named Che Machilika, we stayed with him. Next day we went to Newala to Che Matola, and he fired a gun to salute us, and the chief Che Matola said to Bishop Maples, "I want you to send me a teacher," and he said, "I want you to teach me how to leave off work on Sunday, what am I to do to leave it?" The Bishop said, "Bring some 'chitalaka'"—beads (red with white inside). Some were brought. The Bishop counted seven, and said, "When you reach six, it is Saturday." And Matola said, "I understand, I will do so." And he gave us two boys to read (go to school) at Masasi. We left to go to another chief, Machemba. First we passed another chief, Akumitema, we talked with him. We went to the chief Machemba, he was pleased with us, he said, "I have got a good friend." Bishop Maples taught the words of God. We stayed four days, we left and arrived at Masasi November 21st.

Machemba gave us three boys and one man and his wife, who had bad eyes. Bishop Maples sent her to Zanzibar

to the doctor; the man's name was Che Ini. We stayed and began to teach the people of Masasi. The Yao chiefs Akumbemba and Akumachinga and Kalua came, and some of their people received the cross. The year the Magwangwara arrived at Masasi, all the people ran away for fear of the Magwangwara. Then Bishop Maples sent Mr. Janson and a European and a black teacher to teach at Newala, and they returned to Masasi, also Mr. Johnson returned from Mataka's. Bishop Maples sent Mr. Janson and Mr. Johnson to Ngoi to the chief Chitesi, and afterwards came the Magwangwara war. Bishop Maples said, "I am going to make friends with the Angoni,* that they may come in a pleasant manner, and not kill people; let us make friendship with them." Then he took five people with him. He left his companion, Mr. Porter, behind. The Magwangwara went by another path; Bishop Maples had a very trying time. The Magwangwara came to the village to kill people, and little children. Bishop Maples loved his people; he did not love himself, but he stayed and gave up his life for them. When they saw the village on fire he said to some one, "Look, look at the village." He saw they had set it on fire, but it was not our village but other people's. That man said to Bishop Maples, "The Magwangwara are burning our village." Then Bishop Maples said, "Let us go to Newala to Matola;" they went, and on the road he hurt his leg in an elephant pit. I met him at Newala because the war had made us go out of the way. He asked me if the people were alive, if Mr. Porter were alive? I said he was alive. And he asked, "How did you come here?" And I said, "The war made me wander far from the village, and the Angoni stayed fifteen days and then went home." Bishop Maples returned to Masasi, but

* Angoni = Magwangwara.

he had still a bad leg. Then he said, "Who will follow the Magwangwara to their homes?" Then Mr. Porter said, "I will go." Bishop Maples said, "It will be well to do up some bundles of cloth to ransom the people taken by the Angoni." The Bishop said, "He who takes a truss of calico let him ransom his own people." They had no wages. Many people went with Mr. Porter. They arrived at the Angoni chief's, Sonjela. Mr. Porter said to the chief, "Give me my people." The chief said to his people, "Very well." He gave them to him. He returned to Masasi and we stayed one whole year. The Mbweni people returned to Mbweni for fear of the Magwangwara, Bishop Maples sent them. They stayed a little longer; then Bishop Maples said, "Let us go to Newala to Matola to teach, because these people refuse the words of God." The Masasi people are of the Makua tribe. And there was a great famine, people nearly died of hunger.

Then Bishop Maples got up to help them till the famine was over. The people came and said, "Do not go away to Newala." Bwana [Anglicé *master*] said, "We go because God has ordered us to go and teach other people." We left one man, Charles Sulimani. We began a school, we taught people, they believed and were baptized. Afterwards the chief ordered that whoever had two wives should leave one, and the chief said, it was well that his people had begun to be baptized.

Then Bishop Maples prepared to go to Meto with one European and thirty-six people, to go on purpose to look at the country, and afterwards send a mission. But when he got to Mwalija (at) Meto, he had a trying time, because the chief was a bad man, always drunk. This bad chief said, "I have never seen a white man till to-day, so I will kill him, that I may try killing a European." Bishop Maples said to the people, "Don't be afraid, God will save us from the hands of this bad chief." And

next morning they had a good journey, and so reached Masasi. We were very glad to see him. He told us all about his journey and all his trouble because of the Gospel. He was a man who loved the black people. He stayed, and gave up his own life for the black people. He was not afraid in dreadful places.

Now about the journey to Newala to the chief Matola, he who called for teachers to come to teach him.

We went and lived under this chief at Newala. Bishop Maples began to teach the Gospel and to teach schools. There was the work of teaching chiefs and young men and women. Some were baptized. The chief himself received the cross (became a catechumen). Some that he taught in school have become deacons. We stayed four years at Newala. Then Bishop Smythies said, "It will be well for you to leave and go to Nyasa." He agreed to the words of his Bishop; he went at once. The Newala people wept because of his going away, because their teacher was leaving. They accompanied him two days' journey. He was one who loved his people in the time of trouble, in the time of famine; a strong man, a brave man. One thought he would be able to stay a very long time. And he himself said, "If it were possible to cut myself in half, I would have stayed at Nyasa and at Newala; but I cannot. The Lord will send some one like me to stay with you."

My beloved, my friend has left me alone; he who brought me up has passed away. I may meet him when I leave this earth. He left Newala; then he stayed at Nyasa. I am here (at Kiungani) preparing for the diaconate. Greeting, my friend. May God take care of you always.

Eustace Malisawa R.*

* R., *i.e.*, Reader.

P.S.—I have four children, two were baptized by Bishop Maples. Some are now deacons, who were taught by the Bishop himself. Their names are:—Yohana Barnaba Abdallah; Daudi Machina; Sipriani H. Chitenji—these are deacons. *Readers.*—Samwil Chiponde R.; Arthur Kasembe R.

The Bishop left Newala, 1886, to go to Nyasa with me. I went with him up to Nyasa. I returned to Newala. After half a year, he wrote me a letter calling me to follow him to Nyasa, and I followed him with my wife. We lived at a village named Pachiya, he (Bishop Maples) at Likoma. On a holiday we went to Likoma to see him.

Greetings to all the relations of Bishop Maples.

We left Zanzibar 1876.

We left Masasi 1881.

He was not afraid to go and meet the Magwangwara, because he loved black people.

I am,

Eustace Malisawa.

[Editor's Note.—Bishop Maples left by his will a legacy to three of the native teachers at Nyasa, of whom Eustace Malisawa was one. The sum of money, though small, was quite a fortune to an African. The day after Eustace was told of this legacy, he came to the missionary in charge at Likoma and said he wished to give a tenth of the money to God.]

Translation of Augustine Ambali's letter.

Kiungani College, *January 23rd*, 1897.

My Dear Dona,—

An account of Bishop Maples.

Ever since long ago we have known him, our head teacher in Africa whom we have loved dearly. Now

hear the account of our beloved Bishop Maples, when he left Masasi to go to Nyasa in the year 1886; he arrived that same year, 1886, at Likoma. We had gone on before on to Likoma. The first priest to arrive at Likoma was Mr. Swinny. When Bishop Maples came he found him there. Mr. Johnson had bad eyes and was in England. There were two priests in Likoma that year. And Bishop Smythies was at the Lake that year, he went by the Magwangwara path. Bishop Maples got to Likoma first; afterwards Bishop Smythies arrived, and he thought it well to make him head in the country at the Lake. And Mr. Maples was made Archdeacon Maples of Likoma; we had known him (Archdeacon Maples) so much longer than Mr. Swinny. He (Mr. Swinny) was a stranger in the land of Africa; but Archdeacon Maples knew all the customs of the black people in Africa better than Mr. Swinny and the other Europeans who were in Likoma at that time. And Bishop Smythies thought it best to make him head, Archdeacon of Likoma, and so he made him head that year, and I was there at the time. I had known him long ago in this Mission. He was one to make people happy. Then Bishop Smythies went back to Zanzibar and left us to be with our head, the brave Archdeacon Maples. Ah! he was a strong man in all his work. And he stayed at Likoma with me and So, long ago —in 1886—till Mr. Johnson arrived from England. Then we rejoiced to see our two friends, who had been so long in the Mission together in their work, loving and honouring one another—Mr. Johnson and Archdeacon Maples—till his death, never quarrelling at all. In that year of 1886 he sent me to live on the mainland, and to leave the island of Likoma and stay at Pachiya to teach.

And now news of him at Likoma only.

For in those days he did not travel, he stayed at Likoma and kept to his work of teaching people. In the year 1887 they divided their work, Mr. Johnson and he; Mr. Johnson on the steamer, *Charles Janson*, to teach everywhere on the mainland. All the villages on the mainland to Mr. Johnson, and Likoma and Chisumulu to the Archdeacon. There was no one so valiant in his work as Archdeacon Maples, truly, and to love the people in the country of Africa as our father who has left us, Bishop Maples. Even I and others truly we got heart by seeing these two, Bishop Maples and Mr. Johnson strong in their work, till we were bereaved of one. We people of Africa truly, ah! when we remember Bishop Maples we shed tears truly. All his work was thorough (strong), whether to teach the children singing at the harmonium in church, he was steadfast (strong), and did not tire, nor complain over his work. All the children loved him, from the biggest to the smallest, they loved him indeed. About his class for teaching the elder people, he took them himself and taught them indeed. And his preaching, if you ask any one, how did Bishop Maples preach? he will answer quickly, "His words are understood like one born at the Lake, he preaches so well, and with meaning, beautiful words, to enter into your heart." He was clever in teaching, and in drawing people to come and hear the words of God. The Lord Jesus will keep him for everlasting life in His kingdom. Because always he did his work well. The Lord knows the work of Bishop Maples.

From 1886 to 1894 I worked with him, with both him and Mr. Johnson, my chiefs. I can say with force that he was one who did the work of the Lord Jesus as if he were sent by God. He had no fear in his work. He left the good things at home because of the Gospel, to teach the African people, because he loved them; he died for

us. In the year 1894 when he took leave of us, he said to me, "Perhaps you and I, Mwalimu Augustine, we shall see one another again. God alone knows." He came to Msumba and slept there on his way to England. We here at the Lake hoped he would return our Bishop, our head, our father. In the year 1894 in the month of November he passed to go to England to be consecrated Bishop. In 1895, June, we heard he was consecrated Bishop. We were delighted to hear he was made our Bishop of Nyasa. We began to look forward, saying, "When will he arrive here?" but God liked to take him on the Lake of Nyasa, to consecrate (*literally*, make white or holy) the water of this Lake, in the month of September. This is the news of his death in this land of the Lake.

These two people, Bishop Maples and Mr. Johnson, I have worked with them at the Lake for ten years, from 1884 till 1894—1895, and then Bishop Maples left us. He slept in the Lord Jesus, he was brave, he did his work with his might till he died. I followed him, seeing his habit of loving his work. He did not want to return to his nice home, he wished much to stay with us in Africa. And we got heartened to love this work. I did not live at Masasi, but the teacher, Eustace Malisawa, lived at Masasi with Bishop Maples. But I stayed with him a long time at the Lake. He was a priest who loved games, and at the big festivals like Easter and Christmas he made the children happy with sports (running), and all kinds of amusement. This was his custom, all the days of his life, he was one to laugh with his people. He used to teach the classes of catechumens himself, women and men. And he went all round Likoma to look for the older people, to teach them till they began to be accustomed to come and hear his words on Sunday. There was no one who did not like Bishop Maples. The

chiefs, the older people, and the children, and the women, all loved him, especially at Likoma. There is much to tell about him, I cannot remember all.

But he (the Bishop) was truly trustworthy in his work which he was given by the Lord, and he did it with his might. He was not afraid at all of reproving and warning people who left the way of the Lord and returned to their heathen ways. He was truly the shepherd of the Lord Jesus, Who said, "Take care of the sheep of the Lord."

But the Lake and the wind cut off his work from being finished. But the news of him of old is very good indeed, of doing his work in the Universities' Mission at Lake Nyasa. We black people, we say he followed it, but there is none like him in our Mission. But one, his companion, still stays in the country, perhaps he will be like him when he has gone to sleep in the Lord. Now I have finished my words. I know one thing, Bishop Maples was one who loved his work till he died, because of the Nyasa people; he was strong till he died. But we, his friends and children in the Lord, we hope to see him again at the day of Judgment. Bishop Maples is asleep, "R. I. P." He is in the bosom of Abraham, he rests from all his work.

Augustine Ambali.

SOME MEMORIES OF CHAUNCY MAPLES.

One year seems to me to be especially marked out from others—that during which it was my privilege to live alone with Chauncy Maples at Newala—from 1885 to 1886. Few who have not tried it can imagine how difficult it is for two men to really enjoy one another's society under such conditions, even though they be missionaries. It was certainly not so, at least from my point of view, during that year. As a companion he was charming. Whence the charm arose it is not hard to say. Given an unfailing cheerfulness, a ready sympathy, a natural humility, a keen intellect, a strong sense of humour, and an open-hearted generous disposition, who could fail to be charming? And all these belonged to him. One generally expects to find people of his temperament enthusiastic and impulsive—subject to fits of great depression, but it often struck me as remarkable, that, whatever his mood might be, he was never depressed. Perhaps it was owing to his having such a great variety of interests outside of those intimately bound up with a missionary's life. Music, botany, geology, and astronomy, of all these he had somewhat more than a superficial acquaintance. Any question of natural history received his lively attention, and he would often pore over his Wallace's "Geographical Distribution of Animals," in order to identify some strange beast brought to him by the natives. During that year we kept a regular menagerie—eagles, hawks, baboons, monkeys, galagos, a mongoose, a few wild river pigs, a porcupine, a pangolin, and once a young koodoo, which he fed carefully with condensed milk for a

week, but it was brought to him too young to live under such strange conditions.

The only time I ever remember to have seen him really put out was one Good Friday, when, in the middle of his sermon, a baboon of mine got loose, bounded into church, and sat at his feet, evidently determined to do the right thing. It was at length ejected, after a lively chase and a painful interval.

In all his dealings with natives he was extraordinarily patient, letting them have their say, and to this a great deal of his influence over them was probably due. That he won their confidence to an unusual degree could not be doubted. He understood them, and had a great sympathy for them, being at the same time firm and impartial. Between him and Matola, the chief of the district, there was a sincere friendship. After he had gone to Lake Nyasa, Matola used often to quote what "Mapo," as he called him, had said, or done, or advised. It was during this happy year, when we were daily expecting Bishop Smythies' arrival from Lake Nyasa, that a caravan of porters turned up telling us that Bishop Smythies had died of fever close to Blantyre. They were quite certain about it. Maples was not. He had had too much experience of native rumours to credit them lightly. So he sent down to Lindi, one hundred miles away, to make inquiries of another caravan of porters who had lately come from Blantyre. They corroborated the report in every particular. The Bishop had died in his hut two days' march from Blantyre. It all seemed so circumstantial—and the Bishop was already so long overdue—that we made up our minds to believe it. Maples wrote off volumes to the then secretary at Delahay Street. We opened the Bishop's papers which we had been keeping for him, we sorrowfully ate the delicacies we had been reserving for him. And suddenly

there was heard the firing of guns close by, as of an approaching caravan. In a few minutes in walked Bishop Smythies, travel-stained and weary, but well enough. He was a little surprised to find his papers opened and the larder so scantily supplied, but shook with laughter when Maples explained to him that if he had not died at Blantyre he would have found things otherwise. As a linguist Maples was very apt. He spoke Swahili and Yao well, and had a smattering of Makua—the hardest of all languages in those parts. Later on these were discarded in favour of Ki-nyanja. He took great pains to impress on the native congregation that they ought to bring offerings in kind to the church. One old chief brought a small basket of grain, and then squatted down for some hours just outside the door of Maples's room. On being asked what he wanted he said he was waiting to be paid for his offering. Maples had to use all the Yao he knew to explain to the old man that he would not get any payment in this world. Maples had a boundless stock of anecdote and reminiscence. We used to sit out in the open yard at night watching the bread bake in a small stove, and then he would talk of all kinds of things—his old schooldays at Charterhouse, his college days at the University with W. P. Johnson, his experiences of the Masasi raid. How he used to laugh over his visit to Meto—with Goldfinch—when Meto [Mwaliya, Sultan of Meto.—Ed.], a really bloodthirsty savage, who was most frightfully cruel, made him sit in the midst of his counsellors with a red cloth tied round his head to be jeered at.

He was never tired of speaking of his mother, and his intense devotion to her. It was quite a sacred subject with him.

It seemed as if he was born to be a leader, and he had the great gift of inspiring enthusiasm in others. Those

who worked under him knew, that with all his familiarity and open intercourse with them, there must be no trifling or neglect of work. One could not mistake the foundations of his character—the deep faith in Christ; but he was always repudiating the idea that any special merit was to be attributed to the missionary life. "Why don't people look on us merely as privates in troops on foreign service?" he would often say. Knowing how he shrank from the thought of anything being written in his praise after his death, one hesitates to write as fully of him as one's affection and admiration of him would naturally prompt.

S. W.

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